

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

AND

MONTHLY EDITION OF THE LIVING AGE.

VOL. CXXXV.
THIRD SERIES. VOL. IV. }

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 3.

GERMANY, ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

When the whole of one nation is represented as hating the whole of another nation it is well to suspect that the statement is false, or else that there has been a vast amount of falsehood employed in achieving this result. To one who likes to believe that the world is growing better as the masses of people become more educated, there are few phenomena more perplexing, not to say depressing, than to note within the last generation a growth of such bitterness between nations as at any moment may produce war. The newspapers, to whom we look for faithful reports on passing events, find it apparently more easy to stimulate suspicion, jealousy and dislike, than to educate their readers and correct prejudice. Our politicians, on both sides of the Atlantic, are inclined to treat the Press with dangerous deference. No doubt many newspapers are leaders and educators of public opinion—the few organs of the thinking minority. But those who know their subject are equally aware that in the great majority of cases the newspaper is established and managed with no more regard for moral sentiment than a soap factory or a steamship company. The soap man, no doubt, rejoices in the purifying influences of his produce; and the shipping man delights in spreading his national flag in distant seas, but neither are em-

barked on their venture with aims more definite or exalted than dividing handsomely among the shareholders.

Is it not curious that while that peculiar form of patriotism known as Jingoism is essentially a product of the Press, the newspapers of Berlin, New York and London are shared, owned and managed mainly by people of an alien race, whose private point of view is that of the cash-box, and who inflame popular passion in print with as little concern for consequences as the postman who brings a death message.

Early this spring, while making a walking trip through Germany, it was not my fortune to meet with any discourtesy such as should have happened, according to the Press. From my experience of the individual German, he is courteous to the individual stranger, unless that stranger takes the first step towards a quarrel. In these times it was my concern to learn German thoughts—not to ventilate my own—and on the all-absorbing subject of the Boer war I found no reticence. Amongst all classes, and in pretty much every part of Germany, the same feeling prevails towards England, and that feeling is one which would make a war at any moment, if not popular, at least possible.

On all sides I found but one view in regard to the Boer war—that England

was totally in the wrong, and the Boers as completely in the right. Few of my acquaintances have written more than I have on the virtues of the Boers in general, and I have not minced my words when referring to that illegal and ill-timed expedition of Dr. Jameson in 1896.

But when I heard my German friends talk on the subject, I stood amazed at the statements they made, and I begged to know where they had picked up their alleged information. The answer was always the same—from the papers. To the German of to-day Paul Kruger is another William Tell—a martyr in the holy cause of Liberty; the British are the tyrants, who, for the mere love of gold, are seeking to trample a noble people from the face of the earth.

When I protest to these indignant friends that England gives the Boers in Natal and at the Cape more liberty than Paul Kruger gives to his fellow-Boers from other parts of South Africa, they look at me incredulously. They have been taught otherwise, and besides I am disturbing a deep-rooted prejudice which harmonizes with several other preconceptions regarding Great Britain. For instance, it is a pet idea with most Germans that in some ethnological manner the Transvaal may become the nucleus of a Teutonic state which in time may be absorbed by a combination of German East and West Africa. The Boer talks a *patois* not far removed from Mecklenburg Platt Deutsch, and when Paul Kruger first met Bismarck they are said to have conversed in that jargon. I doubt whether they ever got beyond beer and tobacco with their combination, but for political purposes the interview was important; for ever since, German colonial theorists have hugged the delusion that because Kruger hates England, therefore Boers in general welcome a coalition with the Black Eagle. The Boers have done little to

encourage this view, excepting to make use of Germans, to the same extent as they have of Irishmen, or any other people who would accept money and shoulder a rifle.

When the Emperor despatched his message of sympathy with Kruger in January of 1896, there was much surprise and some anger felt in Liberal German circles that so important a state document should have left Germany without the countersign of the constitutional adviser of the Crown, Prince Hohenlohe. It was felt that the Imperial Constitution became little more than a piece of waste paper, if messages meaning peace or war could emanate at the caprice of the Crown, and become precedents for future sovereigns less gifted in statecraft than the present Emperor. On the day of that famous despatch I happened to be in Berlin at the same table with two members of the Cabinet, and I ventured to ask their opinion on this message. Both together raised their eyes and hands to heaven, and almost in the same breath ejaculated, sorrowfully: "But how could he do such a thing!" That was the private opinion of competent Germans then. Yet in public, the official papers led the way in discovering that the message to Kruger was eminently wise, and the unconstitutional phase of it was quite lost sight of in the general belief that henceforth the Boers would regard Germany as their only friend, and would show their gratitude by assisting in hoisting the German flag in neighboring territory.

All this sounds ridiculous enough now, but there is nothing more dangerous to the peace of the world than the colonial conclusions of profoundly learned professors who travel over the African map with a pair of compasses and a column of statistics.

Another widely accepted notion in Germany is that India is groaning un-

der the British yoke, and that the famines in that great country are in some way the product of British cruelty. Now, as a matter of fact, no nation in the history of the world has ever shown towards inferior races so much magnanimity—I might say maudlin sentimentality—as England. An American blushes when he reflects how far behind England lags Puritan Uncle Sam, for even Canada manages her natives better than does the United States. No dispassionate traveller has returned from India without a tribute of grateful acknowledgment for what British statesmanship has done to elevate India morally as well as materially.

Yet I read the German papers in vain to discover a generous word on this subject. Not long ago, the chief comic paper of Germany, which corresponds to the London *Punch*, represented the Queen of England, gorged with champagne and rich food, looking contemptuously upon some starving Indian subjects, and the text informed the reader that this was British rule for India. We smile, because we know it is caricature. The German who has not travelled, sees in this picture a grim reality—nor does he reflect that this gross insult is directed against the mother of their late Empress, the grandmother of William II; a lady of whom anything might be uttered rather than that she was lacking in womanly sympathy for those in distress.

The Germans whom I have met in distant parts of the world hold their own with the best, as progressive, enlightened, broad-minded colonists or citizens. Throughout the United States Germans are welcomed to citizenship, for they develop in that climate a commercial energy coupled with civic qualities which awaken the respect of everyone. The Yankee shares all he has ungrudgingly with those who come to him seeking work. In Hong Kong I found German merchants in the di-

rectorate of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank; at Cape Town I found a German President of the Chamber of Commerce. Germans, English and Americans mingle freely and smoothly in social organizations the whole world over—that is to say, everywhere outside of Germany. In the different ports of the Far East, I met many Germans who spoke with pride of Kiao Chow as a monument to their country's military glory, but I could find few, if any, who desired to colonize there. They preferred Hong Kong liberty to Kiao Chow glory. On the occasion of my visit I found 1,500 Germans in Government uniform as against five civilians,—that in itself was enough to kill the enthusiasm of the most ardent colonist.

In German East Africa, to say nothing of West Africa, the colonization is much the same. Those countries are apparently run in the interests of officials, and colonists must come cap in hand for the privilege of adding to the national wealth. After the Jameson Raid some Boers trekked into German West Africa, but soon returned discouraged by the attitude of the Imperial officials. Though I heard this on the spot at the time, I was inclined to doubt the fact until quite recently, when it was made public by a former Governor of West Africa, Major von François, who argued that the Boers were undesirable as colonists, because they insisted upon using their own language, and consequently might some day suppress the little German now talked there. When I last analyzed statistics on this subject there was exactly one German to every thousand miles of colonial territory. To-day I imagine that there are even fewer Germans to the square mile.

Now, let us ask ourselves whence has sprung this change of feeling towards England. We know that for more than a century England has been the refuge

of oppressed Germans; and that in later times Germans by the thousands have found a home and a good living amongst Englishmen. When Prussia rose in arms against Napoleon in 1813 many of her volunteers marched to Leipzig in British uniforms, armed with British muskets, and supported by British contributions. The venerable Emperor William took refuge in London from the mob which threatened him in Berlin in 1848, and we have yet to learn of any time when Germans in England were ever molested. Whence then this sudden burst of anger—this violent sympathy for the enemy? Germans tell me that they take sides with the Boers because they are weaker. But the wrong side is frequently the weaker!

In 1864 Prussia absorbed a weaker body of people on her Danish frontier, and to-day those people are persecuted because they insist on cultivating the speech their mothers taught them. They are weaker than the Boers, and vastly more clean in personal appearance. But I hear no great outcry on their behalf,—at least not in Berlin. There are many French on the Western frontier of Germany who regard themselves as oppressed because they are not allowed to learn their native tongue in the common schools. Many of these French were incorporated after the war of 1870, some were annexed in 1814, and they remain French to this day. Are they not weak enough to enlist German sympathy? Contrast this with England's behavior towards the French in Canada. And what can we say of the large body of Poles who plead in vain for the right to remain true to their national ideals? They are weak and dismembered, yet keep alive at the hearthstone the feelings of patriotic aspiration which the Prussian police prevent them from manifesting in public. Some of my German friends answer me much as some English

do in regard to incorporating the Transvaal: "It's good for them; we Germans improve the Frenchman, the Dane and the Pole by compelling him to become German; we raise him to a higher level."

Let us pass on, then, to another view of the case.

In Russia is a small nation of Finns, a clean, well-educated, enterprising, thrifty, Protestant people. To this nation Russia promised local self-government, on condition that it came under Russia's suzerainty. That was in 1808. Loyally have the Finns kept their word. Never has a rebellious movement started there. Finns have manned the Imperial Navy; indeed, there are few ports in the world that do not know him as the best of sailors. Has any Finn ever suggested that they build forts or make armaments against Russia. Has any Finn suggested measures that would nullify the compact made in 1808? Yet the present Czar, in a whim, orders Finland to surrender her self-government, and to submit to the degradation of being ruled like the ninety-nine million serfs making up the multiplied misery of that vast flat of sad, gray monotone, ironically called Holy Russia. Is not Finland weak enough to excite the generous wrath of the whole German people? Does the German Government talk of interference? To be sure, a few leaders, like Dr. Barth and Professor Delbrück raised their voices, but there the matter ended. Yet Finland is on the Baltic, much nearer to Berlin than Pretoria.

Or must we take a case even more flagrant? There is a strip of territory between St. Petersburg and Prussia, called the Baltic Provinces. This was first explored, conquered and settled by Germans. The people of this country are Protestants; they had excellent German schools and a University at Dorpat, which ranked with Heidelberg

and Bonn as a nursery of German science. About ten years ago the late Russian Czar determined to Russify this German land; that is to say, to force the people to talk in Russian, and say their prayers according to the Greek forms. Russian soldiers took charge of Dorpat University, German Professors were driven away, and Greek Priests commenced an active proselytizing crusade, suggesting Spanish methods in the days of Pizarro and Cortez. Soon after William II came to the throne (1888) the persecution of Germans by Russians was at its height. It has gone on ever since. The wildest English Jingo has not dreamed of treating Transvaal Boers as the Russian Government treated, and continues to treat, the Germans within her dominions. Then was the time for Germany to have shown that zeal for the weaker side which now shines so luridly in favor of the Boers. That was a splendid opportunity—especially as Russia was then very backward in her military preparations.

In 1884 Bismarck launched Germany upon her career as a colonial power. Carl Peters and Wissman and other enterprising explorers soon made all the preliminary treaties with black potentates, and English good nature did the rest. Bismarck subsequently pretended that he never believed in Colonies anyway, and was pushed into it by the clamor of those who did. This is the first instance of Bismarck ever having pleaded popular clamor as the reason for his action. However, Germany found herself suddenly the mistress of a million square miles of very hot and moist land, scattered in many undesirable portions of the globe, while at home she developed at the same time a large number of so-called "Colonial Societies," mostly conducted by people far from the sea, who held learned lectures on the habits of strange savages. The Government organized with

characteristic thoroughness various offices for the administration of these new German subjects and black savages, who, up to that time, had prowled about naked and slept in the tops of cocoanut trees, were suddenly astonished by the policeman from Berlin ordering them to come down and pay an income-tax! Little by little the Colonial Societies of Germany, and even the Government itself, began to realize that the mere running up of German flags, while it looked encouraging on the school maps, did not materially help German trade, or divert many emigrants from the English or American ports.

The present German Emperor was the first to take in the situation, and immediately set about building up a strong navy. With his accession new life entered the Colonial Department of the Empire, and new ambitions animated every German who looked to the sea as the new highway of German expansion. From being the most unpopular of Princes, when he ascended the throne, he soon convinced men of all parties that in him they had a leader, not merely competent to understand the needs of the German at home, but even more keen to defend his movements when seeking markets abroad.

As we know, the German Press is largely official, directly or indirectly—that is to say, under the direct or indirect influence of the Government. There are special officials who busy themselves with providing for the newspapers articles agreeable to the Government. When Government requires a new navy, it is the business of the official press to make the people feel that German interests are threatened by some power having a larger navy. Hence a campaign of press articles directly calculated to make simple Germans believe that England stands in the way of German progress, and

that a big German navy is necessary for the nation's good.

In 1897 a German official was sent to Kiao Chow to report on the harbor works necessary to make the place useful, and on his return he published a book about his journey out and back. Franzius was the name of the author, I think. His whole journey forced his ship to be the guest of England at every coaling station between Naples and Shanghai, yet in the book he has no mention of the service to the world's commerce performed by England. On the contrary, the author dwells upon the advantages which Germans might have if they could avoid British hospitality at Hong Kong and elsewhere. The book is remarkable as being an *official* expression.

Now, no doubt this and similar works have the effect of stimulating in Germany a readiness to spend money for the navy, but at the same time they encourage notions that are false and mischievous. German trade in the Far East has thriven under the protection of the British flag, just as it has waxed strong under the Stars and Stripes in America. The tremendous strides of German commercial progress in the last thirty years have been the result of honest and intelligent labor by a people well organized for commercial success. The German receives in his schools, and subsequently in the army, a discipline that tells forcibly when he becomes an industrial competitor for the neutral markets of the world.

The German who knows the world understands the machinery by which public sentiment in Germany is manufactured, but those who stay at home do not, and therefore persist in a point of view from which every move of England or America is regarded as a menace to German prosperity. We Americans saw that with painful distinctness in 1898 when war with Spain was declared. Public opinion in America was

divided over the moral phases of that war, much as in England it has been divided regarding the Transvaal. The German Press, however, as though rehearsed for this purpose, burst out with one voice in unexpected attacks upon America and the Americans. From day to day the papers of Berlin proved to their own satisfaction that America would be quickly defeated by the brave Spaniards, who were represented as maintaining the cause of justice against Yankee cupidity. German papers were full of letters from alleged correspondents at the seat of war. At Tampa, however, where the American army of invasion gathered, I failed to discover a single German war correspondent, yet during all that time the German public read daily bulletins, pretending to be first-hand reports from special correspondents. The Government organs of Berlin led the way in this general depreciation of everything American, and as these articles were reproduced in America they caused surprise and pain amongst former friends of Germany. The average American could not understand what motive Germans in general could have for discussing American affairs in a hostile manner. He could understand Germans disapproving of the war, but he could not see why Americans in general should become an object of attack by Government journals.

Then came news that a German Admiral, in the waters of Manila, was not merely showing active sympathy with the public enemy of the United States, but was hampering our work in other ways. Fortunately Admiral Dewey combined sailor tact with sailor courage, and Admiral Diedrichs corrected his behavior when it was made clear to him that he might draw his country into war sooner than had been anticipated in Berlin.

But the mischief had been done. It is well for German official organs now

to tell us that Admiral Diedrichs exceeded his instructions and that Germany preserved strict neutrality throughout. That may be accepted in the Foreign Office, but it does not carry conviction with the people. Two trifles have profoundly modified the relations of Germany with the Anglo-Saxon world. The one was the despatch to Kruger in 1896, the second was the activity of Admiral Diedrichs in 1898. Each of these episodes has been officially explained away as wholly innocent, if not benevolent, in origin, but the great body of the people has not yet fully realized that the explanation is adequate. Whatever our views may be, the mischief has been done, partly by the Government, and partly by the Press of Germany.

And yet from the German point of view we are sinners also—heavy sinners. The Anglo-Saxon in Germany has not made himself personally agreeable to the casual man he meets. The German raises his hat when he enters a shop. The Anglo-Saxon is a Boer in this respect. He cocks his hat on the back of his head, rams his hands into his pockets, whistles and stares about the streets as though he owned the place. He laughs at everything that does not meet his approval, and gets angry if the waiter does not bring him just what he has been accustomed to in his native land. The German who has travelled and known the Yankee and Briton at home knows how to make allowance for our habitual absence of good manners. But the average German listens incredulously when told that the Briton makes up by honesty and other manly virtues for what he lacks in the way of deportment. Not many years ago I was present at some grand field operations of the German Emperor when a Royal Prince of England was present with four aides-de-camp. Not one of these aides could speak any German, and not one of them apparently knew

the etiquette usual on such occasions. Consequently German officers felt aggrieved by the behavior of this party, and many expressed to me the opinion that these young Englishmen meant to be insulting to Germany.

As to Americans, Germans expect nothing any way. From America they receive usually the genus *Deutsch-Amerikaner*, which is three parts Hebrew, three parts German, and the remainder a little of all sorts—a thing which talks very bad German, worse English, and usually wears an American flag in his button-hole. His name suggests German plants and minerals. The United States not having permanent officials, the men who are sent to represent Uncle Sam in Germany are usually those who have devious reasons for desiring the post. The salaries are contemptibly small, yet the post of Consul to Germany is usually sought by such as are connected with the import trade of the United States. About three-quarters of the United States Consuls in Germany are German-American Hebrews, and these do not always succeed in raising the estimate entertained in Germany for the American citizen in general or the American official in particular. There are plenty of Germans who know the truth about England and America, and are shocked at gross mis-statements circulated about us through official organs. But their voices are drowned in a chorus of anti-English and anti-American sentiment, which accepts pretty much all that is bad, and raises question marks against any statement in favor of such a thing as an Anglo-Saxon conscience.

To be sure that conscience has had a rather straining time of late, and no member of the German Press has protested against the two last wars more violently than certain courageous political leaders in Boston and New York as well as in London and Manchester. The Spanish war had scant justification

in public law, and I am persuaded that the American Government was hounded into it by a clamorous Press agitation joined with large pecuniary interests. But while that is true; it is not the whole truth; and German public opinion appears to have absorbed only this much of it, and been kept in ignorance of forces even mightier than *yellow journals* and financial "trusts." There was behind this war party in America a great moral force which was shocked by the persistent misrule in Cuba, and of this no better evidence need be furnished than that 250,000 men should have volunteered for active service without the necessity arising for any exceptional inducements on the part of the Government.

Far be it from me to defend the conduct of that war; it was characterized by incapacity, jobbery and cynical disregard for human life. The Secretary of War was compelled to resign in disgrace, though he left behind him half a dozen officials equally unworthy of public confidence. The officers trained to honesty and military leadership at West Point were almost uniformly ignored in favor of amateur soldiers with political connections, and, in short, I have not yet met an honest American who does not regard the Cuban war as disgraceful to pretty much all concerned, excepting the men who shouldered the rifle and the West Point regulars who bore the brunt of the work, got no promotion, and are now forgotten.

America holds Cuba, and the Philippines as well—contrary to the official program issued at the beginning of the war. There was a time when Uncle Sam would gladly have handed back Manila to any one who cared to accept it; but that disposition was altered when the evidence came that Germany had behaved in a manner which would have robbed this action of all magnanimity. On my way to the Philippines, before

the fall of Manila, I travelled in company with two German Consuls bound for the Far East. Each of them assured me, with heavy thumps on the cabin table, that the idea of America holding the Philippines was absurd, that Germany would not allow it. And to-day I find regrets expressed in German official papers that the German war ships in the East were not strong enough in 1898 to enforce this view. This very attitude of Germany made unanimous in America a public sentiment, which, up to that time, had been much divided on the subject of expansion, particularly in the Far East.

Germans who readily see that the Pole and the Dane and the Frenchman are improved by absorption into the Empire of the Fatherland, do not readily put themselves in the place of the American who believes that Cuba and the Philippines will be better for a period under the Stars and Stripes; on the contrary, his official papers regard it as something presumptuous, that should be resented.

As for the Boer war, England is fighting for the integrity of the British Empire, for the same sort of ideals that animate Germans who justify the successive military movements by which the Prussia of 1807 with 5,000,000 inhabitants has become the German Empire of 50 millions. I will not here enter into legal and technical justification of this war; it is as misty to me as that which preceded the war with Spain, or which preceded the Prussian occupation of Schleswig-Holstein. From the point of view of men who hold a vote and not a brief, the war in South Africa is now a necessity. We deplore it sincerely, we honor the courage and motives of the great majority of the Boers we have met; we honor them as we now honor the memory of Stonewall Jackson, or Robert E. Lee, or Jefferson Davis. Grave political errors have been committed, and the followers of Paul

Kruger are not without reason for suspicions. It is a melancholy picture for this generation of lads to hear that Jameson and Rhodes have been popular heroes for acts which ordinarily send men to long terms of hard labor in prison. It is not cheering to find that when thousands of brave English volunteers have been killed in the trenches the first people to profit by victory are a group of financiers, largely Jew and German by the way, who own Johannesburg, and who watch their mining shares rising in London while soldiers in the field are falling never to rise again. The Press does not say much about this side of the war, because the great papers of New York and London are under financial influence; but it is a fact which all Europe comments on, and which leads Germans to think that the British Army, as well as the Colonial Office, is moved by other than moral considerations.

The German has difficulty in piercing this web of hypocrisy, of brutal jingoism and cynical financial reasoning. But if he does, he finds beneath a warm national sentiment which has drawn to the battle-field youngsters from every county and every colony in defence of an ideal—the unity of an

Empire. Germans misjudge us because at this moment they are not inclined to credit us with the same motives they claim for themselves. We ask our German friends to believe that we do not wage war merely because some money speculators and fillbusters are interested. We are ashamed of such elements in our national life, and we beg Germans to believe that on both sides of the Atlantic are honest public-spirited men seeking to do good rather than evil. And furthermore we beg Germans to remember that wherever the Union Jack waves, there German commerce enters on the same footing as that of England, and that the German in Hong Kong is treated more liberally than the Englishman in Kiao Chow. England has been the policeman of the Far East for now more than fifty years, and what commerce Germany and the rest of the world enjoy in those waters is owing to British administration, honesty, enterprise and money. The English flag has carried civil liberty to every colony over which it has waved, and Germany has no reason to think that England in South Africa will depart from the traditions established in Australia and Canada, in Hong Kong and Singapore.

The Contemporary Review.

Poultney Bigelow.

A NEW LITERARY DRINK.

One tumbler of Byron's rhetorical splash,
 One dram of Macaulay's heroidal dash,
 A smack of old Campbell (for flavoring this is);
 Mix all up together, and drink while it fizzes.
 Can you doubt what the beverage is that you're tipping?
 It's capital, first-rate, in fact, R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.
 Punch.

THE VOGUE OF THE GARDEN BOOK.

There is a species of literature which has lately attracted serious attention amongst us, and must, therefore, be reckoned with as one of the instructive or entertaining forces of the day. It is not a new thing—it has existed for a couple of hundred years or more—but in its present shape it is new, and in a larger degree than formerly it is attractive to the reader. The garden book of a century and more than a century ago was emphatically a book on gardening; it was crammed with cultural instructions; it abounded in technical details. The garden book of this present century was also, until lately, entirely instructive; it cared not to amuse; its aim was gardening and nothing more. In the eighties there were indications of an approaching change in the purpose of garden literature, and the last half-dozen years have seen this change stereotyped into its present features—less instructive, perhaps, but certainly more entertaining than the old. There can be no doubt about the demand for this latest form of floricultural work, and we may tremble at the thought that this demand will probably bring upon us within the next few years a perfect avalanche of garden diaries, written to supply the public craving, which appears to express itself very plainly in its appreciation and encouragement of the new fiction, as it may fairly and truthfully be termed.

I think that to Mr. Alfred Austin belongs the onus of first successfully sending forth this style of literature in the guise of a gardening work. There were other writers immediately preceding him who were influencing the change, but he, I think, was the first who frankly and determinedly and successfully altered the scope of the garden book. He used his garden as a

place in which to talk with his friends, and it is a record of these conversations which he mainly gives us in his prose writings. Mrs. Earle followed him quickly with the same departure from old traditions, but with a different object, or, at any rate, a different result. From her we chiefly learn the art of cookery, as from Mr. Austin we learn—or should attempt to learn—the art of conversation. And so the thing has gone on for half a dozen years. Some writers choose birds for a main subject; some choose friends, or Men of Wrath; some, books; and all under titles which lead the public to suppose that it is buying a gardening book—gardening books being a craze of the moment—when it is simply buying a diary written in or suggested by a garden.

In so far as the object nowadays is to amuse rather than to instruct, there is no harm in the change. There is plenty of room for this as well as for the orthodox horticultural volume which will never be really superseded. But the mischief will come when the ordinary Miss, in a fervid desire to contribute to the world's enjoyment, flies to a garden and writes within its prescriptive recesses her *journal intime* for publication's sake—a diary which will represent her gentle, simple soul, with its aimless efforts at floriculture, and its pretty, unnecessary thoughts on men and books and things, which we shall feel that we have somewhere heard before, or even read before. This is assuredly the kind of book we shall get, and it is essentially the kind that this sort of work should not be allowed to fall into, if it is to have any permanent value.

We should begin by a clear understanding of what form the garden book

should take, if it is likely, as at present it seems to promise, to have an abiding place on our library shelves.

Of course the garden book must not be merely utilitarian, for of this kind we have works that cannot be superseded, such as Mr. William Robinson's invaluable "English Flower Garden" and "Hardy Flowers." These, and others like them, are written by experts, and the mere *dilettante* cannot hope to rival them in instructive quality. Nor should these books, while claiming to be garden books, deal almost solely with matters apart from gardens. On the contrary, they must treat first of flowers, both from a practical and from an æsthetic point of view, and, that provision secured, the writer may then wander afield to things less vital, such as his taste or studies may suggest. Some rule or other must be laid down, and more or less adhered to, if this kind of literature is not to fall into contempt; and I think that, broadly speaking, such a line as the following may be suggested.

The ideal garden book should contain the experience of the writer as a specialist in his own subject of gardening, in combination with the thoughts or the words or the views of persons who are specialists in other matters, such as poetry, or ethics, or metaphysics. We do not want a gardening dictionary from the amateur, because we can get it in more trustworthy shape from the expert; we do not want mere gentle thoughts on nature, or other deep subjects, whether of earth or heaven, because we know where to turn for our reading on these subjects, as delivered by persons who have given their lives to the study of them. If we want this sort of book at all, we want, as I have said, the simple empirical experience of the amateur gardener combined with the best he (or more usually she) can give us of the ideas of the great whom

already we love and can trust. Unluckily, some of these books tend in exactly the contrary direction; their facts are disputable, and their voices are mere echoes.

The garden book may be poetical, but it must not be written by a poet, or, at any rate, it must not be written by an articulate poet. The poetic feeling is almost essential, but it must express itself in words of others than the compiler. Of course, the imagination can picture an ideal garden book, written by a poet who might happen to be possessed of sufficient knowledge of horticulture to make his book valuable in the double way. It tends to sadness to reflect on the loss we have had in that such work was never given us, for instance, by Tennyson, and we might even gladly have dispensed with some utilitarian value out of gratitude for other features of charm which undoubtedly we should have secured. But, falling such a book by a great and original poet, we are forced to fall back upon a more modest desire for the second best; and the second best I conceive to be a book by a competent gardener who is, above all, no versemaker, though a true critic of verse, and who can, therefore, give us choice thoughts and passages from our splendid heritage of literature to lend charm to his volume of practical instruction. I might name half a dozen writers who could admirably perform the task, but hitherto they have not spoken in this way.

Let us examine some of these books which have made the vogue in garden literature, and judge how far they are able to satisfy the demand for such reading at its highest standard. I will choose from among a considerable number, three volumes of unequivocal success, which consequently seem to stand out from their companions on the bookshelf, and of themselves to accentuate the need in man's soul at the present

time for this range of work. As there is no denying their enormous success, we may regard them as satisfactory to the general public, which has bought them in their thousands. A short analysis of each will enable us to judge of their scope and object; and when we have examined these features as closely as is possible, we may then be able to decide whether this sort of book is as valuable from the point of view of entertainment or instruction as it might be, or whether the type is capable of improvement.

If the requisites for a garden book are indeed those I have indicated, we must not expect the ideal book from Mr. Alfred Austin, for has he not his bench with the poets? His disabilities, if thus they may be regarded, come, of course, paradoxically enough from his greater gifts. The ideal garden chronicler should be only appreciative of poetry, whereas Mr. Alfred Austin, as we who read our Times (even if not in the habit of perusing volumes of verse) know well, is indeed articulate. He gives us poems to fit our many Imperial moods, and we have the full enjoyment at first hand of the inspiring afflatus, because we are assured that we receive them just as they come to him. The mere man evidently does not venture to correct, to add to, or to take from the God-given beauties sent to the poet's pen.

In "The Garden that I Love" we get a considerable amount of Mr. Austin's verse. We do not know exactly how much, for both he and Shakespeare are alike without inverted commas. This is a great pity. The original verse might have stood unsupported, but surely Shakespeare and other similar writers should have been propped by quotation marks. How else can we distinguish between them and him? The situation even disarms criticism, for how could the mere reviewer venture to take exception to a passage for

which Milton might turn out to be responsible? Even the boldest is bound to hold his breath for a time and to make good his character as critic over the prose; and herein is another difficulty. The heaven-sent gift of words has sometimes tiresome limitations. The poet may be inspired in his verse, and not altogether inspired in his prose, which is one of those mysteries that hurt the understanding. How else can be explained such a sentence as this: "I am greatly interested in seeing the result of a new border I have made in the extreme north angle of the garden, and which Veronica has christened Poet's Corner"? This and some similar modes of expression make us fear that the less is not always included in the greater, that the afflatus sent for poetry does not necessarily contain the essentials of prose. Well, it is but a small matter; still, we are justified, I think, in asking as much of perfection as we believe ourselves likely to get.

Four persons inhabit "The Garden that I Love": the writer, who is also the gardener, his sister Veronica, and his friends, the Poet and Lamia. At least we are artfully persuaded that there are four persons; in reality there are only two, Veronica and the gardener-poet rolled with Lamia into one. When these speak seriously—and there is a good deal of serious speaking in the book—you would not know, if you shut your eyes, which of them is addressing you. Lamia, to be sure, has her frivolous moments, when, for a brief space, she makes a possible third; but when she is rhetorical she is one with the gardener and the poet. Veronica, on the other hand, has a separate identity; she is a simple being, and if she has views she keeps them carefully to herself. There is something very lovable about Veronica. She listens patiently for hours to all that the others have to say, and then she goes away and makes tea for them. She

knows how exhausted they must be. They give away so many treasures of thought that they must necessarily be left swept and empty; the need of sustenance is plainly indicated, and Veronica supplies it.

Perhaps, however, the exhaustion is less than it might have been if circumstances had not come to their aid; and herein we see the wisdom of the Pooh-Bah arrangement. The chronicler can give us treasures of verse from the mouth of the poet, pages of floricultural details through the lips of the gardener, and gems of general utility from the irresponsible Lamia. The talents of the three, if displayed in one person, would invite incredulity. We should think it impossible that one small head could carry all the aphorisms and gnomic sayings which the three are anxious to distribute. We should begin to fear cerebral congestion. So, to spare ourselves distress and anxiety, we allow the writer to persuade us that there are, indeed, three heads under the three hats, and thus we breathe again.

The poet sometimes gives vent to an untenable theory, but the gardener and Lamia of course cannot be expected to set him right, and dear little Veronica adores him far too much to do so. He is bold enough to justify in the name of restraint the bald and simple verse which is held by some of our later poets to be one with the true stuff. It is difficult to go with him here. Restraint is, no doubt, an admirable quality, but we cease to admire it when it is compulsory. We cannot esteem the restraint of a gagged man, who refrains from using bad language. Restraint and nothing more, of which we see so much, is a poor thing as a quality of verse, and it is even difficult to see how *l'âme agitée* of a great poet, in its moments of finest frenzy, could be "controlled by the serenity of the mind." Rigorous self-criticism is an

essential, but it would follow, not accompany, the frenzy. A poet must feel much in order to make his readers feel a little; he must weep many tears to ensure that they shall weep a few. When a poet places us in a situation where tears are obviously indicated, I fancy we are warranted in blaming him if they do not come. If we accuse him, not of restraint, but, like the gagged man, of want of power, I think we could justify our opinion. I do not for a moment mean to disparage the poet's admiration of restraint as a necessary and beautiful quality in verse, but merely to contend that most of the restraint that calls itself by that name is of the sort that cannot help itself, and this must be regarded as a defect, and not as a beauty.

But if the poet sometimes rouses in us the spirit of contradiction, the gardener takes his revenge by mystifying us just as we think we are getting on nicely. It is a wonderful garden that he owns, and its orientation is exceedingly difficult to understand. In one place we are told that it slopes from northeast to southwest, and in another that it looks southeast. But even this readjustment of Nature's aspects will not quite account for all the wonders that are in that garden. On the 30th of May the gardener's wood is covered with primroses, and this is not mentioned as an out-of-the-way state of things, but is given as a mere matter of fact. We who have not his gift of extending the seasons to keep our gardens in beauty, have indeed seen primroses on the 30th of May, but we have never had the luck of beholding a wood in the south of England "diapered with them" on that date. We can only hear and sigh for our more limited seasons. On the same day the gardener describes his tulips as having closed their petals for the night. Though it is a little late for Dutch tulips, we might be persuaded to recognize the

same latitude for them as for the prim-roses, but that the gardener has informed us in a previous chapter that he takes up these bulbs during the third week of May and lays them in by the heels. Of course we then jump to the conclusion that these flowers which have just closed their petals for the night are the English late tulips, until we remember that he has told us that he has never made proper use of these. Here, again, we are mystified. Has he made *any* use of them, and are they the flowers which have just closed their petals for the night, or are the Dutch tulips as kind to him, as I have supposed, in giving him, as the primroses do, an extended season of their beauty? These mysteries in a book which should help us in our gardening ought not so to be. They are too cruel to the merely average floriculturist. They make us feel how small are our powers in comparison with those of the gardener in this book. We cannot find large expanses of bluebells on our property towards the latter end of June; our woods are not diapered as a matter of course with primroses on the 30th of May; we cannot grow woodruff from cuttings. We cannot get half the good results that this gardener gets from his garden, and the consciousness, not only of our inferior powers, but also of Nature's unkindness in giving less lavishly to us than to others, induces feelings of depression and impatience. The gardener-poet tells us that if he were asked which of his works he likes best he would answer "My Garden." We have never seen his garden, and it is obviously impossible for us, therefore, to re-echo his sentiment. But it would be pleasant to see it, and to wander in it, and to admire, even though at the risk of unworthy feelings of envy and the like. Loving care has been lavished without stint upon it, and Nature has met the workers more than half way, and has given them of her best.

The book has little to do with gardening, but is admirable as a description of a successful garden, such as it rarely falls to the ordinary lot to hear of. There are absolutely no failures in it. But the real *raison d'être* of this garden betrays itself on every page of Mr. Alfred Austin's volume. It is intended to be a beautiful background in a beautiful picture—a background for inspired and inspiring thoughts, which demand an outlet there before appearing on the printed page to delight a wider though hardly a more appreciative audience.

A totally different book is Mrs. Earle's "Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden." It does not depend for its interest on the conversational qualities of its inhabitants; it is strictly utilitarian. It is, like Mr. Austin's, the record of a gardener who has attained. But it does not, as his does, dazzle us with gems of thought and learning; nor does it, like Elizabeth's volume, which will be considered later, blind us to its faults by artless irresponsibility. It sets out to give practical directions, and practical directions are freely given, but they are cookery, not garden recipes. We are entitled to expect that *pot-pourri* shall consist chiefly of flowers, and it is a distinct grievance that we get so little about them. The author is evidently as careful and successful a housekeeper as she is a gardener, and this is where her weakness comes in. When we want to hear about spring bulbs she is far away in the kitchen framing an indictment against the modern cook. The fury which possesses her on the subject of tinned saucepans would be better directed, the reader cannot help thinking, against wireworm or slugs. She tries conscientiously to do her duty by the reader who is buying a garden book, but her heart is in the store closet or the scullery when we want all her attention elsewhere. She will even take us to the kitchen-garden rather than to the *parterre*, and try to

persuade us that there is the haven where we would be, and in order to detain us there she tries to rouse us to indignation like her own by holding forth on the wickedness of the modern cook. But we are impatient prisoners of her glittering eye; we do not care in the least how the scullery-maid dresses her vegetables, if only the flavor is right when they are brought to the dinner-table. So with a few polite conventionalities we try to lead the way back to the flowers, only to find ourselves again most unexpectedly in the kitchen regions, and forced, whether we will or no, to discuss the neglect of vegetables in the ordinary English household a hundred years ago or more. And here we gather courage of a defiant sort to incite us to disagreement for a moment. Was the neglect of vegetables at that time indeed due to the Protestant influence of the Reformation? Was it not rather owing in the towns to the lack of transport facilities, and in the country districts to the miserably inadequate gardens to which landlords had reduced their cottage holdings? That there was never any neglect of vegetables by those who possessed sufficient garden ground for their cultivation our old herbals and horticultural manuals abundantly testify.

But to return to practical things. The reader is entitled to expect that, as regards the comparatively small number of plants which are mentioned in these garden books, he shall be told the secrets of their culture. But "Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden" is disappointing in this respect. For instance, with regard to the propagation and culture of a flower which every one grows, and for the most part grows badly—the rose. It is not sufficient to tell us in March that Lamareck and various others are beautiful climbers for a house. We search through the pages devoted to June and July and find not a single rose mentioned, except the com-

mon Ayrshire. The object of dividing the garden year into its natural monthly sections should be the instructing of the reader little by little as each season brings its work. For instance, in June and July we expect to be told of the beauties of roses, in July and August of their propagation by cuttings, in December of their protection and nourishment by means of their covering from the farmyard. It is not that we expect to be told *how* to do all this routine work, for such details should be sought for in technical books of instruction, but a hint as to *when* it should be done would make the garden book valuable. We might not dream of looking for these serviceable particulars from the pens of Elizabeth or Mr. Alfred Austin; they are too much absorbed in more interesting and personal matters to trouble themselves about such minor details as the instruction of their readers. But Mrs. Earle sets out to be useful, and we feel injured because we find her not quite so useful as we had hoped that she would be.

The meaning and purpose of a garden is in the growing of flowers and vegetables, so far as possible, all the year round. I think we may agree to ignore the vegetables; they, no more than tinned saucepans, are a proper constituent of *pot-pourri*. But there are four months in the year during which we cannot reasonably expect to grow flowers out of doors, so we are forced to build greenhouses to provide for our wants. Mrs. Earle has greenhouses, but she does not tell us how she makes use of them. She leaves us for sixteen weeks practically without a blossom; their place is taken by herbals and hashed mutton. An exception might be pleaded for January, the month which leads the way in her volume. She has promised on the first page that gardening shall be her preponderating subject, and in January we get a list of plants in bloom—in a London draw-

ing-room. They may possibly have been reared in the Surrey greenhouses, but we are not told so, and, if they were, we are not instructed how we may go and do likewise. We do not ask for things difficult; all we want is to know how to have flowers, and what flowers to have all the year round. How many country drawing-rooms does one go into, say in January, to find no more blossom than is represented by a primula and a bowl of the so-called Chinese joss-lily? Mrs. Earle might take the amateur's greenhouse, which can only just manage to keep out the frost in winter, and tell us what we might get from it; when to strike cuttings of pelargoniums for December flowering; when to sow cinerarias; when to pot the various bulbs for succession; how to ensure flowers from the jacobea lily, and a dozen others to cheer us in the dark days. Since she tells us how and when to pot freesias for winter flowering, she would appear to accept a certain amount of responsibility for greenhouse as well as for outdoor flowers; and since she carries her *pot-pourri* through the winter months, she might reasonably be expected to instruct us during that period. We feel inclined to cry out to her with an exceeding bitter cry for the help which she might give us, but refrains from giving.

There is no denying, however, that Mrs. Earle complies, in a way, with both the conditions with which I set out; she lets us have her own practical experience, and she enlivens the technical matter of her book by putting before us the thoughts of other writers in poetical form. But the experience is not first and foremost of the garden, and the thoughts are not of the greatest. The verse she quotes is anything but inspiring. She has chosen, for the most part, to express little minds instead of great ones, or rather, I should say, small poets instead of great poets.

Owen Meredith, and Mrs. Hemans, and Erasmus Darwin, and Emerson, and the Tyneside young clergyman's wife are not satisfying food. We want something larger and better than this.

Nevertheless, for sheer utility, Mrs. Earle's is the best of all these books. When we can persuade her to go with us into her garden we feel that we are in the company of an expert, and when she tells us a cultural detail we listen with respect, as to one who knows well what she is talking about. The intimate society, even if only between the covers of a book, of a person who is a competent authority on any subject whatever is in itself a privilege, and on every page Mrs. Earle convinces us that she is worthy of attention, and we gain pleasure and instruction accordingly. But of subtler charm the book has none, and we put it down with a sigh, and turn to "Elizabeth and her German Garden."

Elizabeth is original or nothing. Whereas most of these books have some sort of plea put forward for their existence, such as gardening, housekeeping, or the like, Elizabeth's book frankly concerns Elizabeth. Her garden, though it appears on the title-page, and on many another page of her volume, is obviously incidental, and even the Man of Wrath partakes of this nature as well as the April, May and June babies. One realizes that, although Elizabeth may be rather fond of them, she could very well reconcile herself to life without them. She is profoundly interesting to herself as well as—let me frankly confess it—to the reader. It is the book of Elizabeth which we have to consider, with a German garden and a few necessary impedimenta thrown in. We may dismiss her gardening experiences in a very few words. In common with most books of this kind there is little to be learnt from it of a floricultural nature. To be sure we hear much of sweet rockets, sweet

peas, roses bought by the hundred, lilies, hollyhocks, pansies and various other subjects. But never a word does she tell us of their culture. For aught that we can learn from her we might, on buying large quantities, as she does, treat all these things alike, and suffer accordingly. Elizabeth would never check us in our foolishness. Is it, dear Elizabeth, because you cannot? Is it that, in your desire to make us happy by writing a garden book, you took no heed to the fact that you were utterly ignorant of gardening? But even if this is so we may be persuaded to forgive you. You have made amends for your deception by making your readers happy. We will let the garden slip into its proper place and regard it as a *parterre* blessed by your presence, and we will hasten to discuss in its stead the absorbing topic of the person, Elizabeth.

It has been noticeable that more than one reviewer of recent novels has welcomed in them the revival of a delightful character who had long been thought extinct—the Minx. She disappeared suddenly from among us just about the time that the *Tendenz-Roman* came into vogue; there was not room enough in our fiction for both types of heroine. But she was not extinct. She had merely gone into retirement for a while, to re-emerge brilliantly from the recesses of a far-away German garden. And the absolute certainty that there are April, May and June minxes being brought up to follow in her chartered footsteps, relieves us from the haunting fear that we may lose the type again. A joy has come back to the world in the person of that archetype of minxes, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth's vivid and delightful style of writing makes us willing to overlook the fact that she is not quite familiar with some of the commonest rules of composition for the English language. But I do not intend to convey the idea

that her ignorance arises through the use of a tongue foreign to her. She is English to the backbone, despite her occasional artless attempts to persuade us otherwise. She is amusing in describing her adopted compatriots, and enjoys many a laugh at their expense. She is certain that Dr. Grill must be a German rose, because the more attention you give him the ruder he is to you, or, in other words, the less will he repay your kindness by expansion. But there are very few things and fewer persons for whom Elizabeth has a word of praise. The only friend whom she can endure near her is one who is clever enough to flatter her about her garden. To the others she is inwardly cold and critical, with a charming affectation of pleasantness which could not deceive a baby. She dislikes Minora most of all, and is only well disposed to her visitor when she notices her thick wrists. The real fact is that Minora has a beautiful nose, and, although Elizabeth would rather die with torture than own herself jealous, it is obvious to the meanest capacity that this is what ails her. The admirable Miss Jones, also, whose perfect propriety of demeanor is assumed through a rigid sense of duty, rouses all her wrath. But what was there, in the name of justice, to complain of in Miss Jones? That she had small respect for her employer should not in itself have formed a legitimate grievance, since not even a nursery governess can control her inward feelings, and Elizabeth admits that Miss Jones's conduct was severely perfect in its outward manifestation. And to her bosom friend, Irals, Elizabeth is simply diabolical when she thinks that that friend is trespassing a little too long on her hospitality. She makes no secret of her opinion that the weeks her friends are with her are time lost so far as her pleasure is concerned, and even goes so far as to say that it rejoices her as much to see them

go as to see them come. We suspect that it rejoices her even more.

The truth of the matter is that our good Elizabeth has no wholesome illusions; glamor is unknown to her; the bump of reverence is entirely missing. The Man of Wrath no more than the others escapes her scorn; he furnishes her with many an opportunity for ribald jibes. It is evident to the reader that she has utterly failed in bending him to her imperious will, as she would fain bend all with whom she comes in contact. She has certainly not cured him of his trick of holding his glass in his left hand, and she bears him a perennial grudge in consequence.

We begin to wonder if there is any person in the world for whom she really cares, and it is a relief to find her confessing that she likes her coachman almost as well as her sundial, but it turns out that this is only because he never attempts to thwart any of her unreasonable wishes. She hates giving presents, for fear the recipient may be spoilt, and she shall suffer. She has a great dislike to furniture, though we feel certain that she would be the first to cry out if she had not enough of it, or if her armchair was not comfortable, or if her presses were not large enough to hold her frocks. But there is no pleasing her. Things animate and inanimate alike annoy her, and the one person who is, in her eyes, entirely charming is Elizabeth.

And indeed she is not very far wrong. She is a fascinating being, and it is difficult to endure with equanimity the thought that the Man of Wrath has attained, by right of conquest, the privilege of her constant society. She will always amuse him; she will never—even when come the days of gray hair and wrinkles—she will even then never bore him. She will keep his affection inviolate, however much she may deserve to lose it. But one cherishes a secret, though perhaps unworthy, joy

in the conviction that, inordinately as he may adore her, he will never let her know it. Is he not a German husband, closely connected in his ways and modes of action with the Dr. Grill who rouses Elizabeth's ire? When she puts forth her fascinations the Man of Wrath will retire with well-affected indifference to his smoky series of dens in the southeast corner of the house. When she holds forth on the superiority of the sex he will smile blandly down on her, talking her at last into passionate flight. He dominates her by sheer strength, as well as by the moral power of that superior irritating smile.

Although Elizabeth has done her best to persuade us, we do not even feel sure that it was by her own desire that she came to live in a German garden. It is far more likely that it was the iron will of the Man of Wrath which condemned her to it after much ineffectual resistance, although she had sense enough when she found herself in exile to pretend that she liked it. How else should a commiseration of the neighboring Patronizing Potentate (a woman potentate, of course) have roused her to such anger if some secret sting had not lain in the words: "Ah, these husbands! They shut up their wives because it suits them, and don't care what their sufferings are?"

It was the painful, unacknowledged truth of the remark which stung the resentful Elizabeth.

And this explains the whole situation.

Here is a young and fascinating woman condemned by her bluebeard of a husband to live in a remote Schloss sorely against her will. The unfortunate lady immediately becomes a cynic, and professes contempt of worldly enjoyments. But revenge is essential to her well-being, so she sits down to write a book which, because she calls it a book about a garden, will attract

an enormous audience. In this book she wreaks her vengeance on society, on her friends both present and absent, on her insentient furniture, on her servants (except the one whom she likes nearly as well as her sundial), on her governess, and even—*O tempora, O mores!*—on her husband. The fact that she is totally ignorant of gardening does not for a moment deter her from writing a garden book. She might have put her experiences into a novel, and enjoyed a circulation of a paltry five hundred or so. Or she might have fulminated under the guise of Woman's Rights, and have printed a pamphlet (mainly for gratuitous distribution) in which to vent her views. But she knew a better way than this. She had noted the vogue of the garden book, and with specious craftiness she adopted this unfailing method of reaching a large and sympathetic audience.

And what is the result?

The result is exactly as she anticipated. Everybody knows Elizabeth and everybody is devoted to her. She has a charm such as is seldom found in the mere heroine of fiction; it is a real live charm, and her readers claim her as a—no, alas! not as a friend, because she will not permit it, but as a delightful acquaintance who has the rare power of keeping them amused for an hour together. We shall gladly read every word which it may enter her sprightly, capricious head to write, though we shall first attempt to persuade her not to call her future books by titles so deceptive as to lead the reader to imagine that they deal with gardening. It was distinctly fraudulent so to describe this one, although in Elizabeth's painful position we have recognized and indicated the necessity of the course. But in the future it will not even be necessary, because we know our Elizabeth, and shall be glad to meet her again, no matter on what subject she may choose to discourse us.

I think I have said sufficient to show that the garden book, in its latest development, is a very different thing from the ordinary book on gardening, and that in it a new form of literature has arisen which has appealed from the first to the general public. There can be no doubt as to the success of a class of book whose circulation is practically certain to run into thousands in a few months, and to continue lively for years. That these books are not, strictly speaking, gardening works, seems to be no disadvantage as regards their sale, but rather the contrary. They evidently satisfy the buyer, which is what both buyer and writer chiefly require. But it is difficult to contemplate with equanimity the possibility of their continuing to flourish on their present basis, for that would be to invite any irresponsible member of the general public who may happen to be afflicted with the *cacoëthes scribendi* to inflict us with his private diary and to be rewarded for the inflicting.

That a knowledge of gardening is not essential in these writers is sufficiently shown by the analysis given above of two of the most popular of these books. That a working acquaintance with the English tongue is unnecessary is proved by the fact that the novice is as successful as the practiced writer in attracting attention. That the human interest is immaterial is demonstrated by more than one of the many popular volumes on our shelves, such as Miss Jekyll's "Wood and Garden," and Mrs. Earle's "Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden," although such human interest when it appears is evidently appreciated, as Elizabeth and Mr. Alfred Austin can testify. That natural history is not definitely asked for, although it has an infinite charm when it is supplied, those who count Mr. Phil Robinson's "In Garden, Orchard and Spinney," as perhaps one of the least known though most deserving of these

works, can positively assert. In short, the reasons for the present vogue of these books are so difficult to discover that, finding that hardly any two of them put forth the same claim to consideration, one is forced to the conclusion that this craze of the moment is merely a general demand which may be catered for in any manner chosen by those who make—or who intend to make—themselves responsible for the supply. The vogue will probably die away as effectually as it has arisen when the buyer knows a little more

about floriculture, and comes to see that he can be secure of anything save instruction in gardening matters from the majority of these garden books. Then the natural law of survival will step in, and the balance will be restored. Those books which have the power to amuse will be welcomed for their rare merit; those which can instruct for their almost as valuable quality; and those which can do neither the one nor the other will probably lead the way to oblivion of this whole new class of garden literature.

The Nineteenth Century.

H. M. Batson.

THE GIRL FROM FAERYLAND.

Along the lonely eskers I cut the summer grass,
The Shannon lies below me, and the boatmen as they pass
Cry out to me, "God bless the work and give you full your
hand."

They all are kind because they mind I'm new from Faeryland.

I'm newly come from Faeryland; a twelvemonth and a day
I spent among the Gentle Folk and danced the time away.
And all the while a faery girl went in my homespun gown,
And won me love and lost me love the breadth of Carrick
town.

Here comes a lad I never loved, and calls me "Gra machree,"
And kindly eyes I used to know look strange and cold on me.
The anger that a faery earned lies on me like a fret,
And with the love I want not I find my pillow wet.

What will I do day in day out where *she* has waked and slept?
My wheel it knows a stranger's hand, a stranger's care has
kept

My mother's mouth from hunger, my mother's eyes from tears;
And whiles my own voice echoes like a stranger's in my ears.

For half my heart's in Faery land, and half is here on earth,
And half I'm spoiled for sorrow, and half I'm strange to mirth;
And my feet are wild for dancing, and my neighbors' feet are
slow—

Why did you take me, Gentle Folk? *Why did you let me go?*

The Speaker.

Nora Hopper.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF ACONCAGUA.

The great mountain called Aconcagua,¹ the first ascent of which is described in Mr. FitzGerald's recently published book, "*The Highest Andes*,"² is situated on the frontiers of Chili and the Argentine Republic, about ninety miles to the east of Valparaiso, and 700 miles to the west of Buenos Aires, only a few miles away from and to the north of the pass over the Andes called the Cumbre,³ which is commonly used by persons passing between those two cities. Even its name is not found in geographical books published in the early part of the nineteenth century, and it seems to have been measured first by officers who were engaged in the celebrated surveying expedition under Admiral Fitzroy. Darwin says in Chapter XII of his "*Journal*," "the volcano of Aconcagua is particularly magnificent. This huge and irregularly conical mass has an elevation greater than that of Chimborazo; for, from measurements made by officers of the Beagle, its height is no less than 23,000 feet!" And in a subsequent passage he speaks of witnessing a considerable eruption of the volcano of Osorno (near the Bay of San Carlos in Chiloe), on January 19, 1835, and says that he was surprised to hear that Aconcagua, 480 miles northwards, was in action on the same night. It is now said that Aconcagua is *not* a volcano! Darwin, it will be remarked, only quotes a rumor

and does not speak from personal knowledge. Since the time of Fitzroy's voyage, all sorts of elevations from 15,000 to 25,000 feet have been assigned to Aconcagua, most of them, no doubt, mere guesses, not derived from observations; but the result of the survey of the FitzGerald Expedition shows that the officers of the Beagle were right, for the finally deduced altitude comes out just a little over 23,000 feet.⁴ This appears to be the greatest height that any one has hitherto reached upon a mountain.

Mr. FitzGerald, the leader of the Expedition, was born at Connecticut, U.S.A., on May 10, 1871, and is known from the journey that he made in New Zealand in 1895, upon which he explored, almost single-handed, some portions of the snowy mountains in the south island, and made several ascents.⁵ Upon the journey in the Andes, he was accompanied by three Englishmen, Messrs. de Trafford, Vines and Gosse; and took out six Swiss and Italians as assistants, namely, Mattias Zurbriggen, the two brothers Pollinger, Jos. Lochmatter, Nicolas Lanti and Fritz Weibel. Zurbriggen, who led the rest, is a rolling stone. From a sort of biography of him,⁶ that was published nearly simultaneously with Mr. FitzGerald's volume, one learns that before he got to the age of thirty he had acted as herd-boy, carpenter's boy, stable-help,

¹ The name is a Spanish one, and is pronounced something like Ar-kon-kar-goo-who-ar.

² "*The Highest Andes*," by E. A. FitzGerald. Methuen & Co., London, 1899.

³ For the Cumbre Pass see the "*Leisure Hour*" for 1895, p. 518.

⁴ This result differs materially from the height telegraphed to the "*Daily Chronicle*," and published in that paper on January 18 and February 17, 1897. "The mountain is over 24,000 feet high." "The barometer at the top fell to 12

inches." If the barometer had been a mercurial and in proper order, a fall to 12 inches would have indicated an altitude, not of 24,000, but of about 25,000 feet. It now appears that "the barometer" was an aneroid.

⁵ See the work entitled "*Climbs in the New Zealand Alps*."

⁶ "*From the Alps to the Andes*," being the autobiography of a Mountain-Guide, by Mattias Zurbriggen. T. Fisher Unwin, London, 1899.

miner's laborer, miner, railway navvy, tassel-maker, diligence-driver or smith. He can shoe a horse or mend a boot. Since 1886 he has been a Mountain Guide, and in that capacity has been twice in New Zealand, and twice in the Himalayas, besides the Andes. He made his *début* under Sir Martin (then Mr.) Conway in the Karakoram Mountains, and may be considered to have been discovered by him, for, up to that time, he was an unknown man. Unlike many Alpine Guides, he has a taste for foreign travel, and becomes less homesick than the generality of his fellows.

The party left Southampton on October 15, 1896, Buenos Aires on November 29, and, after travelling over the Argentine Great Western and Transandinine Railways, descended on December 7 at the terminus of the latter line, at Punta de las Vacas (7,868 feet). This station is only twenty miles from the summit of Aconcagua, and one can ride up in a vehicle on the route to the Cumbre Pass, until one is within *thirteen* miles of it, at Puente del Inca (8,948 feet). The way taken after this was up a valley called Horcones, which led round the western side of the mountain for about fourteen miles; and when quadrupeds could go no farther, an encampment was made at the height of 14,000 feet, almost due west of the summit, and distant from it about two and a half miles. Direct approach was impossible—the intervening cliffs were much too steep—and a course was shaped to the northeast, and an upper encampment was made on a ridge to the northwest of the summit, at a height which was estimated at 18,700 feet.⁷ From this highest camp the summit was ultimately gained, but only at the sixth attempt.

Mules were employed between Puente

del Inca and the camp at about 14,000 feet, and the experiences of the party with their animals and the drivers were of the usual character. Mules are mulish, and South American arrieros are almost beyond description. Many of the stories that are related resemble what one has heard before, but this one is quite new. Through scarcity of food the mules got so hungry that "they consumed that morning two wicker-chairs and a large quantity of the roof of one the rooms, which was composed of bamboo overlaid with mud" (p. 245). That was towards the *end* of the journey; and from the beginning they found that the sure-footed mule stumbles and slides like other quadrupeds, and can survive a good deal of knocking about. When some of the party were crossing a ravine, a mule slipped and fell back on its haunches. "I was behind," says Mr. Vines, "but the way being too narrow for me to get at its head I shouted to the arriero, who seized the halter and tried to get it up. But he could not do it, and

then with a plunge or two it rolled over on its side, fortunately by this movement unhooking the packs, which I was just able to seize and keep from following the mule, as it went bounding and rolling down the steep incline. Then, on the verge of the precipice, the poor beast made a desperate struggle to regain a footing, while anxious faces watched him from above. With a tremendous plunge, however, he fell backwards and disappeared from view. I sent Lanti down to secure the harness, and shoot the animal if not already dead. Mingled cries of exhortation reached us from below, and soon, to our surprise, Lanti appeared leading the mule. It was a sorry looking beast by this time, cut and bruised in every part of its body; but it seemed to have sustained no serious

⁷ The height is apparently obtained from simple inspection of an aneroid. This appears to be the case from the two following passages: "The aneroid gave the height as 19,000 English feet."—FitzGerald's "Highest Andes," p. 50. "Look-

ing at my aneroid, I found it registered an elevation of 19,000 feet."—Zurbriggen's "Autobiography," p. 205. The elevation adopted is probably much too high.

injury, and, lightly loaded, continued to work for the rest of the day. (Pp. 161, 162.)

Both in the Himalayas and in the Andes, Zurbriggen has exhibited considerable ability in tumbling off the animals he rode, or in getting into trouble with them. He has a fixed idea, it is said, that he will die by drowning, and he came pretty nearly to an end in that way when crossing a stream in the Horcones Valley.

He started well, mounted on one of our most powerful mules, but when he got to the middle of the river I was startled and horrified to see him turn his mule's head down stream. This was fatal; the animal at once lost its balance, and rolled over, precipitating him into the raging water. In crossing these streams it is necessary to keep the horses' heads well up against the current, for should they get sideways, and the water strike them with full force, they invariably lose their footing. Poor Zurbriggen, the instant his mule rolled over with him, was swept rapidly down the stream, turning over and over with the animal, so that at times he and at times the mule was uppermost. He could not swim, but even had he been able to, I doubt whether it would have availed him much, the force of the water being so great. In another moment they both struck on a great boulder, Zurbriggen underneath. The force of the water held the mule tightly jammed against the rock, effectually pinning his rider underneath. In a moment I was alongside of him, the arriero close behind, invoking all the saints to our assistance. I noticed that he was engrossed solely with the welfare of his animal; the fact that a man was rapidly drowning before his eyes was an unimportant detail to him. It was necessary to move the mule first before we could help Zurbriggen; so we plunged into the torrent, and tried to dislodge the unwieldy beast. Tomas wanted to haul him towards the bank; I, on the contrary, wished to shove him into midstream again, as I saw it was easier to accomplish and would therefore release Zurbriggen sooner. I

seized him by the head, and tried to press him away, while Tomas in a wild frenzy of excitement clung to his tail. (Pp. 68, 69.)

He was ultimately fished out, with a damaged shoulder, and prudently abstained for a time from riding; but he at length remounted, saying to Mr. FitzGerald, "I know I do get killed to-day," and, as luck would have it, we had not gone more than a mile when he and his mule quietly rolled over the edge of a rock precipice. The mule was not hurt, but Zurbriggen had fallen on his bad shoulder. This was a finishing blow to his nerves. When I ran and picked him up he turned to me and said, slowly, 'You see, I do get killed to-day.' " However he revived; and made the first ascent of Aconcagua twelve days afterwards.

It would appear that previously to Mr. FitzGerald's expedition only one attempt had been made to ascend Aconcagua, namely, by Dr. Paul Guessfeldt, of Berlin, who approached the mountain from the Chilian side, in 1883. Dr. Guessfeldt is known to be energetic and daring, but his dash at Aconcagua can scarcely be regarded seriously; for, in starting from Europe with only a single assistant (who failed him before he got on the spot), he evidently did not grasp the necessities of the problem which he proposed to solve. Beyond knowing that Dr. Guessfeldt had made his attempt somewhere from the North, Mr. FitzGerald's party had no clue as to how the summit was likely to be reached; and it is to the credit of Zurbriggen that he seems to have quickly selected a practicable, and perhaps the only feasible, route. So far as the nature of the ground was concerned, the ascent was an easy one. It was not necessary to perform gymnastic feats on rocks, or to cut for hours up riven ice. If such things had been inevitable, it is highly probable that not one of the party would have reached the summit.

The mules, it has been said, went to the head of the Horcones Valley. From that point everything had to be transported by men; and they started at once to mount the northwest slopes of the peak, but only got up about a couple of thousand feet when night came on. Although they had a tent, it is said that they simply crawled into their sleeping-bags.

No one had the energy even to make for himself a smooth place to lie down on. We sought shelter under a friendly overhanging rock, where we huddled as close to one another as possible for the sake of warmth, and tried to get what rest we could. During the night, one of my Swiss porters, a tall, powerfully built man, Lochmatter by name, fell ill. He suffered terribly from nausea and faintness, which it seemed impossible to check.

This is referred to on p. 80 as "a terrible night." The next morning they went on, and towards mid-day

I saw, from my own condition and from that of the men with me, that it would be unwise—if not impossible—to think of climbing higher that night. Lochmatter was growing pale and ill again, so I was obliged to send him down with another man to our lower camp, telling him to remain there until he had perfectly recovered.

The faintness and want of energy was not the result of ordinary fatigue. Mr. FitzGerald does not attempt to disguise that it was due to the diminution in atmospheric pressure. "We were all feeling weak and ill in the morning," he says, "and I soon came to the conclusion that it would be impossible that day to reach the saddle which Zurbriggen had recommended as a camping-ground" (p. 55). On December 28 they got up to this place, which is estimated to have been 18,700 feet high; and, after one night there, finding that life was unpleasant at such an elevated

position, descended to the lower camp in the valley.

Though the temperatures which were experienced were not extraordinarily severe, and not at all lower than might have been expected—the minimum recorded being 1 degree F., which is a degree of cold that multitudes of people sustain without inconvenience—Mr. FitzGerald says that he saw the men actually sit down and cry like children, "so discouraged were they by the intense cold;" and later in the volume it is related that the cold felt "so intense that the men sat down and absolutely cried, great tears rolling down their faces, simply because of the cold, which they were powerless to resist" (p. 151).

On December 30 (Midsummer in these parts) they went up again to the high camp, and on the following morning started with the view of reaching the summit, which looked so very near that they thought it could be got at in five or six hours. An hour had scarcely elapsed when Zurbriggen was found to be in difficulties. The morning was cold.

Seeing that his face was very white, I asked him if he felt quite well. He answered that he felt perfectly well, but that he was so cold he had no sensation whatever left in his feet; for a few moments he tried dancing about, and kicking his feet against the rocks to get back his circulation. I began to get alarmed, for frozen feet are one of the greatest dangers one has to contend against in Alpine climbing. The porters who had been lagging behind now came up to us; I at once told Zurbriggen to take his boots off, and we all set to work to rub his feet. To my horror I discovered that the circulation had practically stopped. We continued working hard upon him, but he said that he felt nothing. We took off his stockings, and tried rubbing first with snow, and then with brandy; we were getting more and more alarmed, and were even beginning to fear that the case might be hopeless, and might

even necessitate amputation. At last we observed that his face was becoming pallid, and slowly and gradually he began to feel a little pain. We hailed this sign with joy, for it meant of course that vitality was returning to the injured parts, and we renewed our efforts; the pain now came on more and more severely; he writhed and shrieked and begged us to stop, as he was well-nigh maddened by suffering. Knowing, however, that this treatment was the one hope for him, we continued to rub, in spite of his cries, literally holding him down, for the pain was getting so great that he could no longer control himself, and tried to fight us off. . . . We slipped on his boots without lacing them, and, supporting him between two of us, we began slowly to get him down the mountain side. At intervals we stopped to repeat the rubbing operation, he expostulating with us vainly the while. After about an hour and a half, we succeeded in getting him back to our tent, where he threw himself down and begged to be allowed to go to sleep. We would not permit this, however, and taking off his boots again, we continued the rubbing operation, during which he shouted in agony. (Pp. 61, 62.)

There ended the second attempt to ascend Aconcagua.

The next day (January 1), Zurbriggen, Mr. FitzGerald and Louis Pollinger started again, and got to a greater height. This time Pollinger was the first to go wrong. He turned "a sickly, greenish hue." All the color left his lips, and he began to complain of sickness and dizziness. They progressed upwards until 2 P.M., when all were done up, and "obliged to stop and lie down from sheer exhaustion." The condition of the three seems to have been similar. Even Zurbriggen admitted that he did not think he would be capable of reaching the summit.

Coming down was almost worse than going up. Fatigued and numbed as we were, we constantly fell down. . . . a terrible and stunning depres-

sion had taken hold upon us all, and none of us cared even to speak . . . all ambition to accomplish anything had left us, and our one desire was to get down to our lower camp, and breathe once more like human beings. (Pp. 66, 67.)

They went down 10,000 feet, and revived themselves at Puente del Inca, and on January 12 another effort was made from the high camp; but in a quarter of an hour, Mr. FitzGerald says, "I knew that the attempt would be fruitless." Though he persevered, he had barely reached the height of 20,000 feet, when he was compelled to throw himself on the ground,

overcome by acute pains and nausea I remained thus for some time, but as I did not improve I was reluctantly forced to turn back About noon I crawled down to the camp, and sat waiting there in a helpless and hopeless state, half unconscious About two o'clock the sun had gone round and I was sitting in the shadow, while the wind changed and blew upon me with full force. So feeble was I, both in brain and body, that I had not the wit or energy to move some twenty yards away, though I could thus have escaped from the wind, and received what little warmth the sunlight afforded.

Zurbriggen did not turn back with the others, but he stopped far short of the summit, and returned after sunset, quite exhausted and "speechless with thirst and fatigue." On the following morning (January 13), the result of a further attempt was even more disappointing, for the day was the finest they had had; there was little wind and the sun rose in a cloudless sky. After going up some distance, Mr. FitzGerald says, "I was again desperately sick. I rested for over an hour, but it was no use," and so they all went down.

We now come to the sixth and successful effort to ascend Aconcagua, on

January 14. The party on this occasion was composed of Zurbriggen, Mr. FitzGerald, Joseph Pollinger and Lanti—who is said to be a miner. They started at 7 A.M., "all in excellent spirits, yet by one o'clock Mr. FitzGerald found that "he felt it was impossible for him to go any farther."

Zurbriggen was sent forward, while the others descended.

I shall never forget the descent that followed. I was so weak that my legs seemed to fold up under me at every step, and I kept falling forward and cutting myself on the shattered stones that covered the sides of the mountain. I do not know how long I crawled in this miserable plight, steering for a big patch of snow that lay in a sheltered spot, but I should imagine that it was about an hour and a half. On reaching the snow I lay down, and finally rolled down a great portion of the mountain side. As I got lower my strength revived, and the nausea that I had been suffering from so acutely disappeared, leaving me with a splitting headache. Soon after five o'clock I reached our tent. My headache was now so bad that it was with great difficulty I could see at all.

Zurbriggen arrived at the tent about an hour and a half later. He had succeeded in gaining the summit, and had planted an ice-axe there; but he was so weak and tired that he could scarcely talk, and lay almost stupefied by fatigue. Though naturally and justifiably elated by his triumph, at that moment he did not seem to care what happened to him. (Pp. 82, 83.)

A month later (on February 13), Mr. FitzGerald had another try, along with his companion, Mr. Vines, and the

miner, Lanti. They left the upper camp at 8.30 A.M., on a fine day, with every prospect of success, and an hour and a half later the leader "was compelled to give in, in a state of complete collapse," and he went back (p. 103). Mr. Vines and Lanti proceeded. The latter had been selected, it is said, because he had "felt less the effects of the altitude than the other porters." He is described as a big-boned man, slightly above medium height, spare almost to emaciation, and is spoken of favorably in several places in the course of the volume. Lanti's opinion was that his constitution had been permanently shattered by living at the upper camp, and, although he was, at the moment, in good condition, took the opportunity to express his views to Mr. Vines in the following way. "Sir, the mountains of Europe are healthy; these mountains are very unhealthy. Why do we climb these mountains, and why encamp and sleep at these great heights? We who have done so will find our lives wrecked by it" (p. 109), and he is by no means the only person who has entertained that opinion.

Mr. Vines and Lanti continued upwards, and ultimately got to the summit. During the first hour the former said, they did not appear to make much progress, and he got anxious about their rate, as it could not be imagined that that they would go faster as they got higher; on the contrary, there was every reason to expect that their pace would decrease.* I have been curious to work out and compare the respective

* This as an expression is quite wrong. Altitude in itself produces no effect. It is the diminution in atmospheric pressure, which becomes greater the higher one ascends, that affects the system.

* What Mr. Vines says is unquestionably true. The pace of any given individuals has a constant tendency to diminish the higher they ascend; and it is this fact amongst others, which renders it certain that the highest summits of the earth will only be reached (if they are ever reached) with very great difficulty and at very great cost.

On such ground as has to be traversed in mounting the principal peaks of the Alps, ascents are often made at the rate of, or about, 1,000 feet per hour; and upon still lower ground a much more rapid rate can be attained.

One of the fastest performances on lower ground was accomplished in August 1898 by Edouard Payot, of Chamonix, aged 26. He started from Chamonix, 3,445 feet, and ascended the neighboring mountain called the Brevent, 8,284 feet, in 89 minutes; and descended the 4,839 feet in 31 minutes. This was done in the presence of a large number of

rates of Zurbriggen on the first ascent, and of Mr. Vines and Lanti on the second ascent of Aconcagua. I find that (including halts) Zurbriggen went up at the rate of 449 feet per hour from the upper camp to the summit, and that the others ascended at the rate of 513 feet per hour. Either of these rates must be considered good, considering the great elevation at which they were attained.

They reached the top at 5 P.M., having taken eight hours and a half to ascend from the camp. Mr. Vines states that of the two he was himself the more done up. When they were above 21,000 feet they were in such a condition that the slightest rebuff damped their spirits, and forced them to stop and rest.

Our patience and endurance were tried to the utmost. We seemed to stop every ten yards, and, in fact, spent more time in resting than in advancing; and yet we found it impossible to sit, or lie down, as inclination dictated. The relaxing of the muscles of the legs on assuming a reclining position acted disastrously as soon as we resumed the ascent, for the lower limbs seemed first to have lost power, and then, after a step or two, were racked with a dull aching. . . . Experience soon taught us that there was only one position for rest,—to stand with the legs wide apart, the body thrown forward, the hands grasping the head of the ice-axe, and the forehead resting on the hands.

Mr. FitzGerald, who watched them from below, reports that they seemed excessively fatigued, and that he noticed that it caused them great efforts to go on, pausing every few moments, leaning on their ice-axes, and that at times they slipped and fell. Yet, upon getting to the summit, Mr. Vines says he felt stronger—"so soon as we ceased

ascending the trouble seemed to leave"—which, as the barometer must have stood a little lower than 13 inches, shows that he is remarkably well fitted to live at low pressures. They found an ice-axe planted within a cairn which Zurbriggen had erected, and saw that, beyond doubt, he had actually reached the top. On the descent their troubles recommenced directly they got into movement—"the breathlessness and weariness continued to the end."

Although some felt it more and others less, the universal experience of those who reached the greater heights which were attained upon this expedition was that low atmospheric pressures produce very great inconveniences and acute pains, and that life at high altitudes, at least temporarily, has a weakening effect. Upon their attempts to ascend Tupungato, the height of which is put at 21,550 feet, one after another collapsed. Zurbriggen was the first to be affected, and "began to be very sick. He had, no doubt, been feeling ill for some time" [during the ascent], "but had said nothing about it. His voice was full of chagrin as he confessed his condition. He could not understand it. He had never felt like this before. . . . He looked very bad and groaned at every step. Certainly he was in no condition to continue the ascent." However, he went on slowly, and then another mishap occurred.

We missed Lochmatter! But looking back we saw him shuffling up the gentle sloping debris so slowly that he seemed almost motionless. We shouted to ask what was the matter. He answered feebly, and as if ashamed to confess it: "Nothing's the matter; it's my legs, I can't make it out; they won't work any more." It was a ridiculous situation. Here was a powerful young fellow, with a splendid physique, carrying but the lightest of

spectators. Edouard Payot was promptly absorbed in the French Army. Although this young man is exceptionally nimble, it is by no

means certain that he would have shown to advantage on the summit of Aconcagua.

loads, and saying that nothing was the matter, but that his legs had given out. (P. 183.)

Upon a fourth and successful attempt to ascend Tupungato, Joseph Pollinger (a very active young man and an excellent mountaineer) broke down. Mr. Vines says:

Zurbriggen and I turned round and looked at Pollinger, who was lying flat on his face and groaning. He was suffering violent pains in the abdomen, and he declared between his gasps that he felt very sick and ill, and could not go another step higher. We were anxious to take him with us, so I tried to persuade him that he would be all right after a short rest, and proposed that Zurbriggen and I should divide his pack between us, so as to make things as easy as possible for him. But, as he still insisted that he felt far too ill to go on, and seemed to have a great desire to descend as soon as possible, we gave up trying to persuade him. "Let me get down lower! For God's sake let me descend; I shall die if I stop here!" was his only answer to us. . . . The only remedy for his illness was to descend with all speed to a lower altitude; he would be well if only he could get down a thousand feet or more. (Pp. 197, 198.)

So Joseph turned back, and the two others continued upwards. Mr. Vines remarks that he himself was not in a good state, although the conditions were favorable—it was a fine day with a cloudless sky. The air seemed flat to his thirsty lungs. "Yet slowly, and with short steps, we tramped on, our eyes turned towards the summit, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, Zurbriggen sat down on the ground and exclaimed, 'I'm finished—I go no farther!' . . . In the greatest anxiety I asked him to tell me his symptoms. 'It's my legs!' he answered, 'they will not carry me a step farther'" (p. 200). This was no great distance below the top. Mr. Vines courageously pressed

on alone, and reached the summit in 9 1-4 hours from their camp, having mounted at the rate of 492 feet per hour, which was a shade slower than his pace upon Aconcagua. Zurbriggen joined him some time afterwards.

In the Andean regions of South America everybody has heard of the troubles which occur to respiration when one is at great elevations and various specifics are freely recommended to correct them. Acting under advice, the members of the FitzGerald expedition tried eating raw onions and a decoction of a herb (*chacha coma*), which had been praised as "a most wonderful remedy" apparently, with the usual—that is to say, with no—result. Of the herb, Mr. Vines says that he considered that it would be as well to get the whole party used to it by making a brew several times a day.

It has the appearance of a dried-up bramble, bright yellow in color, with a yellow, white flower, somewhat resembling edelweiss. Sticks and leaves were put each morning into a saucepan, boiling water poured on, and the whole left to soak a minute or two. Sugar was used according to taste. Then calling up the porters, I served half a cup all round. Each one would drink, thank me, and say it was very good. But they never asked for more. . . . Doctors say that a great many patients think nothing of a remedy unless it has either a striking color, a nasty taste, or a strong smell. If the last two qualities are proof of a medicine's value, then *chacha coma* must be an excellent remedy. (P. 179.)

When the expedition came to an end, most of the staff returned to Europe via the Transandine Railway and Buenos Aires, and some of the others crossed the Cumbre Pass into Chili. There does not appear to be much inducement to reside at the terminus of the Transandine Railway in Argentina. The town which might be expected to be found at the terminal station of a

Trans-Continental line is scarcely in embryo.

The only building in the place besides the station, a small, low, wooden shanty, is a little inn or house known as the "posada." There were also, it is true, a few sheds belonging to the Villa Longa Express Company, who run the coach service across the Andes. The posada itself is formed of mud huts round a courtyard, the doors of all the rooms opening into the open air. In the wet weather during the winter there is about six inches of water in most of the rooms, and I have seen the bar and dining-room with as much as two feet of water in it. For sleeping there are a few straw trucklebeds with blankets thrown over them. The only provision of which a large stock is kept in the place is Worcester Sauce.

There is a carriage road of a rough kind over the Cumbre, and not a few people cross this pass (12,800 feet) in the summer. Traffic is almost suspended in the winter, as the summit is snow-covered and storms are frequent. The manner of descending into Chill during the winter is rather original, and the description of the way in which goods are handled will not encourage exporters to send freight to Valparaiso by that route.

The way the natives conduct the descent is as follows. Each traveller is provided with a large and stout apron made of sheepskin, which is fastened on behind, the wool next to his body. He then sits down upon it, gathers his legs together, and pushes himself off. Protected thus against the roughness of the snow, he descends rapidly, guiding himself with a pointed staff, and steering in and out among the great and dangerous boulders studding the mountain side. This way of sliding down the snow-slopes is speedy and not unpleasant, but it is impossible to

take the luggage down in one's lap, and it therefore suffers a great deal before the bottom is reached. The men content themselves with rolling the panniers over from the top of the slope, and, in their downward course, they strike against projecting rocks, or occasionally land in a deep drift, from which they have to be rescued. Finally, when they are gathered together, it is plain they have not been improved in strength or shape by the rough usage they have undergone. (Pp. 286, 287.)

There are many points of interest in Mr. FitzGerald's volume which cannot be touched upon here; but its chief attraction lies in the frank and clear description of the loftiest ascent which has hitherto been made, and in the candid avowal of the difficulties which were encountered. He indicates very clearly the troubles which will occur to those who try to reach great elevations. There is not the least doubt that those who may endeavor to scale the highest mountains will have similar experiences at all times, and in every part of the world. Some men, however, suffer more and earlier than others. Mr. Vines and Zurbriggen have shown themselves exceptionally able to withstand large reductions in atmospheric pressure; while the contrary is manifest in Mr. FitzGerald, who speaks repeatedly of being overcome by nausea, indigestion and other matters. At a comparatively low elevation the rate of his pulse was 130 to 140. He speaks even of spitting blood. It is certainly to be regretted that his enterprise did not meet with better success, and it is to be hoped that the knowledge which he has gained will serve him on future occasions in other mountainous regions equally interesting, though, perhaps, less lofty than the Highest Andes.

Edward Whymper.

The Leisure Hour.

A LITERARY NIHILIST.

For that prevalent epidemic, decrepitude of faith, France has shown herself prolific in physicians and prescriptions. If optimism breaks down, it seems but fair to the versatile intellect of Gaul to give pessimism a chance; if positivism fails, why not try negativism or nihilism? Not the political doctrine, *bien entendu*. There is no reason whatever why we should restrict the term "nihilism" to a political creed of which we know extremely little, and which we can with difficulty distinguish from anarchism. It seems, on the other hand, remarkably well suited to a form of literary scepticism which submits the most important operations of life to contemptuous analysis, and which laughs at the assumed dignity of an animal swayed by the ridiculous impulses, the grotesque beliefs and the hopeless desires of mankind, while assuring the individuals of the species that the worst possible mistake they can make is to take themselves seriously.

Your ordinary propagandist, of positivist tendencies, intent upon making converts, is wont to subordinate literary to practical effect; but a vehement nihilist is a contradiction in terms. The futility of human effort is not a theme for the ponderous strokes of the polemical craftsman, but for the delicate handling of the true literary artist; and seldom has a creed of any kind found an expositor of such exquisite literary art as the new nihilism has found in M. Anatole France.

Born in the same year with Munkacsy, in that 1844 in which King Louis Philippe returned the visit of Queen Victoria to the Château d'Eu, M. France was the son of a bookseller on the Quai Malaquais. He speaks with an urbanity that would have been cred-

itable to Dr. Johnson of the "incomparable paysage" of the quais of Paris, and truly, as lapidary landscapes go, it would be hard to beat that which greets the eye of the pilgrim as he crosses the historic river by the Pont des Arts that Balzac loved. "Born in a library," like Benjamin Disraeli, Anatole France exhibits even more unequivocal traces of his origin in every fragment that he has penned. The driest book upon the top shelf of a chapter library has a secret to impart to him; like Washington Irving, he understands the little language of ancient yellow quartos, and can translate their confidences into a tongue intelligible to the vulgar. Many will share his earliest bibliographical recollection, that of an early eighteenth-century Bible, with the Amsterdam landscapes of a Dutch artist, and God in a white beard. "How sincerely I believed in him—although, between ourselves, I considered Him inclined to be whimsical, violent and wrathful; but I did not ask Him to render an account of His actions. I was accustomed to see great personages behaving in an incomprehensible manner." Yet, he adds, "how delightful to believe the secret of the universe in an old book, and to find in one's Noah's Ark a great proof of the truth of the Scriptures."

The horizon of his childhood was strictly limited to two bends of the Seine valley and the obscure old shops between St. Sulpice and the Institut. But in the early days of the Second Empire he went to the Collège Stanislas, where he "had the best of masters and was the worst of scholars." The college was "very different then"—from most schools, past or present. How is it that men of genius invariably go to schools in which every recognized

scholastic principle appears to be openly defied?

The scholars in M. France's time were few, and the discipline to match. We were given a little liberty and took more, and life was very tolerable. "The Abbé Lalanne, our master, was venerable, yet the smiles that he provoked were not few. He was a poet who took much more pleasure in versification than Lamartine, but who met with less success." Here it was, however, that the youth, whose French style "lacked distinction," felt the "blossoming newness of things" and was inundated by the divine Homer. "At the first lesson I saw Thetis rising like a white cloud above the waves." The Hellenic charm operated sensibly upon his artistic soul. He cultivated the society of Leconte de Lisle and the "impassibilité olympienne" of the Parnassians of 1865. But he scarcely crossed the threshold of the Parnasse, he never became the disciple of a school, and his own brief excursions into poetry, such as the "Noces Corinthiennes," owe their direction more to Alfred de Vigny than to Leconte de Lisle, and much more to André Chénier than to either. Leaving college, he sauntered with an amount of conscience which Stevenson himself could not but have approved. "I led a solitary and contemplative life, and as I was studying nothing, I learned much." As a child he had studied art in its noblest manifestation, as the handmaid of religion. For the philosophy of life, he now turned to the best available, that of the eighteenth century, of Montesquieu, Voltaire and Hume. Nor was M. France's development to lack a scientific phase. The Jardin des Plantes, formerly the symbol of Eden, became his biological museum. He burrowed in Darwin, and glided over the whole surface of Taine. "I should have been provoked to anger then, had I been told that the system of Taine, like any other, was a mere piece

of furniture. It was a glorious time, that in which we lacked common sense."

It must not be supposed that he neglected what we may call the three R's of every Frenchman of sensibility: Racine, Rousseau and Renan. In his minute knowledge of religious archæology, M. France is pre-eminently *après* Renan. So he is in his love of hagiology. A good nihilist loves the communion of saints. In order to make a saint, says M. France, in what may be a partial explanation, a foundation of thumping big sins would seem to be essential.

As in physiognomy (you may, if you have an exuberant fancy, trace a remote likeness to the imperial effigy on the French coins anterior to 1870) so in mental constitution, M. France is typically French. Of his many critics (and they are all enthusiasts), one has written, "il est l'extrême fleur du génie latin." Among English writers it is difficult to name any whom he resembles with any degree of distinctness. Generically speaking, as a master of irony and a humorist of Cervantic descent, he has not a little in common with Fielding and with Disraeli; but in subtlety he suggests a much closer resemblance to Mr. Meredith, while in sentiment he is a good deal nearer than either to Dickens. As a practitioner of fiction he takes, perhaps, a greater license than any of the masters named; for he is less a novelist than a thinker in novelistic form. As regards style it is still more difficult for us to match him; but by combining some of the features of Chesterfield, of Sterne and of Matthew Arnold, we may get some idea of the pellucid clearness, the happy glint of fancy and the felicity in phrase that go to make up a style *absolutely free from any straining after effect*. With all great artists it is the same, their talent seems to ignore labor. Yet the best writers have worked their hardest

(like Cowper) to attain this sovereign appearance of ease. Few have, perhaps, got nearer perfection in the attempt than the author of "Colomba" (the "Premier Prose" of Victor Hugo's anagram), between whom and the writer of "Pierre Nozière" we should like well enough, if we dared, to suggest a comparison. For the wonderful "relief" and "atmosphere" that M. France is able to concentrate upon a small surface, a good deal is due, no doubt, to the long vigils of Flaubert and Maupassant. A distinctive feature of the style as thus elaborated is the combination of color with concision. One marvels at the skill with which the author records the impression received not so much (as it appears) by himself, as by his characters. M. France seldom describes a scene impersonally. What he excels in, is in giving his reader the reflection of external circumstance upon the minds of his actors—the landscape, or other setting, being reflected or suggested, as it were, by a few exquisite touches, while the reader escapes the least infliction of word painting or topographical explanation.

The fact is that the very complexity and richness of M. France's style multiplies the points of comparison, and it would be possible to name many other authors, both stylists and philosophers, whose influence is clearly discernible in his writings. Of his debt to Renan he makes no secret, and without "Candide" it may be possible to doubt if "Jérôme Colgnard" could have assumed its present form. One fact, at least, is abundantly clear, that M. France has always been a diligent inquirer—not into the geography of the known merely, but also into the selenography of the unknown—and it has certainly not been from want of due investigation that he has developed into the type of man so comprehensively anathematized by Thomas Edwards,

some two hundred years before our nihilist was born, "as a very subtle man, a seeker, a questionist, a sceptic and, I fear me, an atheist."

But though he is an excellent scholar and has much of the spirit of the antiquary, M. France is never a pedant or a copyist, for he knows how to subordinate the labors of research to the creation of an original literary impression, and he has gone as near as any one to solving the problem of making the scholar work for the artist.

As a writer he has two other sufficiently rare characteristics. It is generally admitted that there are few minds which have accomplished much that to observant eyes at one time have not promised more. One may go a good deal further and say that the number of writers who have sustained their early promise—or, still more, made any steady progress in literary excellence—is exceedingly small. Of this chosen few Anatole France is unquestionably one. His work has not only matured, but has ripened uniformly while preserving the best qualities of his youth. In the second place, he is seldom imitative, and is never content to imitate himself. In his solitary novel of regulation pattern, "Le Lys Rouge," M. France has shown that upon their own ground he might prove a very formidable rival of such writers as Marcel Prévost and Paul Hervieu. But he has shown a wise discretion in refusing to harp upon the study of a little corner of Parisian life and the curious manner in which the art of love is practiced there. Even Maupassant's work grew infected with this monotonous topic, to deal with which and at the same time avoid repetition would hardly seem possible.

The writer with whom Anatole France has the most striking affinity is not one of those that we have named, and not Heine, but Lucian, that strange contemporary of Marcus Aurelius,

whose playful satire has still so much that is of modern application about it. In his fondness for the dialogue form, in his calm abstention from needless explanations, in his admirable blending of comedy and philosophy, and in the delightful waywardness of his narrative, by which the tedious portions of the tale proposed seem, as if by magic, evaded, M. France is continually suggestive of Lucian; and in his "*Histoire Contemporaine*" he has erected for himself a much better claim to the title of "*Lucian Redivivus*" than even Raspe can be said to have done by his immortal fantasia in the key of the "*Vera Historia*" (to wit, "*Baron Munchausen*"). As regards the characters in the dialogue, again, we have the same clearness of intention and the same perfect appropriateness between the personages and the parts they have to sustain in the conversation. There is no imitation, of course, but there is a remarkable affinity and a common attainment of that most difficult literary aim—the gift of making us think without being a bore.

It is significant that M. France should have christened the protagonist of his great satire "*Lucien*" (M. Lucien Bergeret), and it recalls the fact that in his first work of prose fiction "*Jocaste*," the story of a woman's remorse, leading to her suicide by hanging herself, he could not resist the pleasure of applying to his heroine the name of the Theban Jocasta, the most celebrated of all "*pendues*." Before the production of "*Jocaste*" in 1879, M. France had subordinated his imagination rather strictly to the pursuit of erudition. The taste is sufficiently rare among men of high imaginative endowment to excite some amount of surprise. Not many imaginative writers have served a literal apprenticeship in a library (M. France was attached to the library of the Senate in 1876) and devoted their leisure to the editing of

the great writers of past time. But the real complexity of Anatole France's genius was first revealed by his successful story of 1881 (he was now thirty-seven), "*Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*." Irony and pathos, learning and fancy, love of the past and insight into the present were promptly recognized to form in the new novelist a combination of faculties such as are very rarely seen in conjunction.

The fable is slight, one might even say conventional. In English fiction, at any rate, the antiquary and scholar has been depicted more than once with a fund of sympathy or of knowledge, as the case may be, that leaves little to be desired. Dr. Casaubon may be deemed to act as a counterpoise to the delightful figure of Monkbarons, while, between the two, the portwine-loving Dr. Middleton symbolizes a type of scholar which, in a countryman of the convivial Porson, it would be unbefitting to ignore. Yet the portrait of M. Sylvestre Bonnard, of the *Qual Malaguals*, member of the Institut, is perfectly original and perfectly new, for it has nothing in common with any of these. The delicate intuition which has gone to make up M. France's intimate portrayal of the mind of an old recluse can only be described as one which Nathaniel Hawthorne himself might have envied. The contrast between the solemn pedantry of this modern Dugdale, the self-critical wisdom of his soliloquies and the burden of pathetic lament that forms an undertone to his reverie—the need of a being to love, of a fresh young face to reflect and concentrate the beauty that he felt around him each recurring springtide—this supplies the light and shade of a picture full of delicacy and charm. The fondness of the complex mind for that which is simple and primitive is strongly asserted in Bonnard. He succeeds at length in adopting the daughter of the woman he had loved years

ago, and the fearful joys of manuscript hunting and archaeological discovery are completely swallowed up by the prospect of becoming an adoptive grandfather. Jeanne is to be married to a rather promising young student of the Ecole des Chartes. "Her dowry," murmurs Sylvestre, "there it is, in front of me! It is my library. Henri and Jeanne have not the faintest suspicion of my plan; and the fact is, I am commonly believed to be much richer than I am. I have the face of an old miser. It is certainly a lying face; but its untruthfulness has often won for me a great deal of consideration. There is nobody in this world respected so much as a stingy rich man." He keeps to his stern resolve to sell his library, but he has not the heart to sell quite all of it. He determines to respite just a few of his folios, and the number of the reprieved shows a tendency to grow rapidly and mysteriously. The perpetration of this "crime" affords the material for a characteristic vignette. "Each time I come across a volume that has ever afflicted me with false dates, omissions, lies and other plagues of the archaeologist, I say to it with bitter joy: Go, imposter, traitor and false witness—*vade retro*." The distinction about the portrait of Bonnard lies in the fact that it is a portrait from within, it depicts the inner working of the scholar's mind; the reader is initiated into what are the genuine preoccupations of a student's life, nor are the limitations and the doubts, by which such a man is beset, concealed from view. In this case, however, the narrow though refined egotism of the scholar, absorbed in his own special study, is tempered by his recognition of the relative futility of all scholarship, and by the deeper and more pathetic sentiment of the fragility of all human destiny.

The inclination of the author to irony is qualified by a feeling of profound

compassion for human wretchedness. Against the sceptic's tendency to coldness and dryness, which seemed to be gaining so terribly upon Flaubert's work in his later years, M. France is happily preserved by a delicate imagination and a very profound sensibility. Scepticism has never gained over his heart. He enjoys feeling even more than apprehending. "Truths discovered by the intelligence remain sterile. The heart alone is capable of fertilizing its dreams." So he upholds sentiment against reflection, and he dwells with a constant delight upon the vanity of intelligence, the inutility of science, the incurable conceit of human reason. Ignorance, he says, is a necessary condition, not merely of happiness, but of existence. It is one of our delusions to suppose that scientific truth differs essentially from vulgar error; is it not, indeed, a complete mistake to endeavor to learn so much, when we shall never really know anything?

Upon the whole, therefore, it is merely the pleasing side of the life of a savant, at peace with the world, that M. France develops for us here. Bonnard is a *célibataire*, as abstracted as Adrian Sixte, as benevolent and tender at heart as "L'ami Fritz!" and if he is not quite so plastic in the hands of his *gouvernantes* as either Cousin Pons or the Abbé Birotteau, there is a geniality about his domestic relations not unworthy of my Uncle Toby. In him, however, the gentleness of "my uncle" is combined with the scholarly aptitudes and the ironic humors of that wise youth, Adrian, in "Richard Feverel." The best of men are famous for making confidants of their domestic pets, but few of the latter have been apostrophised with such exquisite literary discrimination as M. Bonnard's cat, Hamilcar. "Hamilcar, somnolent prince of the city of books, nocturnal guardian of my library—uniting in your person the formidable appearance of a

Tartar warrior with the drooping graces of an Eastern beauty. Here, sleep, in a library protected by your military virtues, sleep, my Hamilcar, with the luxury of a sultana. Sleep, heroic and voluptuous Hamilcar, and wait for the hour when the mice will dance in the moonlight before the 'Acta Sanctorum' of the learned Bollandists."

The antiquary was not insensible to the rebuff implied to learning by the fact that Hamilcar was more impressed by the lightest word of the housekeeper than by all his honeyed compliments. The knowledge made him inclined to be apologetic. In his excitement one day at the discovery of a manuscript, he knocked a volume of the ponderous Moréri over noisily with his elbow. "Hamilcar, who was washing himself, suddenly stopped and looked angrily at me. Was this the tumultuous existence he must expect under my roof? 'My poor, dear comrade,' I made answer, 'I am the victim of a violent passion,'" and he proceeded to expatiate at considerable length to his cat upon the theory of the passions.

The ordinary lack of sympathy between successive generations of experts in matters of erudition is illustrated in Bonnard with a rare power of insight into such topics, but upon the whole, as will already have appeared, it is the favorable side of the scholarly life that is turned to us almost exclusively in this delightful book; the reader maintains a steadily optimistic frame of mind, and with difficulty (if at all) restrains a sentimental tear when Bonnard finds the long-desired manuscript or laments the premature death of his little godson.

M. France has retained a predilection for the type of the antiquary and the scholar, but since he wrote "*Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*" he has discovered a very different kind of model, and he has mixed his colors upon a very different plan. In "*Le Lys*

Rouge" we are afforded a glimpse of the furious hatreds and the hurricanes of jealousy that subsist but too often in the relations between scholars of a world-wide celebrity. Schmoll, the great latinist, and "after Mommsen the first epigraphist in the world," has reproached his colleague at the Institut, M. Marmet, the great Etruscan scholar, with combining a suspicious fluency in Etruscan with a dangerous ignorance of Latin. Mounting the stairway at the Institut one day, in company with Renan and Oppert, Schmoll met Marmet and offered him his hand. Marmet ignored the proffered courtesy, and said, "I don't know you." "What!" retorted Schmoll, "do you take me for a Latin inscription?"

The bigoted self-absorption of the typical specialist is depicted with an exquisite rallery, and with a seeming extravagance that is yet very little removed from the perfect truth in the highly condensed portrait of M. Plongneau. "I have consecrated my entire life, as is well known, to the study of Egyptian archaeology, nor have my labors been sterile. I can say without self-flattery, that my 'Memoir upon the handle of an Egyptian mirror in the Louvre Museum' may still be consulted with advantage, though it was one of my earliest productions. . . . Encouraged by the flattering reception accorded to my studies by colleagues at the Institut, I was tempted for a moment to embark upon a work of a very much wider scope—no less than a broad survey of the weights and measures in use at Alexandria under the reign of Ptolemy Anletes (80-52 B.C.). But I recognized very soon that a subject so general and so vast is not in any way adapted for treatment by a genuine man of science, and that serious scholarship could undertake it only at the risk of finding itself compromised amid all kinds of adventures. I felt that in considering several subjects at one and

the same time I was abandoning the fundamental principle of an archaeologist. If to-day I confess my error, if I avow the inconceivable enthusiasm which launched me upon a project so extravagant, I do it in the interest of the young student, who will learn from my example to subdue his imagination. It is likely to be his most cruel enemy; for the scholar who has not succeeded in stifling the imagination within him is forever lost to science. I shudder still when I think of the chasms over which I was dangled in my adventurous spirit in this (happily) transitory ardor for general ideas. I was within an ace of what is called History! What an abyss! I was upon the point of falling into Art. For History is really no more, or, at best, only a specious and false science. Is it not a matter of common knowledge to-day, that the historian has preceded the archaeologist, just as the astrologer has preceded the astronomer, the alchemist the chemist—nay, as the ape has preceded the man? But, thank heaven! I got off with a fright."

Another stage in the evolution of the erudite mind as conceived by Anatole France is marked by the character of M. Jérôme Coignard, a theological student of the greatest punctilio in regard to all matters of ritualistic tradition and doctrinal accuracy, but a thoroughgoing sensualist and a libertine, not only in action, but also in his whole philosophy of life. For an example of his ethical doctrine, as applied to the subject of feminine pride, we may refer the reader to the story of St. Mary the Egyptian, as interpreted by Coignard to his scholar, Jacques Tournebroke, in "*La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*." A scarcely less fascinating example of the sophistries of this silver-tongued old scoundrel may be found in his unflattering portrait of the father of his Church. The example of Boswell will help us to

understand the subtle pleasure that certain minds derive from detecting their own foibles in the character of a great "*exemplar vitæ morumque*." We must never for a moment, he insists, regret that disgraceful denial of St. Peter's. Think of the prophecies that had to be fulfilled. "*Et si ce Pierre ou Céphas n'avait pas fait, cette nuit-là, la dernière des infamies, il ne serait pas aujourd'hui le plus grand saint du paradis et la pierre angulaire de notre sainte Eglise, pour la confusion des honnêtes gens selon le monde qui volent les clefs de leur félicité éternelle tenues par un lâche coquin. O salutaire exemple qui, tirant l'homme hors des fallacieuses inspirations de l'honneur humain, le conduit dans les voies du salut! O savante économie de la religion! O sagesse divine, qui exalte les humbles et les misérables pour abaisser les superbes! O Merveille! O Mystère! A la honte éternelle des pharisiens et des gens de justice, un grossier marinier du lac de Tibériade, devenu par sa lâcheté épaisse la risée des filles de cuisine qui se chauffaient avec lui dans la cour du grand prêtre, un rustre et un couard qui renonça son maître et sa foi devant des maritornes bien moins jolies, sans doute, que la femme de chambre de madame la baillive de Séz, porte au front la triple couronne, au doigt l'anneau pontifical, est établi au-dessus des princes-évêques, des rois, et de l'empereur, est investi du droit de lier et de délier; le plus respectable homme, la plus honnête dame n'entrèrent au ciel que s'il leur en donne l'accès.*"

Full of these racy, semi-blasphemous tirades, we have in Coignard a rich type of the clerical mendicant of a former age, in whom familiarity with theological mysteries had bred a well-nigh atheistical contempt for sacred subjects and inspired texts.

Peace upon earth, it is Coignard's conclusion, can only be attained by mutual contempt between man and

man. "If men only despised themselves and each other sincerely, they would no longer do evil, and would live together in an amiable tranquillity. All the evils of polite society are derived from the fact that the citizens thereof think too highly of themselves, raising honor, like a monster, upon an altar of misery, both mental and corporeal. Of all the things that I detest, I hate worst this spirit which renders men proud and cruel, this pride which requires them to honor themselves and to honor their neighbors. As if any one of the race of Adam could be worthy of honor! What a detestable idolatry! No, no! To assure to human beings an existence which may have something pleasant about it, it is absolutely necessary to recall them to their native humblity."

But it is not until we come to Anatole France's later work, entitled "*Histoire Contemporaine*" (the series of three volumes, appearing 1897-9, entitled respectively "*L'Orme du Mail*," "*Le Mannequin d'Osier*" and "*L'Anneau d'Améthyste*"), that we feel the full force of his pessimistic philosophy. The protagonist, M. Lucien Bergeret, is by far the most carefully finished portrait in the gallery of scholars from which we have already selected some examples. In him the playful irony of Bonnard is almost wholly replaced by a cynicism that is full of a profound bitterness. He is Latin professor and "maître de conférences" to the faculty of letters in a city of northern France; and he takes the part of a generally dispassionate and always very satirical observer of the byplay of scholastic life, and of the numerous clerical and social intrigues which make up the life of an important provincial town, with its archbishop, its prefect and its general of division. The portraits of these worthies and of other local celebrities are all most carefully drawn. There is Charlot, the cardinal arch-

bishop, an elderly man of an extreme *finesse* and an unctuously affectionate manner, but perfectly insincere and indifferent to everything but his own dignity and freedom of action; and Worms-Clavellin, the prefect, a coarse man, who "listened with his mouth" and whose face betrayed a mind wholly impervious to moral delicacy. At the country house which he honors with his presence he is brutally anticlerical and cynically vulgar in his familiarities with the fair but frail Mme. de Gromance. His wife, like himself, has much of the Teuton and the Semite in her composition, but she sends her daughter to a convent school, and is a connoisseur of church ornaments and embroidery. As her agent in procuring these rarities she employs the astute Abbé Guitrel, an aboriginal of purest French blood, from whom she hopes to derive the benefits of a pumice-stone "to remove the stains of Germany and of Asia." Guitrel is ultimately adopted as her candidate for a vacant bishopric in opposition to Bergeret's friend, Lantaigne, the great preacher of St. Exupère, and the only dialectician and man of general ideas in the place that he cares to measure his mind against.

Then there is General Cartier de Chalmot, with an intelligence excessively respectful of symbols, and a voice that betrays, at the same moment, the timidity of the man and the infallibility of the chief; and M. Terremondre, president of the local archæological and agricultural societies, who got up the local statue to Joan of Arc and designs the costumes for the historical cavalcades. He is a strong anti-Semite in the country among the game preservers, but his principles are insensibly relaxed at Paris, especially during the financial dinner-party season. Among the minor characters are Fornerol, the skilful but unimaginative doctor; M. le Premier Président Casignol, a perfect picture of the old man

hardened and withered, with his interests exclusively in the past; Pallot the discreet bookseller, who cultivates the reputation of a learned and academic hospitality.

With none of these personages has Bergeret much sympathy, though we are continually startled by the penetration with which he divines their secret motives and lays bare their ideas in all their native crudity. Nor has he much more fellow-feeling for any of his colleagues. In the small successes and triumphs of the pedagogic profession he can scarcely affect to take an interest. With the simplicity of the scholastic mind he delights rather to contrast the splendors of the rich; to the long trances of study, which have destroyed their sense of action, he is fond of opposing the rapid operation of the man of affairs; with their innocent and erudite senility he compares with malicious detail and innuendo the significant graces of the society lady, by whom their clumsy advances are repelled with such a grand disdain. His cynical frankness outrages the few prominent fellow-townsmen whom his cleverness had, perhaps, attracted. The local patriots are scandalized by his theory that Jeanne d'Arc was nothing more nor less than a mascotte. The magistrates are displeased by his humorous tirade against their admirable criminal procedure, and he deeply shocks M. Terremonde by his remarks upon the subject of the disaster at the Charité Bazar: "Un des chefs du parti catholique dans le département, vous devez savoir que votre Dieu montrait jadis aux âges bibliques un goût assez vif pour les sacrifices humains. . . . En ce temps-là Jéhovah ressemblait à son rival Chamos; c'était un être féroce, injuste et cruel. Il se montrait surtout friand de chair fraîche." It needed something more after this than his bare assertion to convince the worthy virtuoso that M. Bergeret was

not "un grand ennemi de notre religion." It is impossible, however, to give a brief instance of the manner in which the most venerated creeds and opinions crumble under the professor's learned persiflage.

It was natural that Mme. Bergeret should utterly fail to understand her husband: "Je ne te comprends pas, Lucien. Tu ris de ce qui n'est pas risible, et l'on ne sait jamais si tu plaisantes ou si tu es sérieux." She goes on to entreat M. Roux, her husband's favorite pupil (a young man of sanguine disposition, who alleviates his term of military service by systematic bribery, and explains that what renders military life tolerable is the stupor resulting from physical fatigue which acts as a kind of cotton-wool padding), to instruct Lucien in the art of conciliating people who are likely to be of service to his career. But Bergeret's mask of irony places an insurmountable barrier between him and those of his academic chiefs with whom he was most nearly allied by professional or political sympathy. In the typical provincial city of 150,000 souls, but five Dreyfusards were found, among them Bergeret and his colleague at the Faculty, M. Leterrier. The latter comes to encourage the Latin professor in his unpopular opinions with the sentiment that the truth embodies a force which renders it irresistible and ensures its ultimate triumph. But such a proposition was hardly likely to command the assent of M. Bergeret. Truth, he assures M. Leterrier, does not prevail; on the contrary, it generally perishes obscurely under public contempt and insult. As to the action of the mob which hurls abuse and stones at the Dreyfusards, he points out that there is much to explain, if not to excuse their conduct.

"Reflect," he says, "that truth has many evident points of inferiority as compared with the lie, which must

eventually lead truth to disappear. The lie, for instance, is multiple, and truth has against it numbers. This is not its only defect. Truth is inert; it is not susceptible to modification, it does not lend itself to combinations which enable it easily to enter either into the intelligence or into the passions of men. The lie, on the other hand, has marvelous resource. It is ductile, it is plastic. More than this, it is natural and even moral, inasmuch as it corresponds with the habits of man, who has based his ideas of good and evil upon the most holy and the most absurd of lies. The lie, therefore, becomes the principle of virtue and beauty in man, and the rejection of the lie in the search for truth can only be inspired by the culpable rashness of men of intellect. So slow, however, is the substitution of truth for falsehood, that a few simple lies will, for ages to come, continue to gild millions of existences." It is not to be expected that posterity will take a view essentially different or more enlightened than that of the present hour. Posterity is impartial only when it is indifferent; that which no longer interests it, it promptly and irrevocably forgets. The discourse that follows is, in effect, a beautifully written supplement to the pessimistic demonstration in Flaubert's "*Bouvard et Pécuchet*" of the extreme slenderness of the point of contact between erudition or scientific truth and the great struggling mass of humanity. In his peaceable disdain of mankind, Bergeret attains, perhaps, as near as possible to the superb resignation contained in that notable sentence with which La Bruyère opens his "*caractère de l'homme*:"

"Ne nous emportons point contre les hommes, en voyant leur dureté, leur ingratitude, leur injustice, leur fierté, l'amour d'eux-mêmes et l'oubli des autres. Ils sont ainsi faits, c'est leur nature."

It is not merely, however, as the

theory of a recluse that Bergeret's nihilism is exhibited, for it reaches its transcendent climax in connection with the one definite incident (apart from the intrigues of the various candidates for the see of Turcoing) round which the whole "*Histoire Contemporaine*" revolves. Every lover of Anatole France is familiar with the details of a scene which it were impossible, after him, to describe. It is enough to say that the conjugal mishap of M. Bergeret is treated with an originality which exhibits the writer's ironical powers at their very highest.

The reflections with which M. Bergeret reclaims his normal imperturbability of spirit afford a bird's-eye view of his whole attitude of mind. In words not at all dissimilar to those which Jérôme Coignard might have used, he fortifies himself with the thought that our pride is the primary cause of our miseries, that we are dressed-up apes, who have gravely applied ideas of honor and virtue to situations to which they are wholly inappropriate, that the world (as Pope Boniface VIII rightly held) makes a great fuss of a very small matter, and that Mme. Bergeret and M. Roux were in reality as unworthy of nicely calculated praise or blame as a couple of chimpanzees. His sense of humor was too strong for him to disguise the close relationship which existed between himself and this pair of primates, but he differentiated himself as being a meditative chimpanzee, and from this distinction it may not be denied that he derived a considerable amount of satisfaction.

After all, he concludes, the greatest service that one can render one's fellow-mortals is to recall to them their native ignominy, to humiliate them, to show the ephemeral character of their work, the futile imbecility of their pride. Brought back to the true sentiment of their condition, their existence

might, perhaps, be rendered happy enough. But they must always bear in mind that they are no more than a kind of leprosy, a morbid growth, a race of vermin upon the mouldy surface of a little ball which turns awkwardly round a yellow sun already half gone out.

In the ideas of Colgnard and Bergeret we probably get the closest view attainable of the deliberate conclusions of the subtlest and most refined artist and thinker of our time. As a sceptic, M. France doubts everything, and in all things discovers the secret defect; as a dilettante he amuses himself by the constant change and succession of forms which men are so curiously apt to denominate progress. But, starting from the pessimistic conviction of the incurable badness and weakness of humanity, he is finally touched by the wretchedness and instability of human destiny, and ends by demanding that men should judge one another with a "scetticismo caritatevole."¹

Sceptical and even cynical though the majority of his later work is, M. France's judgments are never uncharitable, and the element of compassion is rarely absent. Few passages in the "Histoire" are more delightful than those in which he dwells upon the humblest aspects of life. One of the pleasantest glimpses that we have of Bergeret is the scene in which, while reposing under his favorite *ormes du mail* and meditating in his usual depreciatory manner upon the rhetorical militarism of the eighth book of Virgil and the grotesque manner in which certain Latin poets have been overrated, he encounters the *chemineau*, or tramp, named "Pied d'Alouette." He has a ready sympathy with the poor jall-bird, who has nothing dangerous about him, unless it be his rooted belief in happiness. "Where, then," says the professor,

"are the happy ones to be found?" "In the farmhouses," is the prompt reply. Bergeret got up and placed a half-franc in Pied d'Alouette's hand. "You think, Pied d'Alouette, that happiness is to be found under a roof, in a chimney corner, or a feather bed. I thought you had more good sense." The poor *chemineau* takes the place of the cobbler in Lucian's famous dialogue upon the vanity of riches, while Bergeret, ruminating upon the dry scraps of learning in his "Vergilius Nauticus," is left wondering where the happiness of erudition comes in. Charming, again, as a pendant to the vignette of Bonnard and his cat is Bergeret's meditation over a canine foundling which he adopts and befriends with an unaffected sympathy:

"Il est joli!" dit la servante.

"Non, il n'est pas joli," dit M. Bergeret. "Mais il est sympathique, et il a de beaux yeux. C'est ce qu'on disait de moi," ajouta le professeur, "quand j'avais le triple de son âge et pas encore la moitié de son intelligence. Sans doute, j'ai depuis lors jeté sur l'univers une vue qu'il ne jettera jamais. Mais au regard de la vérité absolue, on peut dire que ma connaissance égale la sienne par sa petitesse. C'est comme la sienne, un point géométrique dans l'infini . . ."

"Il faut lui donner un nom."

"La servante répondit en riant, les mains sur le ventre, que ce n'était pas difficile.

"Sur quoi M. Bergeret fit intérieurement cette réflexion, que tout est simple aux simples, mais que les esprits avisés, qui considèrent les choses sous des aspects divers et multiples, invisibles au vulgaire, éprouvent une grande difficulté à se décider même dans les moindres affaires."

It will be seen that, far as M. France has travelled in other respects since he achieved his first great triumph with "Bonnard," his ironic temper is still

¹ Vittorio Pica, *Letteratura d'eccezione*, 1899, 288.

qualified by the same deep compassion for the weak and the humble. The juxtaposition of the two qualities is elevated into an article of faith by the writer in his admirable book of *Pensées* ("Le Jardin d'Epicure," 1895).

"Plus je songe à la vie humaine, plus je crois qu'il faut lui donner pour témoins et pour juges l'Ironie et la Pitié . . . L'Ironie et la Pitié sont deux bonnes consellères; l'une en souriant nous rend la vie aimable; l'autre qui pleure, nous la rend sacrée."

To avoid a weak compliance with the vulgar practice of eulogy was, in Lucian's opinion, the first and most imperative duty of the historian. In his "Histoire Contemporaine" M. France has most emphatically not fallen into this pitfall. He has nowhere recklessly flattered his contemporaries; he is never the sycophant of his own generation. The publicists of the hour seem, in fact, to have irritated M. France by their blatant optimism, much as the charlatans and the thaumaturges of Syria and Greece, with the metallic timbre of their voices and the majesty of their long beards, afflicted the satirist of Samosata seventeen hundred years ago. In England, where we are often abused by a foreign press, but have not, like our neighbors, the advantage of being persistently and solemnly lectured upon our delinquencies, the need for a contemporary historian would seem to be even greater than in France. As a corrective to the monotony of those rhapsodies upon our noble selves, with which every paper and platform in the land is forever resounding, the value of an English satirist, of the calibre of M. Anatole France, could hardly be overrated.

His tableau of modern French society is a satire of the most uncompromising severity; but is its severity greater than its substantial truth? M. France's credibility gains enormously

from the fact that he is in no possible sense a critic who has failed. In England we are, of course, far from unfamiliar with the pessimistic tone that he most naturally adopts. It is scattered up and down the author of the "Whirlpool," and it reaches a very poignant note in Amy Levy's "Minor Poet." One is, perhaps, rather inclined to associate this heartfelt disdain of an unappreciative world with the mental processes of the minor poet, though in the case of the greatest of men the conjunction of bitterness and failure is sufficiently common. The bitterness of Swift was, in part at least, due to this cause, and the philosophic despair of Bolingbroke was, in the main perhaps, the despair of office. But Anatole France is not in any sense a failure—he, a man of humble birth, a native of the *Quai Malaquais*, who has by the sheer force of wit scaled the barriers of exclusiveness and entered the most aristocratic *coterie* of the Académie. From his youth he was *très livresque*, and his early books are characterized by an erudition from which he distills a honey that has always a certain acridity of flavor. But it is in his latest series of volumes, upon every page of which is impressed his profound knowledge of human nature, that the doctrine of Nihilism stands out so boldly as the fruit of his mature reflections not only upon books, but also upon men and women. The commerce of books and the habit of intense reflection and self-analysis have fitted him in a degree that has never been excelled to fulfil the function of an author as he has specially conceived it—as that of an ironical critic, namely, who from a quiet and sheltered nook of observation can meditate at his ease upon the clamor and the folly—occasionally pathetic, but more often purely ridiculous—of his fellows in the dusty market-place.

Thomas Seccombe.

THE STUDY OF PLANT LIFE.

The Alps! Amongst fairly well-to-do English men and women, are there any whose hearts do not beat a little faster at the word, either in memory of happy days of long ago or anticipation of such to come? The early start, the toil and vicissitudes of the day, the cozy inn, the well-dressed dinner to meet a raging appetite, the social evening, and then those crisp, clean sheets, altogether make it just a luxury to live and move and feel. It is a glorious thing to conquer the Jungfrau, to look down from the summit of Mount Blanc on a subject world of snow and ice and crevasses. These are amongst the things that brace the nerves, harden the sinews, and make the Anglo-Saxons who delight in them a dominant race.

But it is only to the few that this high privilege is given. The vast majority of men, and still more of women, must perforce content themselves with humbler joys, with less boastful conquests. And yet I know not but that the memory of a week at Zermatt, of the like at Mürren, or, to travel south, at Monte Generoso, may not have sweeter memories for these than for the conquerors of peaks. To this end, however, it is essential that they should have some pursuit which will replace the use of the ice-axe; nor have we much difficulty in determining what this should be for the majority of educated people. Next to its glorious peaks and snowfields, the great beauty of the Alpine chain is its flowers. No one who has once seen a field of *Gentiana verna* in the Engadine in June, or of *Primula farinosa* in the lowlands about the same time, can ever forget them. To me the memory will ever be green of my first introduction to *Androsace carnea*. It was high up, with little visible all round but snow. A

projecting rock cropped out of the snow; in a hollow a little soil had accumulated, and this was cushioned with this lovely plant.

Saussure studied geology in the Alps with a purpose, and other men of science have left behind them far-reaching results from researches in the same beautiful mountains; but studies of this kind need a long and laborious previous training. There is, perhaps, nothing that will enable ordinary people, who have neither time nor inclination for deep study, to taste a few drops of the sweets of science with such pleasant accompaniments, as an intelligent study of botany.

The adjective is intentional, and should be emphasized; for there is a large class of persons, chiefly young ladies, who go abroad furnished, at best, with "Wood's Tourist Flora," and a dictionary of botanical terms. Their brothers bring them in large handfuls of flowers from their walks, and they spend laborious evenings identifying these; but to some it never seems to occur that it is worth inquiring as to the function of the stamens which they count so conscientiously; why the blossom of one flower is of gorgeous hue while another is insignificant; why some emit their scent by day and others by night; why one droops its head and another holds it erect; why one is bare in the throat and others covered with hairs; or why in some species these hairs point upwards and in others downwards;—with a hundred similar questions. Nor is it only in the study of botany that such knowledge comes in usefully. How pleasant it must be to the geologist when he comes across a fragment of what once was wood, but, probably millions of years ago, was converted into flint, to be able to tell

at a glance whether the tree of which it was a part belonged to the endogenous or the exogenous order of plants; to that family of which the palms are now the most noted examples, or that to which most of our forest trees belong; and how much such a knowledge may suggest of the natural history of the country at the time, of its climate, its fertility, its fauna!

I humbly apologize! I am afraid that I may be misunderstood as speaking disrespectfully of the young ladies aforesaid. Nothing could be further from my thoughts or intentions. I have spent too many delightful evenings in assisting such investigations with the microscope to speak lightly of them. The object of this paper is, not to discourage botany of this kind, but to suggest to those who practice it how much more delightful their study would be if they would pursue it a little deeper.

Few things could conduce more to this than a previous study of Kerner's most interesting work on "The Natural History of Plants," admirably translated by F. W. Oliver, profusely illustrated (a great help to the beginner), and published in four half volumes, comprising about 1,800 pages. When we learn from him how it is that the instant the snow has melted from a spot, there the *Soldanella* is found in full bloom we shall look upon its graceful, fringed bells with a quickened interest.

If you ask a class of children what is the essential difference between themselves, as representatives of the animal kingdom, and a cabbage, as representing the vegetable kingdom, you will (at least if the children are Irish, as all my little neighbors are) receive a number of answers more or less intelligent. You will be told that one is alive and the other not; that one can feel, see, hear, taste, smell, and the other not; that one is

capable of locomotion and the other fixed to the soil; or if it be a higher class in a board school, you will probably hear something about exhaling respectively carbonic acid gas and oxygen, or about consuming organic and inorganic matter as food; and yet one and all of these characteristics can be shown to belong to some species only, not to all.

The truth is that there is no clearly defined division between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. It is often difficult, if not impossible, to declare of some that are just on the borderland to which kingdom they belong. The most up-to-date definition is that about food attributed above to the objectionably precocious infant at the head of a board school; and yet how far it is from being a true definition will be seen from the following examples.

To begin with ourselves. We and many other animals make salt, a pure mineral, a constant article of food, while not a few plants are as truly carnivorous as a tiger, catching their prey, converting their structure for the time being into a stomach, and digesting the nutritious parts just as we do our dinner. Our bogs and mountains are studded with the attractive little sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia* and *longifolia*). From a loose rosette of battledore-shaped leaves rises the panicle of somewhat inconspicuous flowers. The leaves are thickly sprinkled with bright red tentacles, each crowned with a tiny drop of sticky mucilage, which glitters in the sun and gives the plant its name. But woe to the fly that is attracted by its beauty! Once let him light upon it and there is no escape, the mucilage holds him fast. There is a story somewhere of an Englishman who won a large sum at a gambling house in Paris. Unwilling to walk the streets at night with so large a sum about him, he was persuaded to engage a room in a lodging-house next

door. Fortunately for him he was too excited to sleep, for in the still hours he suddenly became aware that the tester of the bed on which he was lying was slowly and silently descending to smother him. The feelings of the fly on the sundew must be somewhat similar to this. Equally slowly and silently the tentacles which cover the leaf fold themselves around him; and when they expand again there is nothing left of the fly but the wings and the skin, the rest having been assimilated by the leaf.

Another carnivorous plant is the bladderwort (*Utricularia*). It is an aquatic plant, wholly submerged with the exception of the blossom, and profusely furnished with small bladder-like appendages about the size of snipe-shot. The bladders are open, and the opening is fringed with hairs pointing inwards like the wires of a rat-trap. The small animal organisms, whose number and variety in a single drop of water when examined under the microscope, astonish one, can enter, but they cannot leave it. There and then they turn into vegetable.

Once only (it was in the Dauphiné Alps) have I seen the beautiful yellow flower of the bladderwort rising from the water. Having made out what it was, I tried to bring some home in a bottle, but failed. The failure was of small importance, for having thus identified it, I found it growing in abundance about four miles from my own house. I transferred some to a pond in the garden, where it thrives amazingly, but I have never seen it in blossom in this country.

In England, Scotland and Ireland, our botanist, if he is fortunate, may find the curious subterranean parasite, *Lathræa squamaria*, whose English name of toothwort is derived from the ivory-white scales or leaves which cover the underground stem, and which are each a somewhat similar trap for

minute insects that make their way through the loosened earth. Thus in air, earth and water, vegetables have set their traps to turn the tables on the animal world, by catching and devouring many of its members.

We all know the evils of what is called "breeding in and in," and so do plants. To secure cross-fertilization their greatest ingenuity and most strenuous efforts are directed. I shall show presently how plants enlist the services of birds in the distribution of their seed, but for the purpose of cross-fertilization their chief servitors are winged insects, especially bees and moths. It is to attract these that they surround their pollen-bearing stamens with petals of every hue, which add such a charm to life. It is as a bait for them that the drop of honey is distilled at the base of each flower. It is for the night-flying moths that certain flowers reserve their scent till the sun is down; and it may be noted that these are generally devoid of bright colors. Such would be useless to them in the dark, and they scorn waste.

It has been said that if there were no cats, there could be no clover. The connection is not, at first sight, obvious, but it is this; clover is wholly dependent for fertilization on the humble-bee; field-mice are especially partial to bee-bread and the grub of the humble-bee; if it were not for the cats the field-mice would exterminate the bees, and the clover would perish. It is ingenious, but the author of it forgot the unjustly persecuted owl, who does more service to the farmer in keeping down the mice than all the pussy-cats in the place.

More pages than the editor would allow me would be needed to describe all the "dodges" (I can call them nothing else) that plants are up to to secure a cross-fertilization. I can but just mention a few. It is with this view that some plants are protogynous—that is

to say, it is not till the pistil has been fertilized by pollen from another plant that the stamens ripen their pollen, to be carried in turn to later flowers. A notable instance of this is the *Aristolochia clematitis*, a plant with an insignificant-looking tubular flower of about an inch long. At the bottom of the tube there is a globular chamber which contains the honey. The tube inside is covered with fine hairs, all pointing downwards. Thus small flies can enter, and, if they have previously been in other flowers, the pistil receives from them the pollen that is needed. Once in, the fly cannot escape at pleasure. He must stay there till the pistil is withered, and the stamens have, in their turn, ripened, and deposited their pollen in the chamber where the fly is. Then the imprisoning hairs wither up, probably the supply of honey ceases, and the fly, thoroughly coated with pollen, is free to depart. Liberty is sweet, but to his taste honey is sweeter still. He seeks another flower where the scent of honey is strong, and so the process is repeated till the supply of blossoms ceases.

In a previous number of this magazine, I have mentioned the sensitive nature of the stamens of the barberry, and how, when touched near the base by a honey-seeking insect, they spring forward, one by one, to cover him with their pollen, and so compel him to convey it to the next flower that he may visit. Another pretty experiment displays a mechanical arrangement with the same object. When at rest the stamens of the salvia with their anthers lie hidden within the hood, where they are protected from wet. If, however, our experimenting botanist will take a blunt-pointed pin, and holding it at about the length of a bee's trunk from the end, insert it in the tube, he will find that it there encounters the short arm of a lever, the long arm of which is the anther-bearing end of the stamen.

In its descent the pin (or trunk of the bee) pushes back this lever, thus causing the anthers to emerge from the hood, and gently to touch the finger of the operator, which represents the back of the bee, depositing its pollen there. On the pin being withdrawn, they retire again within the hood, to await another visit.

Though insects are the chief agents of cross-fertilization, they are far from being the only ones. There are many plants—such, for instance, as the grasses, and, among trees, *conifera*—whose agent is the wind. They produce pollen in such abundance that a pistil can scarcely escape fertilization at the hands of the breeze. They do not need to attract the visits of insects, and consequently have neither honey, nor scent nor gorgeous flowers.

Some plants do not seem to be aware of the benefit to be derived from crossing, and have made all their arrangements for self-fertilization; while others are so resolved to discourage it that they will not admit the presence of the two sexes in the same flower; for instance, the hazel, the catkins of which contain stamens only, the female flowers being tiny red ones sessile on the twigs, that might easily escape attention. Others carry their table of affinity still further, enacting that no pistil shall be fertilized by pollen from the same tree. These have consequently male and female plants. An interesting example of this is the *Aucuba Japonica*. We have long had the female plant, which was easily propagated by cuttings, but bore no fruit. About a generation ago Japan was opened up, and some botanist brought home the male plant. Since then, our old friend, rejoicing in her recovered spouse, has brought forth abundantly, and, where he is near, is yearly covered with brilliant berries.

Not less notable are the habits of plants and their relations to animals in

the matter of the distribution of their seed. Some seeds, like those of the thistle, are furnished with a downy apparatus, which enables them to float upon the breeze. They can float thus for miles, seeking a new habitat. Others, like burs, are furnished with hooks, by which they attach themselves to any passing animal, sticking to him perhaps for days, but sure, eventually, to be dropped somewhere away from the parent plant. Others, again, explode their seed vessel with sufficient force to scatter their seed far and wide. Children, grown-up ones sometimes, are fond of touching the ripening pods of balsam, and trying not to be startled by the explosion which ensues.

Of all the arrangements for dispersing seed, there is, however, none at all to compare with the compact which plants have apparently made with the animal kingdom, and especially with birds. It would almost seem as if there was a formal treaty between the two kingdoms, the vegetable saying to the other, "We will produce seed in abundance, far more in a single year than the whole world would suffice to grow, and this shall be to you for food, you rendering to us in return this service, that you deposit in a favorable position for growth, and uninjured, one grain in every ten thousand." Let us see how the animals fulfil their part of the compact. A man picks an apple, and munches it as he goes along, throwing the core away, the core in which are the seeds, which are thus deposited yards, or perhaps miles, away from the parent tree.

Why, on a winter's day, do we see the rooks and the sparrows contending which shall have the first turn-over of the freshly-deposited horse-droppings? Why, but because a few grains of oats often pass undigested through the horse? And perhaps an odd grain may escape even their sharp eyes and

germinate, thus covered and manured. Other small animals, like the field-mice, make their subterranean store, some of which through casualties in their small army, escape and grow.

The birds, however, are the principal agents in the distribution of seed. Let us glance at a few instances of this. The branches of an oak and the ground underneath may be seen in acorn time thick with rooks gorging themselves with acorns. But what is yon glossy purple fellow doing apart from the others. He has flown into the middle of the field, where he can have a better eye upon approaching enemies, and is vigorously hammering away at the ground with his strong beak. Having eaten as many acorns as his craw will hold, he is burying a few with an eye to hard times. When those times come the "boy with the gun" may have got him, or he may fail to locate some of his buried treasures, which grow up, and in time prove their gratitude by repaying the acorn with compound interest to his descendants.

The blackbird is especially fond of the berries of the ivy. When he has filled his craw with them, he retires to his favorite tree, and, putting his head under his wing, sleeps the sleep of the just. In the morning the ground under his perch is white with his droppings; but if these be examined, it will be found that the actual seeds have been too hard for his gizzard, and have been deposited in the very spot most favorable for their success in the battle of life—at the foot of a tree. I must give one more example of this compact. In order that they may germinate, the seeds of the mistletoe must be smudged on to the branch of certain kinds of trees. With this view, the plant surrounds its seeds with a highly glutinous mucilage, which it flavors with a nicety to the taste of the thrush. In eating the berries the thrush can no more escape getting his beak covered outside

with this sticky mucilage than a child can indulge in a feast of bilberries with a clean mouth. His dinner ended, he goes, like a tidy child, to wipe his mouth; for this he finds the branch of a tree quite the handiest sort of napkin, but it is not the mucilage alone that he wipes off; an occasional seed has also stuck outside, and this, too he deposits on the branch together with the mucilage needed for its adhesion there, in the only position and under the only conditions suited to its growth, and which could not otherwise be easily attained.

It was a purely utilitarian idea that first drew me to a superficial study of botany. As a boy I had read, as all boys do greedily, the story of a shipwreck. The crew had, of course, been cast upon an uninhabited shore, where no food offered but strange plants that might have death hidden in their leaves. Now, amongst the officers was one who had some knowledge of botany, enough, at least, to make him aware that no crucifer is poisonous to the human subject. To him, also, the plants themselves were strange, but he caused all that were gathered to be brought to him; the cruciferæ he put in the pot, and the rest he rejected; and so he kept his crew alive till help came. The cruciferæ are so named from their petals forming a cross; but let none be misled into supposing that all cross-petaled flowers are, therefore, innocuous. Some are highly poisonous. A true crucifer must not only have four petals, but it must also have four divisions of the calyx; the stamens must also be examined and prove to be six in number, of which four are long and two short.

Only doctors fully understand how much an experimental and scientific study of plant life has tended to alleviate the ills from which we suffer in our persons and our properties. It was not till the microscope had laid bare

the fact that the dread potato disease was simply a fungus, that the means of treating it, which have now reduced its ravages to a comparatively insignificant amount, were discovered. What do we not owe to quinine? But without a chemical and experimental study of plant life we should never have known that it was to be found in the bark of certain trees.

A study of the natural orders of plants may, at first sight, appear unattractive, but it is full of interesting facts; witness that about the extensive order of cruciferæ mentioned above. I hate Greek names and never use such if there is an English equivalent; but English or Greek, surely it is deeply interesting to learn that, as a rule, all monocotyledons are endogenous, while dicotyledons are exogenous, so that when the first tender seed-leaves of a tree appear above ground, the botanist can tell, within limits, of what nature its timber will be. Even to the uninitiated, such names as Coniferæ, Rosaceæ, Compositæ, Umbelliferæ, Liliaceæ, Gramineæ, or, amongst non-flowering plants, the Ferns, the Mosses, the Fungi, the Algæ, and the Lichens, convey at once certain well-defined characteristics which are a help in the general arrangement of such knowledge as one may happen to acquire. I once asked the members of a Y.M.C.A. if they could name any non-flowering plant. There was but one response; it was from the curate—"carrots"!! And yet the species of cryptogamous, or non-flowering plants, far exceed in number those that bear flowers.

If there is one class of scientists to whose studies botany would appear alien, it is the mathematicians—and yet at p. 396 of the first volume of Kerner will be found some very curious facts, too long to quote here, as to the mathematical distribution of leaves on the stem.

What, I may be asked, is the use of

learning all this? Well, if the querist confines his definition of "use" to money-grubbing, even then the answer may be found above; but, if that word includes the attainment of happiness, it is of the highest use. Few things can more add to the happiness of travel, or even of a saunter round one's own garden, or a walk through town or coun-

Longman's Magazine.

try than some knowledge of the reason of things, some perception of how the great God has woven all His works together, making each dependent on the other, till the heart breaks out in its hallelujah, "O ye mountains and hills, O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify him forever."

Thomas Cooke-Trench.

THE INTELLECTUAL AWAKENING OF CHINA.

The refusal of the Taotal of Shanghai to permit foreign steamers to trade between Shanghai and Chusan, and the attacks on the English surveying party at Weihaiwei, are two among many indications that the present rulers at Peking, having scotched the leaders and principal objects of the reform party, are now descending to details, and to the infliction of pin-pricks on all outer barbarians who are presumably aiders and abettors of the unfortunate K'ang Yu-wei and his followers. In pursuance of these objects they are evincing a fixed determination to put beyond the pale everything that calls itself foreign, and more especially every means of advancement towards enlightenment which may have gained the advocacy of the unfortunate K'ang. This policy is not a wise one. It reflects the feminine instinct of revenge, and displays a degree of ignorance of the forces they are combating which can only be explained by the light of their preceding blunders in the same direction. For the moment we may set aside the foreign difficulties of the Empire. They are such as those who run may read, and will, we may hope, be set right by the exercise of firmness and discretion. The opponents which the Empress and her Ministers are arraying against themselves within

the Empire are, however, not so easily observable. At present the strength of those who cherish the teaching of K'ang is to sit still, and the punishments which overtook the signatories to the protest against the deposition of the Emperor are object lessons which are not likely to be forgotten by them. But, though wrapped in an enforced silence they are there, and are every day gaining recruits and improving their stock of knowledge.

Physicians recognize that in some forms of disease the cessation of pain is one of the most hopeless symptoms, and an analogous state of affairs exists at the present moment in China, where the action of the Government is so entirely divorced from the sentiment of the country that, oblivious of the unrest in their midst, the rulers cry Peace, Peace, while war and revolution are threatening. With blind obstinacy the Manchu rulers of the Empire are proving themselves to be as much opposed to reason and as much wedded to their fossilized system of government as they have ever been, while their immediate actions have shown that the only reply they were willing to vouchsafe to reformers is the old-world formula of the executioner's sword.

But this weapon, though formidable enough when wielded with the wide

sweep common in Eastern countries, can, after all, only terrorize a comparative few. The leaders are sent to the execution ground, as was lately the case with the six reformers at Peking, or are compelled to fly the country like K'ang Yu-wel and Sun Yatsen, but the seed sown remains in the land, and having fallen on a congenial soil is probably destined to bring forth fruit at no very distant date. The rulers and the ruled are thus pulling in two different directions. The authorities at Peking, uninfluenced by the opinions of the outer world, and supremely ignorant of everything beyond their immediate ken, pursue their traditional course, and attempt to force on a now inquiring and expanding nation a Procrustean system of government which duly suited the people in days gone by, but which is rapidly becoming impossible now that light is beginning to shine in the provinces and knowledge to spread. Under the teachings of K'ang Yu-wel and the influence of foreign literature it is beginning to dawn on the people that wisdom is not limited to the writings of Confucius and his followers; that there are other and better methods of advancement in knowledge and in material prosperity than are dreamt of in his philosophy; and that if the enemy is to be kept from the gates, it is absolutely necessary that they should adopt other warlike methods than those which satisfied all requirements when the world was young.

One potent agency in bringing about this change in the popular mind has been the "Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese," which, by circulating translations of European works on religion, science and general subjects, has, during the twelve or thirteen years of its existence, done a great and increasingly great work.

The primary object with which the

Society was established was to gain by some means or other the ear of the intellectual classes. The founders felt that in a country such as China the motive power for the effectual working of a change should come from above and not from below, and that so long as the mandarins and *literati* were banded together in a league of ignorance, reforms would be impossible, except by the drastic method of revolution. Their first efforts were directed, therefore, to supplying the educated classes with a literature which should enlighten their understandings, and show them a more perfect way of knowledge than their native books were able to point out. This was a wise step. It will be remembered that the Jesuit missionaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries established themselves in the good graces of the Government and gained a wide influence at Peking by publishing translations of religious and scientific works in the pure literary style which Chinese scholars affect, and which is the only guise under which they are willing to acquaint themselves with new facts. Following this example the Society set to work, and, according to the Eleventh Report it has already issued rather more than 120 works on religious, scientific and historical subjects. The result has been a triumphant success. The books have circulated far and wide through the provinces and have met with a ready sale. That they would have gained an audience in any circumstances there cannot be any doubt, but unquestionably events have fought in their favor. The war with Japan produced a deep and widespread impression. The ruin of the native armies and the destruction of their fleets brought home to the people for the first time the fact that they were behind the age; and they eagerly turned for instruction towards the same sources which had so successfully

armed Japan in the day of battle. A strong impetus was thus given to the study of Western learning, and the extent of this impetus can best be gauged by a comparison of the proceeds of the sales of the Society's books in the two years 1893, before the war, and 1898, after it. In the first period 817 dollars' worth were sold, while in the second period the sum of 18,457 dollars was realized. The books thus disposed of treat all branches of Western learning, such, for example, as geography, history, sciences and travel, besides the Bible. As an example of the way in which those of their books which met the public requirement were caught up, it may be mentioned that when a popular edition of Mackenzie's *Nineteenth Century* was brought out, 4,000 copies out of an edition of 5,000 were sold within a fortnight. So unprecedented was such a rapid sale, and so continuous was the demand for this and other works that the printing trade at Shanghai was completely nonplussed. The older houses could not meet the demand on their resources, and new printing establishments sprang up on all sides. The price of paper went up by leaps and bounds, and the binders were quite unable to cope with the work thus suddenly demanded of them.

In China the law of copyright is practically unknown, and the temptation, therefore, to reprint works which have justified their appearance by their popularity is often too much for the somewhat weak morality of Chinese publishers. These literary pirates, like their congeners further West, are constantly on the watch for any works which are likely to repay the questionable enterprise of reprinting, and the unwonted success of the Society's publications instantly marked them down as fitting and profitable spoil. A number of these books have been reprinted in the province of Su-ch'uan, and in most provinces the process is in full

swing. However disturbing this may be to the Society's assets, it is a marked acknowledgment of the success of the works they publish, and they may find some satisfaction in placing against their diminished profits the consciousness that the objects of the Society are being served.

Not content with the ordinary system of publication, the Society seeks to circulate books and pamphlets among the students at each of the 200 centres of examination. Success has crowned their efforts in this direction also. It is notorious that a great amount of literature, not always of the most elevating character, is disseminated in this way, the students too often carrying back to their villages the current literature of the restaurants and singing rooms. If the Society can succeed in substituting their publications for the trashy, and worse than trashy, books which represent to the bucolic Chang the fascinating glitter of the city, they will do a great work.

But above and beyond the efforts of this Society the people are trying to work out their own salvation, and are seeking for light with an ardor which would have been deemed impossible before the Japanese war. Not only are they publishing on their own account translations of foreign works which they deem likely to be useful, but they are multiplying native newspapers at such a rate that if there existed a Chinese Imperial Library, that establishment would before long be reduced to the present overcrowded condition of the British Museum. In 1895 only nineteen native newspapers enlightened the dark minds of the people. In 1898 this number was quadrupled, and the stream has since been pouring out with increased volume and without a check until the Dowager Empress threw cold water in a strongly worded edict on all such enterprises. The same chilling influence has lately been used for the

suppression of the schools and colleges which were springing into life, and the promoters of these establishments have in many cases had to yield. But though for the time being some of the outward symptoms of the agitation may be checked, the movement is going steadily on. The greed with which Western literature is being devoured is all the more remarkable since only 10 per cent. of the entire population are able to read, and it is by this small proportion of the people that the numerous editions of the imported books are devoured. On all sides evidences of the spread of knowledge are observable, and travelers have of late been amazed to find officials in distant provinces who can talk glibly on new scientific discoveries, and who are intimately acquainted with the constitutional histories of Western nations. Matters must have gone far when even so staunch an upholder of the doctrine of China for the Chinese as the Viceroy Chang Chih-t'ung himself advocates the cause of Western learning. In a recent State paper he recommends the addition of "mathematics, map-drawing and the elements of science" to the curriculum of the native schools, and "a wide grasp of history, the science of government and the study of foreign languages" to that of the colleges. The means by which he proposes to provide buildings for those educational establishments have a touch of Oriental absolutism about them which is, at least, thorough. "If the worst comes to the worst," he says, "seize the Buddhist and Taoist monasteries. China possesses several myriads of them; all have lands attached to them, which have been given for charitable purposes, and if these were secured we should have enough for all our needs."

Throughout the Empire numberless native schools are doing good work in

spite of the opposition of the Court; and there is, speaking generally, a seething mass of intellectual discontent which will have to be reckoned with. It is as futile to attempt to crush such a movement by the issuing of edicts and the persecution of individuals as it would be to try to check the course of the Yellow River by a barrier of bulrushes, and the government is making a fatal mistake in endeavoring to trample on the agitation instead of guiding it.

For the first time in the history of the people the educated classes have become aware of their ignorance, and of their consequent impotence as a nation, and are holding out their hands for help. From their government they asked for bread, and they were given a stone, and it now only remains for them to work out their own enlightenment with such help as they can get from the outside. It is a noticeable fact that the Chinese colonists in California, the Straits Settlements and elsewhere, are forming organizations and collecting money for the education of their stay-at-home countrymen in Western knowledge, while the foreign Society, which has already been mentioned, and other independent agencies are doing their utmost to foster the praiseworthy efforts of native workers. Like all large bodies, the Chinese people are slow in moving, but the time will inevitably come when there will be an impetus from within which will compel them to push forward, and when that psychological movement arrives the Dowager Empress's government will have either to bend or to break before the national will; unless, indeed, it shall have been already dismissed by the action of the revolutionary forces which are always in being within the Chinese borders.

Robert K. Douglas.

THE SHAME OF WILLIAM DANBY.

A new curate was coming to the parish church, and there was a flutter of interest, not, it is to be feared, exclusively spiritual.

The marriage-garden of Kirkholm relied for a good deal of its husbandry upon young clergymen and young doctors, and perhaps the solid influence of Archdeacon Whittaker owed more than he knew to the eligibility of his curates. For many years past he had given no title to a candidate without sufficient social claims, and the falling-in of little livings kept happy time with the engagements of his staff. Only one of the parish clergy had married out of the congregation—and he was, exemplarily, a curate still. Consequently people spoke with more than titular respect of "our Venerable Archdeacon," and little oddities as a preacher—such as a tendency to lose his place and to give the same sermon on two successive Sundays—were treated with smiling toleration.

"Preaching, indeed!" said Mrs. Whitworth, whose daughter Lillian was very nearly engaged to one of the four curates; "it is practice that tells. Look at that Pollock person!" (Mr. Pollock was the vicar of St. Ann's). "You'd think from his sermons the man was really in earnest, and yet when he comes down from the pulpit how does he behave? 'Bear one another's burdens,' indeed—and three married curates running!"

"But he is a very hard worker," Lillian remarked. "He has done a great deal among the poor."

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt," answered her mother; "we hear far too much about the slums. The lower classes are very well off. It's we that are the poor. I don't pity your mill-hands at all—who minds what class they travel? It's the

comfortably off that must go somewhere for a holiday, and wear decent gloves and have hot joints for dinner, that I am sorry for. The poor! Rubbish!"

"He is coming on Friday," said Dora, the youngest daughter, when this irrelevance showed symptoms of subsiding, "and he preaches at the iron church on Sunday evening."

"Then I hope," said Mrs. Whitworth, "they will have the seats cleaned. I really don't know what they want with a chapel of ease at that dirty end of the town. Ease, indeed! Ease ought to begin with an f and another letter. We must ask him to supper, poor, lonely young man."

"Mr. How should be told to bring him," said Dora. "Had not you better write, Lil?"

"Nonsense," said Lillian; "why should I write?" Mr. How was her particular curate.

Sunday came and there was a large congregation at the chapel of ease. Mrs. Whitworth, after a hasty conference with the verger and a little flapping of his gown, sat down in a front seat, supported by Mrs. Bagwell and Miss Amy Finch. The two Whitworth girls had declined to be thrust into such extreme prominence. A modesty ill-requited by Mrs. Sedgwick, for she beckoned up her own young ladies, after the service had begun, knowing that Emma looked almost pretty when she blushed. There was a little coolness between the heads of the Whitworth and Sedgwick household, consequent upon that, but happily it did not involve the girls, who respected one another's love of fair play.

"I am so sorry, Dora," Julia Sedgwick said, when the service was over, and the young people were walking home in a cluster. "Mother meant kindly,

of course, but I hope you don't believe—"

"Of course not," said Dora. "Well, what do you think of him?"

"Oh, when he falls over his surplice rather less, and can find his way a little in the prayers and does not drop his voice so much, and gives out some of the right hymns, we shall be able to judge better."

"He's nothing to Mr. Richardson," Lillian said. "Don't you remember we heard him muttering to himself 'Oh, dear me, dear me!' and he ran his poor hair up into positive spikes. This one—Mr. Danby—was not so bad as that."

"But how unlucky that he could not discover how to get into the pulpit. I really thought he would have to climb up, hand over—Oh!"

There was a voice in Julia's ear. "I beg your pardon," it said. "I believe I—er—"

All the girls turned round and there was the new curate bowing and smiling.

"How has been called to a sick case," he said; "may I introduce myself?"

He shook hands all round with the disconcerted girls. Then he turned to Julia.

"There ought to be a finger-post," he said, "glancing towards the pulpit."

"Oh, pray forgive me," said Julia, "but of course—"

"Why, what is there to forgive? You were very kind, I am sure."

"On the whole we really were complimentary."

"Oh, were you?—I think *that* must have been before I came up. Your kindness seemed to me of the castigating kind."

"Oh, that is ungrateful. Why, we said you did not—"

"I can claim no credit for that. My hair won't go into spikes."

At the corner the Sedgewicks said good-bye, and the Whitworths carried home their prize.

By comparison he really was rather a prize. At any rate, he was not a blank. His manners were perfectly easy, and his conversational powers above the modest Kirkholm average. The only thing that went at all against the grain of approval was his silence concerning his family. Little half-queries elicited no information, and to direct interrogation even Mrs. Whitworth would not at once proceed. There was time enough for that. *Prima facie* a gentleman, with an Oxford degree, and a name pleasantly suggestive of noble connections—the young man deserved every encouragement.

"Now come often," said Mrs. Whitworth, when he rose to say good-bye. "Come whenever you feel inclined—whenever you feel lonely. You are sure to find some of us in, and there's always enough for supper."

"How could you say that, mother?" Lillian asked, when the young man had gone. "Bread and cheese, and the cold ends of pudding."

"There are tins in the cupboard," said Mrs. Whitworth, loftily. "Besides, he'll have the sense to go in time. I hope there is nothing wrong about his connections."

"Why, if it comes to that," said Dora, "look at Uncle Joe."

"No, Dora," answered her mother. "I will *not* look at Uncle Joe. I prefer to look at Aunt Basset and Cousin Catherine. Your Cousin Catherine might have been Lady Mudge."

At the sound of that dreaded name the girls took their candles. Mrs. Whitworth mounted upon the possible Lady Mudge was too high for anything.

"I like him, Lil," said Dora when the girls were in their own room.

"Strange," Lillian answered, "when he showed such a marked antipathy to you."

Young Mr. Danby was soon in a fair way to become notable among the Archdeacon's successes. Having at

length overcome those initial difficulties enumerated by Miss Sedgewick, he won much favor in the pulpit. It was a long time since the parish church had been blessed with an extempore preacher. Though a few people complained that Mr. Danby's arguments had a tendency to fade imperceptibly away, and that, while some of his sentences terminated with singular abruptness, others did not terminate at all, the mass of the congregation congratulated itself on having got one of the right sort. It was felt that while he wanted to say something and couldn't, the average curate wanted to say nothing and could. "Ay," chuckled the old illiterates, "but it's nice to hear a bit of talk." That was, indeed, a fair description of the young man's pulpit style. It was pervaded by an earnest familiarity. It had no eloquence, no brilliancy, no distinction. It lacked the ozone of intellectuality, the delicate airs of suggestion. It touched a few problems, and it yielded many stories. It left the imagination unfed, but it button-holed the conscience. "He gives it you," remarked a toper, who had come to hear him, "as straight as the missus on Saturday night." In a little while it became evident that the people looked out for the new curate's turn. The church was always full when it was known that he was going to preach.

It cannot be pretended that this popularity excited no bitterness in the clerical bosom. The senior curate reluctantly admitted his disgust. "Hitherto," he said, "the parish church has not been sensational. We have left that sort of thing to St. Ann's and the Bethels; I wonder the dear Archdeacon stands it."

"Come!" said How; "Danby is a really good fellow. He is thoroughly in earnest."

"Oh yes," answered the senior, lifting a refined hand and pushing vulgarity gently away, "your bull of Bashan al-

ways is, but a man can be in earnest without letting himself down. I'd rather see the church empty than tell anecdotes about little boys being run over and saved by Bibles in their breast-pockets, and soldiers converted by screws of tobacco done up in leaves of 'Songs and Solos.'"

"It's a matter of taste," said How.

"Yes, and I can't get the taste out of my mouth. He makes the better sort horribly uncomfortable."

"But we make them a great deal too comfortable. I, for example, as is only too evident, am a powerful soporific."

"Better send them to sleep with sound dogma than make them blubber with Moody's stories. I wish Danby well—and well out of the parish church."

And something of that sort really did eventuate.

Danby was told off more and more for chapel-of-ease duty, until his work amounted to a sole charge of Back End. Back End might have smelt no sweeter under a rosier name, but it certainly fell short of fragrance under its own.

It was not until he had entered into the husbandry of that neglected vineyard that the young man's quality came out. He threw himself heart and soul into the work. The little chapel was crowded to the doors. His best sermons were preached out of church. In a little while there was not a child whose name and character he did not know, nor a man for whose wages he could not account. He invaded public-houses at the cost (not entirely to himself) of beautiful black eyes. He instituted or vitalized clothing clubs, night schools, mothers' meetings, cottage lectures, a crèche, a boys' brigade, a cricket club, a gymnasium, a library. He walked arm in arm with oily men, not in condescension, but in natural goodfellowship. His pockets bulged with half-pounds of tea. And when the present was made he asked to have a cup with the happy old lady, and he

drank it conscientiously out of his saucer. (That was a piece of serpentine beguilement.) Often for a week together he was hardly out of his clothes.

The Archdeacon rubbed his chin and wondered, the senior curate lifted his hands and clucked. "There is one comfort, anyhow," he said. "We have isolated him. He won't spread."

It was hardly likely that Danby's crusade would enlist feminine enthusiasts. The two Whitworth girls (Mr. How, now engaged to Lillian, generously devoted her to the work) were among the best and stoutest of his recruits. It was quite true that Mrs. Whitworth was only a lukewarm convert to Mr. Danby's methods, and her distrust of the chapel seats became more deeply grounded than ever. She began, however, to hear rumors that authorized a wide toleration. Back end was in a fair way to be made a separate district.

Meanwhile Mr. Danby had not "said anything" to Dora, and mystery still enshrouded his family.

One evening, when the young man had found time to play a game of tennis, and even to indulge in a subsequent cigarette, Mrs. Whitworth took him in hand. It happened that there had lately settled in Kirkholm, a certain Mr. Rigby, fair, forty and not fat, and more than well enough to do. Mr. Rigby had asked with some significance, to be introduced to Dora.

"Mr. Danby," the matron began, "I don't know what witchcraft you use. Think of my girls going slumming as they do! and Dora such a little aristocrat and all!"

"Is she that?" the curate asked.

"I wonder you have not found it out. Even from a child she shrank from anything that was not—what shall I say?—unexceptionable. She never had any patience with parvenus. Wrong, of course," Mrs. Whitworth added,

with a splendid smile, "but perhaps she learned that from her mother."

"After all," the curate said, "so long as people are decently bred—"

"Oh, that is not everything, Mr. Danby; there is a great deal in nice connections. I think, by the way, your family came from—?"

There was no irruption of information, and Mrs. Whitworth added "Norfolk?"

"No," he answered. "I don't think I have any relations there."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Whitworth. "Whenever you feel disposed to talk a little about your people we should be so much interested."

"I hardly think so," he said; "we are not, except to ourselves, a very interesting, or a very—" At that moment Lillian came up and led the curate away.

When Danby reached home that night he found a letter that had arrived by the evening's post.

"From mother," he said, as he opened it; "it is not often that she writes."

The letter ran as follows:

My Dear Son,—Your poor father died last night. The clergyman was with him, and he had not much pain. He sent his duty to you and was sorry to be such an expense. He blamed the drink for all this trouble. My dear son, I have what will do me for the funeral, and when I have him buried I would dearly like to come and manage for you. Them landladies is great old rogues, and I have nobody but you now the old man is gone. He used me very bad, but I will be lonesome all the same. The Lord forgive him!—he was a fine figure of a man and a clever tradesman too, but he would not mind himself.

I remain, your affectionate mother,
Norah Danby.

Oh, it is the empty house and heart that I will have when they takes him away. It is a lovely coffin entirely.

The tears gathered in the young man's eyes. "Poor dear old mother,"

he said. "Of course you shall come to me. Perhaps if I had done my duty . . . but no! there was no chance for father. Only a miracle could have saved him. God grant his end was peace."

He sat down and wrote a warm-hearted reply.

"Mother," he said. "I have a little house all to myself, and we will be happy together. There are still fifty pounds of Uncle Robert's legacy left, and I have saved a little besides. We shall be able to get along very nicely, and the old time shall come back, and nobody shall worry you any more. I long to see your sweet old face again, which I have not beheld for four—nearly five—years. Mother, I could not help speaking to father if I came, and you know how mad it made him if I did. It was best then that we should be apart, but now we must never part again."

He concluded with an offer to come over and help the winding up of his mother's small affairs, if his presence seemed at all needful; only just hinting that any saving that could be effected was not to be despised.

"Well, that's done," said Danby to himself, as he sealed the letter. The *finium est* covered more than that epistle. In the step which he had taken Danby saw the end of a dream—a dream that had grown very dear.

He was in love with Dora Whitworth, and, but for the need of summoning his mother, he would have cherished a good hope of winning his way at last. Hope, as things were shaping themselves, must be kicked out of doors.

Danby lit his pipe and paced slowly to and fro, chewing the cud of bitter thoughts.

"Upon my word," he said to himself, "the worst turn you can do a young fellow is to give him a lift in life. You're sure to lift him a step higher than ever he can safely stand. Good old

Uncle Willie! If you had not made me a most unlucky parson, I might have been a happy—well, what should I have been?—a shoemaker? Yes, say a shoemaker. Cobbling is rather a nice trade, I fancy, and the cure of soles for which I was intended. I might have been a gentleman without my h's instead of a cad with them. Oh, Uncle Willie, I wish you had never seen that chandlery store in Johannesburg. The candle was not worth the game."

So the young man mused, growing sarcastic and cynical, in the sharpness of his hurt. But that was not his natural vein. He was at least and at worst a sweet-hearted fellow, and then he loved his work.

"No," he said, "I would not have lost my chance here for all other chances. I must make the best of things. Who knows? . . . perhaps she might . . ." and then he stopped again. "No! it's all over *there*. She has looks and a little fortune, and the might-have-been of Lady Mudge. It is expecting too much. She could never bear up against her mother. Better have your tooth out when you know it is bound to ache. To-morrow I'll—well, I'll—yes, I'll see; and *then*!"

He got no farther than that, and it was not quite a terminus. Still, to have resolved that he would resolve was some kind of comfort.

Danby went to bed, and, finally, to sleep—that sort of sleep wherein the mind, harrassed and hampered, toils fruitlessly through all the worries of the day, rearranging things with endless ineffectual shifts, weaving laborious webs that drop apart, and reviewing its own efforts all the while in paralyzed despair.

He got up and had his first experience of nerves. Hitherto he had regarded them as an idle invention of idle women.

But bath and breakfast and a bright sun put in a little word; and there was

something in it. He went out and talked to Teddy Thwaites, while his poor leg was being dressed; then he gave his lesson at the school, and after that he called on Molly Dawson. Molly was an old woman of eighty-four, who could sometimes see a little out of one of her eyes, but had few other corporeal accomplishments. She lived on four shillings a week and a cheerful heart. Danby always went to Molly when he wanted a tonic.

Just as he was feeling for his hat, the door opened, and there entered Dora. Dora, with morning blushes on her cheeks, and half a pound of tea in her basket.

"If I don't have it out to-day," Danby said, reverting to that dental resolution, "I'll loosen it a bit."

"Good-bye, Molly," said the two young people together.

"That I may live to see it!" was Mrs. Dawson's response, as she grasped a hand of each. "Oh, then, that I may live to see it!"

The meaning of the old woman's words was not ignored without an embarrassing effort. Dora was more successfully unconscious than Danby; perhaps because he could not help detecting a kind of opening in the speech.

"May I walk with you?" he said to Dora. "Let me take your basket." So they went on together.

How is it that, in deprecation of the meditated stroke, there comes so often some appeal, as poignant as unconscious? Why does the doomed horse whinny at one's voice, and the doomed dog crawl to lick one's hands? How comes that look on Duncan's sleeping face? Why is Desdemona's prattle so innocent and sweet?

Has Heaven decreed that none shall ever reach another's heart but through his own?

Never had Dora been so kind, so prone to little confidences, so sure of sympathy, as on that ruthless walk.

Danby groaned within himself. It was going to be worse than he thought. He could not begin. Opening after opening crumbled and slipped away. He was too nervous to make a hand of the thing. Still, finely or clumsily, the thing could be done. It is not hard to hurt those who care for us. Any word will do it. Nay, it does not need a word at all. A look—a silence—is enough. Sympathy is sensitive as a mirror. An atmosphere will cloud it.

Danby said—something. He did not know what. But it went home. He saw the start as it struck, the flush of incredulous surprise; the tears that came and went back. And then Dora had herself in hand, and was no more a woman, but a young lady.

But Danby could not stand it.

"Dora," he said, "I am so unhappy."

She turned round so sweetly, and looked at him with such a tender anxiety, while she rested her hand for a moment on his arm, that the end, for good or evil, was very nearly coming.

It was only by a violent effort that he constrained himself, and did not tell her—well, many things. As it was, he apologized for his bad temper, pressed her hand—and carried off the basket.

He would have liked to tell her all about himself—his humble birth, his drunken old father, his dear old peasant mother, his dubious old Uncle Willie, and his legacy of three hundred pounds invested in an Oxford degree. But to-day he felt that he could not disclose so much without disclosing a good deal more. And for that he believed the time had not come. Knowing Mrs. Whitworth, it did not seem to him fair to expose his love to what must certainly ensue. She would be reproached, worried, made unhappy. Even if she heartily desired the match, Mrs. Whitworth would obstruct it—so far as she safely could. Gentility and the Mudge possibilities demanded so much of her. With that well-to-do stranger

offering attentions to Dora, she would seriously oppose any definite understanding between her daughter and himself. He must wait till—in silence or thunder—the stranger had rolled by. Knowing Dora's feelings on that head (that slightly bald head) he was not afraid to abide the issue.

The next day he went out resolved to make a clean breast of it, so far as his mother was concerned. But he came back without that interior ablution. It was of no use. Dora was too delightful. Her mood was so sunny that he had to make hay in it. There would not be many more days like that, for, take it as she might, his revelation would cost her something. It would be a serious trouble at the first. So he said nothing—nothing, at least, that requires repetition. Haymaking does not favor intellectual talk.

The next day—prematurely—right on the heels of her telegram—Mrs. Danby came. Since his absorption in the Back End work had become complete, Danby, as has been mentioned, had had a little house to himself.

The Archdeacon having furnished it, William had found an old woman who could cook chops (about half-way through) and hew potatoes into many-angled shapes, and even, when politeness required, halloa from above or below—not apparently from the level—"Well, what is it now?"

This old woman, as it happened, only that very afternoon had announced her intention of being married, and the necessity of withdrawing to look after her bridegroom, lest he should be backing out of it. Danby had told another old woman to come in and take occasional exercise in patters, but now, moved by what feeling he hardly knew, he paid ten shillings forfeit-money, and broke the bargain off.

"Mother would hate to have anybody about," he said to himself; but he re-

ceived the explanation with some distrust.

It was late when the train came in, and there were few people on the ill-lit platform. William was glad that the meeting would have hardly any witnesses—and was ashamed of his gladness. What would his mother be like? It was five years since he had seen her. Older, of course, she would be—but—?

Ah, the train was in. He was going to see her now, and to have the answer to that question which he would not allow himself to ask.

Yes, there she was—getting out; that was the figure—stouter, much stouter than of yore—and that, oh! that was her voice.

"Young man, I'll trouble you to hand me out this trunk, and—come here to me now—where would I find the Reverend William Danby?"

Nothing about "my son"—yes, he recognized the relief in that forbearance. It was of no use. She was worse than he had expected. He was ashamed of his mother.

He hung in the shadows and let the porter attend to her.

When she was safely shut into a fly, he started after it, taking a short back way. But he overheard one porter say to another, "Mr. Danby's new house-keeper, I suppose. A liberal old Irish body. Gave me a shilling, she did."

Stinging tears came into William Danby's eyes. He knew the meaning of that shilling. She was acting up to the dignity of being his mother.

His little house stood in happy isolation. A high wall and a three-cornered bit of garden stood between it and prying eyes. William, arriving first, saw the luggage stormed and taken by the fly-man and a man whom he had signalled by the way, and the fly driven off, before he entered to claim his mother.

At last, sick with shame at the effort that it cost him, he flounced into the

little hall, and crying "Welcome, mother! welcome to our little house!" clasped her in his arms.

She was so glad to see him—so happy and proud and fond—that for a little while he forgot all but her tears and the tender effusion of her speech.

But that was soon over. He led her into the sitting-room, and turned up the lamp, and then . . .

Oh, it was worse than his worst fears. Face, figure, speech—what had the five years made of them?

He put himself in Dora's place, and came to his mother fresh and unprepared.

The coarse black-country twang, grafted upon a deadly Limerick brogue, the towed hair, the more than dubious hands, the excited manner, the loose, draggled smartness—oh, it was all terrible, terrible. Every exaggerative phrase, every effusive gesture, stung like a lash.

Once, in the stress of suffering, he groaned aloud. And then his mother's coarseness fell away like a vulgar cloak flung aside. The point of view was changed. He was a boy again, lying sick in bed, listless and weary, and she was bending over him, all tenderness, all knowledge and comfort and patient ministration; a sympathetic extension of his own frets and cumbered longings, divining the drift of needs that he could only feel in foiled confusion. In those days he always thought of angels as stout, and breathing visibly through blue and white aprons; not quite completely hooked at every point, and apt to lose a slipper as they hovered round in ministration.

"Willie, avick!" It all came back upon the breath of those two words, as his mother laid her hand upon his brow, and asked "If the poor head was very sore with him?"

So for the rest of that night they were happy together.

But in the morning all was wrong

again. Danby found his mother, marvellously girt about, with a face that seemed to be keeping Ash Wednesday, preparing breakfast, amid extraordinary havoc and dismay. She was more vulgar than ever in the daylight. Oh, this was what he never could have believed. But he forced himself, and kissed her with what seemed to him expansion, and was, he verily believed, kind and warm.

At breakfast he spoke about getting a servant, but Mrs. Danby would not hear of that. She had no opinion at all of girls, and, indeed, she was well able to do for her son's house.

William deferred to her views. In truth, they fell in with his own secret desire. If a maid came in the news went out; and, for the present, the news was best indoors.

He must prepare Dora. He must break his mother gently.

When he had unpacked the large brown trunk and had undertaken to send in the little things that would be needed for the day, Danby wished his mother good-bye, and set forth upon his visiting. Suddenly, however, he reappeared.

"Oh, by the way," he said, standing with his back to Mrs. Danby, and staring out of the window, "in case anybody comes, there might be no harm—in fact, I think I wouldn't—you see, nobody has had a hint of it, and it would be taking the town rather short . . . no, I wouldn't say anything at present."

"I wouldn't understand you, darling," said Mrs. Danby; "sure, I'm no way given to gossip, and what acquaintance would I have in this strange place?"

"Exactly. I wouldn't make any friends at first—not till you know who they are; and I wouldn't tell them who *you* are."

"Indeed, Willie, I never make no freedom with the people . . . but I must be very stupid entirely this morn-

ing, for I wouldn't see the meaning of this at all, saving just to mention my—"

"I wouldn't even mention that—I would leave people to think just what they like."

"Very well, Willie—whatever you please."

"Yes, I would leave them to guess for themselves. Unless you liked to say"—Danby had moved towards the door, and the last words were flung out carelessly from the step—"you had come to keep my house."

"Quite right, Willie. I'll say that to be sure. I'll give it out that I'm your housekeeper."

She spoke with an even intonation, more quietly than usual. Danby feeling that the matter was a little delicate, heard her answer with relief.

"Well, just for the present, he said, carelessly, "till we have had time to look round us. Good-bye, mother; take care of yourself."

"No fear, darling," she answered, "no fear," and Danby walked away, whistling.

As soon as the sound of his steps had passed, Mrs. Danby flung out her hands and cast her eyes upward, in a gesture of adjuration, almost of imprecation.

"He is ashamed of me," she said; "my Willie is ashamed of me;" and sank into a chair, sobbing aloud. Then she pressed her forehead hard, and said, with slow, deliberate articulation, as though to convince herself by testimony from without of something hard to be received or grasped, "My Willie—is ashamed—of his mother."

The words died away; her hands sank upon her lap; and for many minutes she sat with fixed eyes that saw nothing, motionless as a stone.

Alas, how easy some shameful deeds are made to us! What gentle slopes lead our deceptions on? Often, ere we lift a finger or breathe a word, our

very wish rides forth, crying before us, "Prepare the way; make sin's rough places smooth."

Before William had walked a hundred yards he chanced upon Amy Finch, high placed by many as Kirkholm's chief authority on other people's business.

"Why, Mr. Danby," Amy said, "I hear you have a new housekeeper come."

"Yes," he answered, taken at unawares, "and I think she will do very well."

No further announcement was needed. Six consecutive advertisements would have secured a less piercing publicity.

Danby's intention was, as soon as his morning round had been performed, to call at Mrs. Whitworth's and begin his revelation. By easy degrees he would prepare his love for the reception, first moral, then physical, of Mrs. Danby.

Confused and unhappy, compassed by uneasy visions of rocks and shoals ahead, William worked through his heavy morning duties, and then, in fulfilment of his purpose, set his face towards Whitethorn Lodge.

But before half the way was accomplished, behold! a voice behind him! He turned, flushing with pleasure, for it was *the* voice.

"Well, Mr. Danby," said Dora, "what dark secret are you revolving now?"

"Secret?" he answered, quickly; "why do you say that?"

"Dear me!" she said, "we are very literal to-day. Pray don't scowl at me. Really, I have not discovered any guilty secret—it's only the new Irish housekeeper."

"Oh," he said, "is that all? How do you know she is—Irish?"

"Bedad," she answered, "'tis alsy knowing that same. Isn't meself just afther shpaking to her? Oh, Mr. Danby, can't I do Irish gloriously?"

"Yes," he answered. "Better than the Irish."

So the feet of William sank deep and deeper into the slough. In a little while the sucking lips had risen so high that struggling seemed hopeless. Self-extrication was impossible. He must wait for Luck's kind hand. He was very miserable. His work suffered. His health suffered. He grew peevish and hypochondriac. He thought about little but himself and his love, and the unworthy behavior of Fate.

He did not notice anything about his mother—except her untidiness and her vulgarity. And yet other things were noticeable enough—as, for example, her paleness, her loss of appetite, her drawn mouth and weary, sleepless eyes. She never left the house. She spoke to nobody but her son; and that in his present mood was not an all-satisfying exception.

One afternoon in March—a day of rushing clouds and gusty flutterings—William ran hastily into his house. All that day, as it happened, he had not seen his mother. Except for their unpunctual punctuality his meals had been prepared as usual. But Mrs. Danby had remained invisible. There was nothing very remarkable in this. She had come to recognize, William fancied, his dislike of slipshod, for of late she had isolated more or less her extremest deshabilities, taking her meals at these times somewhere out of sight.

Dashing in now he looked around for Mrs. Danby. She was not where that hour usually found her, blending belated washing-up with premature schemes for tea. William ran up to her little room and knocked.

"Mother," he said, in much excitement, "there are three ladies coming to tea: Mrs. Sedgwick, and Miss Amy Finch, and Miss Dora Whitworth. Do have things all right. I've brought three cakes and two dozen muffins, and biscuits and—"

"Oh, the poor fellow!" interrupted his mother's voice. "He has enough for a besieged city."

"You will have things nice, won't you, mother?"

"And wouldn't I do credit to my own son? But I doubt the fire went out on me. No matter—no matter. Wait till I have the boots on to my feet, for I was very sick all this day."

"Yes, and your voice sounds queer. I wouldn't have asked them if I had thought; but you will manage somehow, won't you?"

"I will then. I will. Only leave me free, for I'd be nervous being watched."

William ran down, blew up the languishing kitchen fire, and set forth upon the tray of elegance his afternoon service. It consisted of a brown-ware teapot, two breakfast cups (one of them with a handle), two solid tea-cups, presented severally to "James" and "A good girl," a really generous slop-basin and a blue-paper bag of sugar.

A good fire was burning in the little study, and fortunately some of the smoke was going up the chimney. Despairing of accomplishing anything amid the complex litter of the table, William cleared a little space upon the harmonium where the tray might safely repose, whipped his old coat and slippers into the magazine (and general) heap in the corner, covering them decently with yesterday's *Kirkholm Times*, collected the straggling pipes and dropped them behind the books on his big shelf, and then he was ready to receive.

It was well, for a minute later there were steps on the ash-path. He went to the door and led the ladies hospitably in.

"I am afraid it is rather rough," he said, complacently, as he set chairs and a box. "But I know you won't mind."

"It is delightful," said Mrs. Sedgwick, drawing her skirts very tight,

yet managing to keep her gaze upon the angle above the heap.

"Dear me!" said William. "How quick you are! I never saw that spider before."

"He has come to do the honors to us," said Dora. "How interesting a bachelor's room is."

"Very," assented Mrs. Sedgwick, as with a glance she unearched the sleeve of William's coat. "Might I just touch that picture—now it is straight."

After a little while Dora's eye was caught by William's garden borders.

"How beautiful they are," she said. "There is no flower dresses so well as a wallflower. There is such a restrained sumptuousness in that red-brown velvet."

"Come and pick some," William answered.

"May I?" she said, blushing exquisitely.

He clapped on his college cap and led the way out.

"I *must*," remarked Mrs. Sedgwick, as soon as their backs were turned; "meddling or not, I simply must. And rising she swooped upon the mantel-shelf. "Look here, Amy, crumbs and tobacco and all the plagues of Egypt."

"Not frogs?" inquired Amy.

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Sedgwick, scrubbing with an old glove and a paper-knife. "No, they like water; more likely pigs."

Meanwhile William and Dora attended to their branch of the business. It was a pleasant department, and its affairs were conducted in an old-fashioned, leisurely way.

"Are they not sweet?" said Dora, as she fastened some flowers in her pretty dress.

"Yes," said William, following the movements of her hands. "They are *now*."

"Now I should not wonder," Dora answered, "if that were a compliment."

Again her color came, and—really

there was no need; it was a becoming color—she stooped to hide it.

He, too, stooped, and, as she bent, her neck, with a little innocent frisk of hair curling over it—a little tendrill lighter than all the rest, a shining straggler from the dark-brown, bronzy coils—lay right under Danby's eyes.

It was irresistible. At least he did not resist it.

"My darling," he said, as he steadied the tremulous curl with his lips.

Dora rose swiftly to her height. "Mr. Danby," she said, "there is nothing between us yet . . . and I don't think . . . at least I don't know. There are many things to think of first."

"Dora," he answered, "you are not mercenary, and you would not be afraid of a long engagement."

"It is not I," she said; "I am afraid of nothing. But—"

"Dora," he broke in, catching her hand, "you love me then; you do love me?"

"Oh, pray question me no more," she said. "My mother . . . you know her views about family and connections. . . . If you could . . . until . . . hark! Amy is calling us."

Indeed she was.

"Coming," cried Danby. "The stalks were dreadfully wiry. Now we have got enough."

William's mind was tossing among tumultuous thoughts. He knew that Dora loved him, and there was joy in that. He knew that without her mother's consent she would never be his—and there was dejection there. Would Mrs. Whitworth ever give her daughter to the son of the Widow Danby?

Plans shot through his brain like a shuttle. He must get his mother out of the way while the secret still held firm. He must invent a family history. He must marry Dora, and then . . . why, then let things take their chance. Was middle-class provincial pride to

put asunder two lives that God had joined together?

"I am afraid we must say good-bye," said Mrs. Sedgwick, as the truants re-entered the study.

"Without tea?" said Danby. "Nonsense; I'll hurry it up."

He stepped across to the kitchen. "Do be quick," he said; the ladies declare they must go."

"In one minute," answered his mother. Her back was towards him, but again he noticed that strangeness in her voice. She is not well," he thought, with no keenness of feeling, as he returned to his three lady guests.

"Bachelor's tea," he said, "does not come quite so naturally as blue to skies and rose to ladies' cheeks. Hal-loa! who's been deranging my tea-table? That's the harmonium, don't you know?"

He turned to put away some music that had been laid upon the top of the instrument, and at that moment his mother entered.

"Set it here, please," he said, and turned to face Mrs. Danby.

Ah, what was wrong? The tray clattered like some mock orchestra of children; yes, and the steps of the bearer swayed and her face . . . Oh! her face. It was flushed—inflamed—and the eyes were bloodshot and steeped in a kind of haze.

"She is very ill," Danby thought, as he rose to take the wavering tray from his mother's hands. And then he felt something strange in the gaze of the visitors—the gaze that converged upon the advancing face.

And then a sickly waft passed through the room, and William understood.

At that instant the tray fell with a crash, and Mrs. Danby staggered against the table.

"Shocking," said Mrs. Sedgwick, gathering back her skirts from the be-

laboring shower. "The woman is drunk."

Mrs. Danby put her hands across her face, then she let them drop, and looked at William.

Not a word did she utter, and yet the whole story was told. Through that swift telegraphy whereby hearts of one kin may, in great moments, touch, William received the truth.

Yes, his mother was drunk, and he had driven her to it. His shame of her had eaten into her soul. Abstinent all her life, unseduced, even untempted through the long years wherein her husband tried to drag her down, and even sober neighbors urged her to drink and forget, she had given way at last.

If he had beaten her she would not have minded. A woman can put up with that. But there was one thing that she could not bear, and that was the thing that had come. Her son was ashamed of her. She was his housekeeper, not his mother.

Either the woman's eyes or something sadder and more divine said all this to the young man in one mere point of time.

After that glance Mrs. Danby's head sank forward, and she sobbed aloud. Alas! her very sobs were drunken.

"Mr. Danby," said Mrs. Sedgwick, rising to go, "why do you keep such a woman?"

William stepped forward and put his arm round the swaying form that rested precariously against the table.

"Why do I keep her?" he asked. "I'll tell you if you want to know. Because she is my mother."

There was a start and a rustle, but nobody spoke.

"If," William went on, "you want to see the meanest cur in Christendom, look at me. I drove her to this—my mother as sober a woman as God ever made—with my cursed cowardice and vulgarity." Then, laying his head against the old woman's, he cried aloud,

"Oh, mother, mother, don't let your heart break till I have had time to atone."

"Whist, Willie, whist," she answered; "you didn't know . . . you didn't know."

Then Dora Whitworth stepped across the room and kissed the woman's face.

"Dear Mrs. Danby!" she said—"dear mother!"

Frederick Langbridge.

The Leisure Hour.

THE LAZARUS OF EMPIRE.

The Celt, he is proud in his protest,
The Scot, he is calm in his place,
For each has a word in the ruling and doom
Of the Empire that honors his race;
And the Englishman, dogged and grim,
Looks the world in the face as he goes,
And he holds a proud lip, for he sails his own ship,
For he cares not for rivals nor foes—
But lowest and last, with his areas vast,
And horizon so servile and tame,
Sits the poor beggar Colonial,
Who feeds on the crumbs of her fame.

He knows no place in her councils,
He holds no part in the word
That girdles the world with its thunders
When the fiat of Britain is heard—
He beats no drums to her battles,
He gives no triumphs her name,
But lowest and last, with his areas vast,
He feeds on the crumbs of her fame.

How long, oh, how long, the dishonor,
The servile and suppliant place?
Are we Britons who batten upon her,
Or degenerate sons of the race?
It is souls that make nations, not numbers,
As our forefathers proved in the past.
Let us take up the burden of empire,
Or nail our own flag to the mast.
Doth she care for us, value us, want us,
Or are we but pawns in the game;
Where, lowest and last, with our areas vast,
We feed on the crumbs of her fame?

W. Wilfred Campbell.

THE ELDERS OF ARCADY.

Ever since I can remember anything old people—very old people—their ways and their talk, have exercised a strong fascination over me. Of late years I find that children—if they are good—have begun to master my heart as they never did in my younger time. But this is partly because children are so much better and sweeter than they used to be, and partly because there are so many fewer old people nowadays than when I was in my prime. For when men and women are only ten or twenty years older than you are they are not nearly as interesting as they must needs be when they are twice or thrice or four times your own age.

I used to be a good deal laughed at and teased in my childhood and my boyhood for this taste for old people, and a wicked young uncle, who never lived to grow old himself, prophesied that I should end by marrying my great-grandmother. "You know, boy," he used to say, "there's nothing against it; for a great-grandmother is not among the prohibited degrees!" That uncle was a bad man, and when I gravely replied that it did not follow because you were very fond of a dear old lady that therefore you should marry her, that bad uncle only laughed the more at me, and made other people laugh, too.

Never spend your cheap derision upon a child, my masters! You never can tell how much bitter pain you give by ridiculing a little boy or a little girl.

As I grew older myself I provoked my friends—especially those of them who were in the *spooning* stage—by frequently insisting that, as a rule, a woman of forty was a great deal more beautiful and wiser, and generally a great deal more worth marrying, than any chit of a girl; and I held to that

opinion firmly and obstinately until, until—until in fact I gave it up—under compulsion.

The most remarkable instance I ever knew of what I may call *cumulative* longevity was that of a friend of mine in Norwich, who died, I think, at seventy-five, and who used to tell me that his grandfather, when a child, had been held up to look at Charles the Second at the King's restoration in 1660. My friend was a highly respected and influential solicitor in Norwich, Freestone by name, and at his death in, I think, 1865 or thereabouts, he left an estate in Norfolk to his nephew, Mr. Justice Lindley, now Master of the Rolls.

John Freestone, the grandfather, lived as a bachelor till his seventy-second year, and then he married and had a son, John the Second. This gentleman did as his father did; he lived a jovial life till he was seventy-two, and then he married and had a son, John the Third, my friend, who, living till seventy-five, died 218 years after his grandfather was born, and some 205 after that grandfather was held up to stare at Charles the Second: That is, the grandfather must then have been a boy of eleven or twelve!

It would be hard to beat that record.

And yet, when one comes to think about it, John the Third could never have known much about his father. None of the race, I believe, lived to eighty, and one generation had no reminiscences of the previous generation to hand down to the succeeding one. It has been very different with me. The first man that called on me here twenty years ago was an old gentleman of ninety-two, who had lived within three miles of this door all his life, and was born in the parish. There never was

a more gifted master of delightful gossip, as distinguished from scandal, than Mr. Barry Girling. No, never! He distinctly remembered the poet Cowper's burial at Dereham, on the 2nd of May, 1800, and had a story to tell of every house in the town of Dereham, and of every family, high or low, within ten miles of his own birth-place. Moreover, he was a born antiquary and collector, and he began to write a minute history of the Scarning School as far back as 1819, and continued to make additions to it from time to time till his death in 1881. Scarning School has a history. For well-nigh 200 years it was a flourishing and famous County Grammar School, at which the sons of the Norfolk gentry received their education, and that a very good education, too, under a succession of Masters of some eminence in their day. Mr. Girling fished up a register of the scholars admitted between the years 1733 and 1750, and a very curious register it is. In those seventeen years no fewer than six boys were admitted to the school who afterwards became High Sheriffs of Norfolk, and on the 11th of April, 1743, Edward Thurlow, afterwards Lord High Chancellor of England, was entered at the school, he being then eleven years of age.

Lord Thurlow's biographers agree in saying that he was a violent and ungovernable boy, and that he had a life-long hatred of Brett, his Scarning schoolmaster; for Brett was, by all accounts, a very fierce and cruel pedagogue. Among Thurlow's schoolfellows, though two years his junior, was Thomas Elwin, of Booton Hall—grandfather of the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, for seven years editor of the *Quarterly Review*, who died a few months ago at the ripe age of eighty-seven. Mr. Elwin told me that his grandfather was present one day when Brett threw a ruler at a small boy named Buck, with such force that it knocked him down

senseless. There was a great alarm, and Brett called for water and rushed out to fetch some himself. Another boy named North came in first, bringing a cup of water, and Thurlow bawled out to North, "Let him alone! let him alone! you young fool. Let him die, and then old Brett will be hanged. Let him die!" This Charles North was the eldest grandson of Roger North of Rougham; he was born in 1735, and was alive in 1760; but what became of him I cannot tell, but tradition says that he twice deliberately set fire to Scarning School. But Mr. Elwin's story, which he heard from his grandfather, exactly corroborates the other story of Thurlow's life-long hatred of his first schoolmaster.

A few weeks after I became acquainted with Mr. Girling, I was honored by a call from the Rev. Bartle Edwards, who died nine days short of 100 in 1889. Elsewhere I have called him Nestor. He held the living of Ashill for seventy-seven years, and he told me once that not a man, woman or child had been *buried* in the parish during the whole of his incumbency by any one but himself. "I have buried three generations of them," he said. He actually continued to *write fresh sermons* till within a year of his death, and I believe he preached in a black gown till the end. I had the honor of wearing that gown at his funeral; it must have been quite fifty years old, and I shall never cease regretting that I did not steal that gown and run away with it, as I might have done so easily. Nestor was, in his whole cast of mind, as different a man as could well be imagined from Mr. Barry Girling. I never knew any one who was less of a gossip or who lived less in the past. He was not only a faithful parish priest first and foremost; it might almost be said of him that he was a parish priest first and last. I went to see him once by appointment,

to get, if it were possible, some information from him as to the way in which his tithes were collected in the days when they were paid in kind. He had nothing, absolutely nothing, to tell me. "I have been trying to remember something for you," he said, "but *it's so long ago that I can't recollect.*" He never thought of anything so far back. His memory began at a point where the reminiscences of men of fifty begin. All before that was a blank; but of the last fifty years of his life he could talk as simply and as accurately as I could, so much and no more. There seemed to have been only two incidents in his boyhood that he habitually recurred to. The first was when he was about fourteen years old. He had somehow played truant, and he found himself at Epsom on the Derby day [?]. There was a great crowd and the lad was very nearly ridden over by the Prince Regent. "I got somehow between the horse's front legs, and I looked up and saw his Royal Highness towering over me." This must have been in 1804, for Mr. Edwards was born in 1789.

The other incident which had made an indelible impression upon him was when he was a pupil with Forby, the author of the valuable "Vocabulary of East Anglia," at Fincham, of which place Forby became rector in 1801. Here, again, he had nothing to tell me of Forby, except that "he was a rare flogger and gave Pillans a cruel flogging the very day he was going to leave him." Who "Pillans" was I did not ask and I do not know. "Do you remember William Girling, sir, who was at Forby's with you?" "Was he? No, I don't remember that—*it's so long ago.* Of course I knew Mr. Girling very well when he lived at Scarning." That is after Mr. Edwards had become rector of Ashill. Everything before that had passed from his memory.

As I have said, Mr. Edwards died

nine days before completing his 100th year. But I number among my friends who are still alive an old worthy who is some months over 100. I first became acquainted with him about three years ago, when he used to be up to a five miles walk without fatigue; he was then in possession of all his faculties, except that he was a little deaf, and he more than once assured me that if he survived until 1900 he should be able to boast that he had lived in *three centuries*. Recently, however, they had found that he was baptized on the 12th of February, 1800, and he now calls that his birthday, though the probability is that he was right at first when he assumed or asserted that he was born in 1799. Mr. Lewis Barton, for that is the old man's name, was a shoemaker at Dereham for sixty or seventy years, and saved a modest competency by his own industry and thrift. In early life he used to travel on his own account for orders, and he had journeymen working for him in the villages round. When the railroad came he saw that this peripatetic looking about for customers would not pay, and he stayed at home and his old customers came to him instead of his going to them, and he was the gainer. All through life he has been a most pronounced and loyal Churchman, and, when both eyesight and hearing failed him, he worried himself a good deal because, as he said to me, "I find it hard, sir, that I can't *make my early Communion* now, as I used to do!" The worthy Vicar of Dereham met that difficulty easily, and on his birthday (or it may be only his baptismal day) he administered the Blessed Sacrament to the old gentleman and a small congregation of his friends in the room where now almost all his time is passed. Old Barton is wonderfully vigorous in mind even now; he used to be a great reader, and as long as he could he read the Psalms daily. The loss of his sight, which

came on quite suddenly, was a terrible blow to him. It was pitiful to see him wave his hand to the bookshelves behind his chair, saying, "Ah, I shall never read them any more. They're all dumb or asleep to me now, sir. But yet, you see, they're not all dead and forgotten. There's old Shakespeare still comes back upon me. I used to read old Shakespeare almost every week seventy or eighty years ago. Don't you think he was a wonder, sir?" One day, not so very long ago, he began abruptly to recite the famous soliloquy of Hamlet:

To be, or not to be: that is the question;

He got as far as

. . . . There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.

Then he paused with a curious fixed set in the blind eyes, turned my way. "Ah! sir, I do pray God to deliver me from that—that temptation of getting tired of this life now. . . ." What more he added I may not and I will not repeat. I am persuaded that if I had known old Barton a year or two before his deafness had become a bar to any continuous conversation, I should have gathered a volume of curious and interesting reminiscences, which now have passed away and can never be recovered. Thus it is that we miss our chances, and once missed, they never return.

I cannot, however, reproach myself for neglecting any opportunities of picking up those fragmentary *records of the past* which the elders of Arcady have handed down to me from their sometimes well-stored memories. The older I grow the more do I believe in traditions. Old people never invent, they do not much exaggerate, and the more ignorant they are, the more accurately do they tell their old stories.

This is my experience of life among the elders of Arcady.

To the honor of the guardians of this Poor Law Union be it written that they have more than once been censured by the officials in high places for not too rigidly forcing the aged poor among us into "the house." The result is that in this parish there have been for some time past an extraordinary number of aged folk who have been allowed to live on undisturbed in their birthplace for eighty or ninety years, some of them subsisting for ten or fifteen years on the niggardly pitance allowed them as "out-door relief." Of course, when a lonely old man has no one to look after him and begins to mumble querulously and to get into dirty habits, such a one is best sent to the workhouse, where he gets fairly well attended to, and he usually ends by growing silly. He is friendless and has nothing to live for, and forgets all that is worth remembering. It is, however, very different with the old people who have never been uprooted from the old belongings. On a single page of our parish register, which covers a period of less than thirteen months, *i.e.*, from the 25th of March, 1877, to the 20th of April, 1878, I find that five persons were buried whose united ages amounted to 425 years. The youngest of them died at eighty-two, the eldest at ninety-two. Now, I have never but twice in my Arcadian experience known of an aged man or woman who "lost their memory," as the phrase is. They can always tell you something about the long past. They can do more than that; they love nothing better than to talk of what their fathers and grandfathers did and said. This is to me the most precious kind of *folklore*. But how few people have ever considered how far back the "living memory" of a man can carry us. Let me illustrate this by an example. Joseph Barker died in April, 1883, in

his ninetyeth year. He often used to speak of his father and grandfather. They were neither of them apparently estimable characters, and I believe that the grandfather was about fifty when the grandson was born, and he lived to a good old age. That means that Joe Barker's reminiscences, including such stories as he heard from his grandfather, covered a period of, at least, 140 years; in other words, they went back to, say, 1743. But it seems that the grandfather was as fond of talking about his young scrapes and prowess as the grandson was, and "he'd used to say as he learnt all his devilment from an old chap as my father used to talk about too, sometimes—old Billy Barlow, as broke a chap's nose with his fist, fair fighting, too. They said that chap was a highwayman and was a-looking out for a po-shay as was a-coming on the road. But he didn't stop no po-shays that night, you may depend on it!" I listened patiently till a pause came, then I interposed. "But who was Billy Barlow?" "Oh, he was dead afore I was much more nor born. My toes though!—grandfather used to say as he was a owdacious one. Why, when he was a boy he locked Parson Tapps into Scarning Church when he came to be *constitootioned*!" It took me some time to interpret that obscure word, until a happy thought flashed upon me that he meant *instituted*, and I inferred that even in those remote ages beneficed clergy were instituted with the old forms just as they are now. "But, Joe," I asked, "who was Parson Tapps? No man named Tapps was ever rector of Scarning. I know all their names for three hundred years." Hereupon came a long discussion, and old Joe grew more and more positive. At last it came to this: There was a certain Richard Tapps, who was *constitootioned* rector of Scarning in 1741, as I afterwards discovered, and he held the living with the perpet-

ual curacy of St. Saviour's, Norwich, till 1785. After being *constitootioned* he never put in an appearance here again for the rest of his life. "He was that scared by Billy Barlow he wouldn't come here no more, not even to be buried." And this is how it came to pass: Billy Barlow, apparently, was then a big, hulking, "owdacious" lad. "And when Parson Tapps came over the bridge, and the tother gentle folks as was with him, the sexton he unlocked the Church door and they all went in, and they left the key in the door. And there was old Billy a-looking on, and when they was all inside Billy shut the door and locked it, and pulled out the key and he *hulled* it into the moat, and there it is now, I suppose; and Billy he made hisself scarce, and he never split on hisself, you may assure yourself!"

Now, I have no doubt whatever that this did actually happen in the year 1741, when Richard Tapps was instituted, as appears by the Episcopal Records, and though he died in 1789, during all these forty-eight years his name never once appears in our parish books, though these have been kept with rather unusual care and precision for the last 200 years.

"But how about the bridge and the moat?"

"Well! that's what my old grandfather used to say. When he used to tell that tale he'd always talk about the bridge and the moat, and I don't know what he meant!" No! Joe Barker did not know about those things, for bridge and moat probably had disappeared long before he was born. But I am in the habit of pointing out to my friends where the old rectory stood less than a hundred years ago, and which Mr. Barry Girling distinctly remembered. It was an old moated house, and you may easily trace the moat, which must have been filled up about the middle of the last century,

when an important alteration was made in the highroad, which then, apparently, was carried between the church and the parsonage, the new road actually passing over the bed of the moat on the north side of the house, which I doubt not in those days was crossed by a bridge communicating with the churchyard. I have set down all these things because they afford an illustration of an incident, in itself trifling and unimportant, and occurring nearly 160 years ago, coming to my knowledge from the lips of a man who had never read a book in his life, and whose father and grandfather "did not know a great A from a bull's foot," as the wise and learned say.

Let me give another illustration of the value of these local traditions.

The parish of Little Fransham possesses a church which is still beautiful in its sore decay. The oak roof, which dates from the fifteenth century, still remains, though the angels with expanded wings, which once added to the splendor of the place, the rood screen which, some fifty years ago, divided the chancel from the nave, the *backs* of the oak seats (themselves still *in situ*), and a great deal else that contributed to make the interior of the sacred building "exceeding magnificent," have been swept away in the memory of man. The angels in the roof went first, about fifty years ago; they were sawn off because the Vandal who happened to be at that time rector of the parish thought they were dangerous. Then the backs of the seats were sawn off, because the aforesaid Vandal declared that they encouraged the people to go to sleep when he was preaching—as though any human being could possibly have kept awake while that Philistine was droning out his platitudes. Then the rood screen went the way of so many rood screens—and that Vandal was happy. He had made a clean sweep of everything that could remind

his people of ages which, in his opinion, knew nothing and were best forgotten. Eight or nine years ago I went to Fransham to have a talk with Harry Pestell and his wife—two dear old people that had lived all their lives in the parish and were fond of talking about all that concerned the place. Old Harry Pestell must have been some inches higher than six feet in his youth, and even when I saw him he was a grand specimen of an old man. He talked freely, not to say volubly. Of course he had known the Vandal. "Why! he right down *scrome* when he heard tell that that bit off the angel had dropt off. 'Have'm daywn' he says. 'Have'm daywn!' Lor', as Mas'r Alpe used to say, 'he needn't a-been afraid as any good angels were a-goin to fetch *him* afore his time; he warn't such good company for the likes of they!' Anyhow, he had 'em daywn, and then he sawed off the backs o' the seats. He'd used to do what he liked, he did. Them seats had been there, I'm told, hundreds and hundreds o' years before him, and we boys we used to sit in 'em, and many's the time as I's sot in they seats *and watched the images*."

"You mean the angels, I suppose?"

"No! I don't mean the angels. S'pose I dunno a angel from a image?"

"But where were the images? What were they?"

[N.B. When you are questioning an old man, or, for that matter, when you're cross-examining any man, never ask two questions at once.]

"Well, you're a larned gent, you are, and maybe you can tell me what they was, for I never heerd no one say what they was. But d'ye think I don't gnaw a angel from a image? There was four on 'em, and we boys used to look at 'em all sermon time. Angels!—they warn't no angels!"

"Well, but, my good friend, what is the difference between an angel and an image?"

By which very foolish question you will observe I showed my weakness, and, thereby, I very nearly lost the extremely valuable piece of information which came out of this interview. Happily, however, old Pestell was quite equal to the occasion.

"What's the difference? Why, a angel's got wings and a image has got his close on. And a angel ain't painted all manner o' colors, and they images they was dressed in red and green, and two on 'em was men, and two on 'em was women. D'ye s'pose I dunno what a image is?"

Old Pestell was getting quite angry at my incredulity. So I dropt the subject for a few minutes to give him time to recover his equanimity.

"Where were those images you spoke of just now?"

"Where! Why, *atop of the screen, o' courtst*. There was a kind of balcony in front of 'em and they stood behind it; and we boys we'd used to watch 'em, cause lots on 'em used to say they'd seen 'em move, and I've watched 'em scores o' times to see if I could see 'em move. But they never did as I saw for all my watching of 'em!"

"Were they on the top of the screen when the Vandal took it down?"

"Lor' no. That was long afore his time. That was Parson Swatman as sawed them off. I was a grown man by that time, and I heerd tell as one of the boys took his oath as he'd seen one of the images move a goodish way and nodded his head, and he stood to it that hard that Parson Swatman said he'd *seen double*; and then some on 'em laughed a goodish deal, and then Parson Swatman said he'd have no more images, and he sawed 'em off."

Now, the inference from all this is plain enough. When the roods were removed by authority from the chancel screens in the sixteenth century, the spoilers almost invariably tore down, not only the central crucifix, but the

"images" which were fixed in sockets on the rood beam. There were for the most part four such "images," two of them being always those of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. John. As an instance, I may mention that on the rood beam of Scarning Church there are five such sockets distinctly traceable. The socket for the rood or crucifix being considerably larger than those for the *images*. At Fransham I conjecture, with some hesitation, that the rood was not fixed into the beam, but suspended from the roof, and so the images were left undisturbed. Anyhow, I can have no doubt that we have here an instance of the aforesaid images having remained *in situ* in a small village church till the second decade of this century, and were actually remembered by a man still living ten years ago. Old Pestell died at Fransham in January, 1891, in his ninety-third year.

It is, however, when we avail ourselves of the opportunities which a long chat in the lowly cottages of the aged poor affords us that we get some of the most instructive reminiscences of the daily life and social habits, and ways of thinking and religious sentiments, of our rustics in days when there were no railroads, and no newspapers and no large farms, and when the roads were, for thousands of miles in England, almost incredibly bad. It was only in 1827 that McAdam was appointed General Surveyor of Roads, and received a grant of 10,000*l.* from Parliament as a recognition of his great services in bringing about the improvement of the highways in various parts of England. Even as late as 1830 (and I believe after that) the parish roads within four or five miles of Norwich were so nearly impassable that Mr. Micklethwaite, owner of Taverham Hall—a considerable squire and High Sheriff of Norfolk in 1810—used habitually to drive into Norwich with four horses, as his son informed me some twenty years ago,

adding, as if it were within his own recollection: "He couldn't help himself; the roads were all rucks." The "old Lady Suffield," as she is still called by those who remember her ladyship, even down to the time of her death in 1850, never drove out from Blickling Park with less than four horses. "It was not from any love of display. She had never done anything else all her life, and she would go and stop the carriage at some of the cottages, and talk to the old people." That was the report I received from the lips of one who knows, and to whom all my homage is due "on this side idolatry."

When Carlyle made so great a point of the incident at Thurtell's trial, where a witness explained what he meant by a *gentleman* by saying that he *kept a gig*, Carlyle must have been ignorant of the fact that in 1824 only the leisure classes kept gigs. Once off the "king's highway" and you were among the "rucks." "Farmers never drove to market in they days," said one of our elders to me. "They rode o' horseback and they'd used to *race* halfway home—more particular when they was tight."

It is extremely difficult to realize what the country was like before the open fields and "waste lands" were inclosed. In this part of Norfolk the old byeways, as a rule, followed the course of the little runnels or brooks which served as the boundaries of the old manors. Wherever you see a parish road which is quite straight for half a mile, there you may be sure it is a new road laid down when some enclosure was carried out. I think the last inclosure in this parish was made in 1803. One of my old gossips, who died at about eighty, and whom I constantly visited nearly twenty years ago, more than once boasted that his father had turned the first furrow when the common at Daffy Green was enclosed. Why he should have been proud of this achievement I know not, but he was.

Of course the road that was carried through the old heath is as straight as a ruler. On the heath there was a tumble-down house, which has only fallen into ruins of late years—it has not been pulled down—and here poachers, and thieves, and gipsies, and other rogues used to drop in all night long—"lying about anywhere." I infer they used to have as much beer as they could pay for, and that sometimes the *coin* was "an old hare," and sometimes a share of other plunder. "But no one know'd nothing about licensing in those days." The area of heath and scrub and waste land in some parishes amounted to almost as much as was under cultivation. Running along the north bank of a watercourse, which separates the parish of Scarning from Wendling, lies a tract of land on which the Abbey of Wendling stood for some four centuries. The Wendling canons made the most of it; they skilfully manipulated the stream and utilized it for turning a mill, at which all the tenants of their Wendling manor were bound to bring their corn to be ground. Skirting the millstream there was a long tract of rough, waste land overgrown with gorse and scrub; at the beginning of this century it was reckoned as no man's land, and had become worthless for purposes of tillage. But one of the elders of our parish, being a far-sighted and resourceful young fellow, managed to set himself up with a donkey and cart some eighty years ago, and began to cut down the scrub and make merchandise of it. He sold the stuff for kindling fuel and for oven wood, and he succeeded so well and was left so unmolested that he saved quite a pretty little sum of money, which became the nucleus of the considerable fortune that he left behind him twenty years ago. The mill continued to be used till 1878 [?], when a flood wrought much damage to the ancient waterways and to the mill itself,

and the landlords (Christ Church) declined to carry out the repairs. "I remember when I was a boy," said one of my informants, "there used to be an old paved road of great round stones to the mill from the turnpike. But they took 'em all up and sold 'em for the turnpike road." I infer that this "reform" was carried out when the *macadamizing* of the main road began, and the boulders were utilized for this purpose while, at the same time, employment was found for men out of work by setting them "to break stones on the high road."

* * * * *

I think that I have elsewhere drawn attention to the fact that this parish contains nearly 3,500 acres of very good land. It has never had a great squire's house in it. That is, it has always been an "open parish," with a number of small estates, the owners of which, in many cases, were non-resident.

Until the beginning of this century no justice of the peace had ever lived in the place, and the outlying hamlets must have been very "shy neighborhoods," inhabited by a more or less lawless set, who lived in a strangely free and unmolested way. There was a *cage* just outside Scarning, but lying in the parish of Dereham, and the stocks and pillory, or whipping-post, stood outside our churchyard. One of my Elders remembered a dissolute old rolsterer named Marshall being put in the stocks (he does not remember by what authority), and kept there for three or four hours. "He was a wonder for roaring and hollering was that there Marshall. They put him in the cage at Dereham one night, and he roared like a bull and called for beer and said he was going to die of cold. So some of his mates they brought him a quart of beer. But they couldn't get it through the bars of the cage; so they brought him a long old tobacco pipe, and he sucked up his

beer through that. 'You give all that's left to the constable, mates, and tell him he's welcome to it, with my love,' says he. But there warn't a drop left for the constable nor no one else!"

It goes without saying that reminiscences like these indicate a certain lowness of *morale* as generally prevalent among the rustics, and yet I am inclined to think that, so far from *our* people being any worse than their neighbors, they bore rather a better character than the average Norfolk laborer three generations ago.

The influence of the school in the parish may have had something to do with this, and the fact that there has been always a resident clergyman, whose presence must have been for the advantage of his parishioners in more ways than one. It is true that there are no traditions which point to any one of these gentlemen having been a man of conspicuous earnestness, or energy, or pulpit gifts. On the other hand, there are no bad stories or anything to the discredit of any one of them current among the people. They are always spoken of with a certain measure of respect and esteem. One of them, who has long since passed away and left no representatives, is remembered chiefly for a song that he used to sing at the tithe dinner every year, when such gatherings appear to have been characterized by a dangerous amount of bolsterous joviality likely to end in unseemly talk and conduct. Mr. Aufrere was appointed Rector of the parish at the beginning of this century; he invariably took the chair at the tithe dinner, which seems to have been held in, or near, the *Black Horse*. The two Rectors (for there are two, one being the Lay Rector, who was never present at these festivities) shared the expense of the entertainment, and when the tithepayers had eaten and drunk enough to be quite good for them—that is, when they had come to the end of

their liberal *allowance*—some one was deputed to call upon the Rector for a song. The song was invariably the same, and was called "The Tithe Pig." It seems to have been a long song, but I have never been able to find out what the story was. When it was ended, with vociferous applause every man rose to his feet, and the Rector, tossing a guinea upon the table, retired from the assembly of rolsters, leaving them to spend the guinea as they pleased under another chairman. "He wasn't half a bad little gentleman wasn't Mr. Aufrere, and he and the lady would do a kindness to any one—that they would. Preach? I don't recollect as any one made much o' the preaching in those days. We mostly did w'rout it."

Did the people attend the church? The impression left upon me by all that I can pick up from tradition is that, at least as far down as the first forty years of the century, *everybody* attended the parish church on Sunday mornings. Afternoon services appear to have been rare and evening services were unheard of. Working in their little gardens on Sunday afternoons appears to have been the universal practice; partly because the laborers' hours were much longer then than now, and partly because on Sunday afternoons the men had nothing else to do but dig in their little allotments.

Scarning had a Sunday school many years before those valuable institutions were generally adopted in England. Here it seems to have grown out of what we should now call an infant school, which was started by the Rector's wife and Mrs. Girling about 1810.

"My grandmother used to keep a school for the little uns as was too young to go to the free school. And grandmother used to teach 'em right well! She was a wonderful good scholar. Mrs. Aufrere used to pay for them, and Mrs. Girling she used to give 'em straw bonnets with a bit of

ribbon round 'em and little shawls to keep 'em warm and make 'em all look alike, and very pretty they looked, too, when they came to church—for they all had to go to church, you know!" But even then it is significant that there were, at least, two opposition dame schools going on at the same time within a mile or so of the first. One of these was started about eighty years ago by a Mrs. Skayce, just outside the bounds of our parish. She, too, "was a wonderful great scholar," and she taught her small pupils not only their letters, but reading and writing and other polite arts. Mrs. Skayce was, I gather, a very rigid and terrible old lady. She charged twopence a week for every child. She was a very strict and uncompromising dissenter, and she made it a condition that every one of the little mites, from three to six years old, should accompany her to the Dissenting chapel at Dereham every Sunday morning, walking two and two, hand in hand. Think of that procession of little toddlers marching solemnly along those two miles of dirty road, with Mrs. Skayce and a neighbor or two like-minded with herself bringing up the rear, and marching home another two miles when the ceremony ended with "a little prayer"!

"How many of them were there?"

"Mostly about thirty of us. You remember, don't you, John?"

"O' course I do! We stretched a goodish way across Dereham marketplace. Some on us used to carry the little ones for a bit when they was tired. But when we got near to Dereham old mother Skayce used to say, 'Git on, children!—git on! Two and two—two and two!' and sometimes the gentlefolks would stop and take notice of us, but old mother Skayce wouldn't put up with it. She fared as if she was a-defying the gentlefolks with her stern 'two and two, children—two and two!'"

The youngest of the interlocutors in this little dialogue is just eighty.

Our ancient hostel, the *Black Horse*, which is now as well conducted a roadside inn as well could be, has had a good character, I think, for some fifty or sixty years. But in the first twenty years of the century it was famous for the continual pugilistic encounters that were going on then. The old stories are almost incredible. One old woman assured me that she had known—and my impression is she told me *she had seen*—"as many as five couples mauling one another" in a single week.

Occasionally these fights were carried on with the most brutal ferocity, and kicking was very frequently part of the game. I have often suspected that the dreadful cases of *bad legs*, which were so much more common formerly among the old men than they are now, were the results of kicks on the shins given freely in the old days. Some men seem to have had quite a horrible liking for this "sport." "Why, old X. who was dead afore you came, sir. He'd fight for a *tater*. But he found his master at last! There was a stranger came in one night; nobody knew who he was; and he sat down and said nothing, and they looked at him and some one said as he looked like a powerful strong sort of man, though he wasn't so very tall neither—and X. he got near him and pickt a quarrel with him. And no one knowed how it began; but before they could get into the yard that travelling-man was too quick for X., and he gripped him in his arms and flung him over the table where they was drinking, and he a'most broke his back. He never was a man no more. And while they was picking him up that stranger made off and no one knew what became of him, and no one asked, as I ever heard. But X. was a cripple for the rest of his life. Lost the use of his legs, I mean. But it took him all

ten years, though, for him to die of his hurt."

There is something not only sad and horrible about this kind of thing, but something even disgusting and revolting in the hideous callousness that followed upon familiarity with all these fierce encounters. Happily they have all passed away from among us during the last sixty or seventy years. And no wise man can be other than thankful that it is so.

But while the fear of the law has done its work in making our people incomparably more *respectable* and orderly than their sires, they have lost something, too. They have lost all that spontaneity which, while it led now and then to a great deal of mischief and practical joking, yet gave scope to the development of eccentricities of character and to the free play of such rollicking fun and riotous mirth as were the natural outcome of mere high spirits. Many of our elders had a few old songs which they sang over and over again at the rough merry-makings and harvest suppers. Old Harry Judd had a very favorite song entitled "The Blues," which the old folks are never tired of talking of. When he was long past seventy it was a sight to see the roguish twinkle of his sly old eyes when you mentioned his famous song. But for all my trying I never could get him to sing it to me—not a verse of it! He went so far as to chuckle at the mention of his vocal powers. But he had got ashamed of it, too; though from all I have heard, there was nothing to be ashamed of in his song. Only the time for singing had passed away, and it *is* and must be hard to sing with real effect a roaring old ballad in cold blood to an audience of one, and that one the parson.

Dancing has almost become a dead art in our Norfolk villages, and I do not hesitate to say that this has been a loss and not a gain among the people.

On the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee in 1887, some one—I forget who—insisted on our having a dance in the meadow where the feasting was carried on. Only two oldish women and the son of one of them could be prevailed on to show off. But the figures and the turn-about and the Terpsichorean "fandangles," which they went through, were wonderful to see, and as they warmed up to their work the dear old women seemed to throw themselves back into the merry days of their youth and to forget the years that had passed since hornpipes and reels and rough minuets were the fashion.

As matters stand now among our country folk everybody is like everybody else, and everything that approaches eccentricity of character is frowned upon as something not quite *proper*. The tremendous forces of repression which have been steadily at work for the last sixty or seventy years have reduced the pleasures of the countryfolk to a minimum, and banished from our midst those more or less harmless diversions—from skittles upwards—which gave some outlet for the exuberant vitality of their grandfathers. As one growled out to me in his indignation at not being allowed to make a short cut across the railroad on his way home from his work: "You mayn't do this, and you mayn't do that, and you mayn't do the other now; till you don't know what you may do. Them ten commandments was bad enough, but there was only ten on 'em. Who's a-going to say what you may do now? Lawk a mussy! they won't let you die quiet in your bed soon, w'rout calling in the parish doctor to say whether your time's come! Why, they'd a shut up old Bright Trollop in the asylum if he'd been alive now. They'd ha' said he wasn't fit to take care of his-self, that they would!"

I pricked up my ears.

"Who was Bright Trollop?"

"Oh, I don't know. You must go to Betsy Upton. She'll tell you all about him."

So to Betsy Upton I repaired, and a highly interesting account she gave me of Bright Trollop, which I hope my readers will forgive me for introducing in this connection.

"Who was Bright Trollop, Betsy?"

"Who? He was my great-grandfather, and you may see his stone in the churchyard. You've heard talk of 'Trollop's Folly'—you must ha' done!"

On my expressing my absolute ignorance of Mr. Bright Trollop and of his sayings or doings, I was favored with the following story.

Before I tell it, however, I must needs express my belief that Charles Dickens can hardly have been ignorant of some of the talk about Trollop's eccentricities when he described the "Castle" in "Great Expectations," which Wemmick had constructed for himself with his own hands at Walworth.

Probably Dickens heard the gossip about our Scarning mansion in one of his East Anglian pilgrimages. *Be that as it may.* The following is a narrative of facts.

Brightmore Trollop began life as a carver in wood, during the first half of the eighteenth century, and attained such fame for his skill that he managed to scrape together quite a little fortune. "There used to be lots o' things as Bright Trollop carved in the gentle-folks' houses at one time. I've heerd my mother talk of 'em often—sich as chairs and great bedsteads. There was one beautiful great carved bedstead as I remember when I was a little girl, but I can't tell what came of it."

Having made his pile, Bright Trollop gave up his carving and settled in Skeorn's Inga, about the year 1750, taking a farm of about a hundred acres, with a farmhouse that is all but the

most picturesque little dwelling in the parish to this day. He took it into his head to lay out a garden, not on his own farm but about a quarter of a mile off; and I suspect he must have bought the little patch of ground from one of the small owners, of whom there were so many in those days. The farming business did not give sufficient employment to his active mind, and he spent all his spare time upon his garden. In process of time he had surrounded his little freehold [?] with a very thick hedge "such as no one couldn't see through," and being a very ingenious personage he contrived a kind of labyrinth "and gravel walks going all sorts of ways;" and he dug what he'd call a lake—"that wasn't no better nor a pit." . . . "Yes it were! That were a pond! I've often heerd tell of the pond. That weren't no pit. Why, that weren't no more nor a yard deep, and folks said as he puddled it wⁱ clay his-self."

The subtle distinction between a pond and a pit must be left. "Bright, he'd used to call it his lake. Why, they was always a-talking of Trollop's Folly when we was young."

In the midst of this earthly Paradise there was a little round house which Mr. Trollop had built with his own hands. It had a door and a window and was full of "all sorts of curious things as Bright had got together, and that got to be so heavy at last that when he was an old man he *couldn't* move it as he used."

Move it? Was it on wheels? No; this palace of delights was fixed in some miraculous way on a table and it turned upon a swivel.¹ "Nobody never could make out how he did it. He was that crafty as he kind o' puzzled 'em all!" Having exercised his genius for many years upon this splendid palace and

park of his, he acquired a very wide renown. People used to come for miles to pay Mr. Trollop a visit. "The gentle folk they was proud of him, I've heerd say, and they'd do anything for old Bright, as they called him." Sometimes the old man, when he saw them coming, would give his house a turn. Lo! There was no door and no window to be seen, for "there was a kind of a wooden wall, as you may say, that fitted all round that inside chamber—like a great overcoat of boards, as you may say." The would-be visitors, after knocking at the overcoat for a while, would be greeted by the voice of old Bright bidding them to go round to the door, which they never found until he was pleased to give his revolving house a turn, then the door came into sight, and old Bright stood looking out of the window laughing at the gentlefolks. Mr. Trollop prided himself greatly upon his gooseberries and his apples. There never were such gooseberries. But when a dish of these giants was brought upon the table it was as likely as not to disappear suddenly. How, no one could imagine. Also there were occasions when the palace smelt very strong, indeed, of apples, and Bright would assure his callers that there were sacks of them, and any one who could find them should have the very best of them to take away. Of course nobody ever did find them till Bright showed them how. That was part of the game. One device of the old man he was exquisitely pleased with putting in practice. A visitor would declare that it was time to go home now. Then there came a creaking sound "of that there swivel." The party rose to go. They opened the door—the only door—and to their horror they found themselves facing the

¹ As far as I can make out from my informant the little house was moved about in the same way as the sails of a windmill were swung round to catch every change of wind. The

mechanism which Trollop invented, however, was in some way concealed from view by the screen which the overcoat afforded.

"lake," whose wide expanse and fathomless depth appalled them. They were actually at its very edge. "Oh! Mr. Trollop, we can't get out that way. It is the wrong door. What shall we do?" etc., etc. Whereupon the creaking "of that there swivel" began again; and the gentlefolks departed, having by some other miraculous process been provided with an apple a-piece and in high spirits at their escape from the uncanny devices of the wizard and all the perils of The Folly.

"Ah! But that *was* a wonderful place! I've heerd the old people tell all sorts of wonderful stories about Trollop's Folly. And that was a rare pity as that wasn't kept up. But you see as the last of they Trollops, he went on bad and he had to go. It was just as old Bright kind o' prophesied, for he'd carved in big letters on The Folly—

When I'm dead and come no more
This place will be as 'twas afore.

* * * * *

Brightmore Trollop died on the 27th of March, and was buried on the 30th of March, 1802. He is described in the

The Nineteenth Century.

Register as "an aged farmer." Some of his handiwork and many of the trees he had planted, appear to have remained for people to stare at and talk about till the railway ran through or near The Folly, and though the place is not, and never will be, "as 'twas afore," yet the new has, perhaps, improved upon the old.

What a very dull world it will be when there remains no more folly in it. What a dreary life it will be when all picturesqueness has become eliminated; when a horrible monotony of universal conformity makes it unlawful and impossible for men and women to differ from one another in anything; when there are no more queer characters outside the lunatic asylums; when all the birds sing the same songs and *dress alike* in the winter and in the summer; when all the men and women speak the same language, and all the dear quaint varieties of dialect have become eliminated, when all the dogs wag the same tails, and—saddest consummation of all—when all the elders tell the same stories, and none of these stories have any point or interest in them.

Augustus Jessopp.

ON BEING STYLED "PRO-BOER."

Friend, call me what you will: no jot care I;
I that shall stand for England till I die.
England! The England that rejoiced to see
Hellas unbound, Italy one and free;
The England that had tears for Poland's doom,
And in her heart for all the world made room;
The England from whose side I have not swerved;
The immortal England whom I too have served,
Accounting her all living lands above,
In justice and in mercy and in love.

The Speaker.

William Watson.

THE GERMAN PRESS AND FOREIGN POLITICS.*

Prince Bismarck, who understood how to use the press to advance his own affairs more frequently and skilfully than any statesman of modern times, repeatedly expressed himself in a very disapproving manner concerning the political activity of what we will call its excitable portion. True, there is a wide distinction between his "We'll let them shriek without troubling ourselves about it," and, "We must pay for the windows our press break." While the former remark was made to a diplomat who was complaining of the violent attacks of the German press, which increased the difficulty of reaching a friendly understanding, the second admits the fact that, though individuals may ignore the attitude of the press, the community must be always more or less affected by it, and, during the progress of negotiations between the governments of various Powers, this may easily exert a baneful influence, nay, even be capable of compromising the safety of a country.

By this acknowledgment the importance of the press as an organ of public opinion is recognized, but, at the same time, the line is drawn, which should not be passed by a sagacious press in its discussion of foreign affairs. True, this does not settle the question whether it is the office of the press to record the opinion of the majority, that is, literally to act as its organ, or to suggest to the majority the opinions which it—the press—believes to be correct, that is, to serve as an educator. The separation of these two functions is rendered especially difficult at the present time, because the individual press organs sometimes serve a party, sometimes personal interests, and it is

impossible for the great majority of readers to know whether the views presented are in behalf of such interests or have their source and foundation in what seems, to impartial editors, most beneficial to the majority. In estimating the influence of the press upon relations to foreign countries, it will, therefore, be advisable to pay more attention to the results of its attitude than to the reasons for it. To do the former thoroughly is the more necessary, because, in recent years, the German press appears to have lost the sense of responsibility, which is and must be associated with expressions of opinion, if they are to have any other purpose than that of humoring and inciting the passions of the moment.

Before the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, the attitude of the German press toward England, though not unfriendly, was animated by the idea that Germany must not only expect no encouragement from England in her industrial, commercial and colonial development, but must even be prepared to encounter in her a determined rival. The maritime superiority of Great Britain was making itself felt disagreeably, both directly and indirectly, and could not fail to awaken in all who judged the situation correctly—and this was probably, in this case, the majority of Germans—the feeling that any lightening of the pressure thus exerted could only prove advantageous to German interests.

Nothing, therefore, could have been more natural than that the German press, at the outbreak of the war, should have been, if not friendly, at least neutral toward the United States, but precisely the reverse occurred. While in England, where the great majority of the population thought and

*Translated for the Eclectic Magazine by Mary J. Safford.

felt precisely the same as in Germany, concerning the progress of the United States, the press, with admirable recognition of the situation and enviable discipline, wheeled about, and accomplished the result that public opinion in the United States beheld, in the formerly hated rival, the friend whose attitude had preserved America from European complications and aided the successful completion of the war. The German press, on the other hand, in spite of the absolutely correct, neutral and friendly course of the German Government, managed to arouse, not only in Washington, but throughout the entire country, the belief that, during the war, Germany had been hostile to the United States, and was only prevented by England from actively interfering in favor of Spain. It required the utmost exercise of conciliatory and prudent measures on the part of the Foreign Office of the Empire, which received wholly unintentional assistance from the boundless vituperation of the English and American yellow press, to dispel this suspicion in some degree and make good the mischief wrought by the press. Yet it must be established as a result of the German press campaign during the American war with Spain that, instead of lessening by supporting England's rival, the English oppression which burdened us, the press managed to make them friends, and thus loaded us with two opponents instead of one. The return for the attitude of the English press, during the Spanish war, is the attitude which the American press maintains during England's conflict with the South African republics. In this case, also, the American press, aside from the Irish and ultra democratic organs which are without appreciable importance to the whole body, has taken the right path, while in Germany the press again, by its course, not only rendered the task of its own gov-

ernment more difficult, but caused a great and, in some instances, not wholly unjustifiable excitement in England. The result of this procedure, apart from a vehement press controversy, has been the attempt of prominent daily papers and magazines to effect an understanding, at the cost of Germany, between England and France. And, if we seek for the motive of the attitude of the German press in both wars, it can scarcely be found except in an unseasonable sentimentality and the total misconception of the growth and meaning of imperialistic tendencies in England as well as in the United States.

In the preceding paragraphs the general attitude of the German press in two critical situations has been subjected to examination, but the picture becomes still more gloomy when we consider the extreme agrarian and the anti-Semitic press. Not only in their polemics against the United States and England have they seemed to try "to out-Herod Herod," but they have also done their best to embroil us in the internal political department with Austro-Hungary, and, in our commercial relations with that country, Russia, England, Italy, the United States, and it may be boldly added, all the rest of the world. If there is method in this madness, it can only be found in the hope that, by barricading the German frontiers by means of a customs war, eventually an actual war with one or several of the maritime powers may cause an increase in the prices of agricultural products and a return of the laborers from manufactures to farming, thus fulfilling the agrarian dream of the future, to which must be sacrificed the trade, manufactures, prosperity and position of Germany among the Powers of the world. Already voices are being raised in the United States and Italy, which not only show the results of such an attitude in questions of business and commerce, but also seek

to transfer their consequences to the political domain. If the correct attitude of the German Government, and the cordial relations existing between the German Emperor and the ruler of Austro-Hungary, have hitherto blunted the point of the agitation of the "all-deutschen" party organs in favor of the German opposition in Austria, this does not exclude the possibility that from other directions, for instance, not only from French, but also from internal Austrian sources, the alleged desires of Germany—in case of the opening of a question of succession in Austria—may be drawn into the circle of discussion and made the cause of suspicion. That this is possible, in spite of the absence of any real foundation for it, Germany owes to the foolish course of some of her press organs, which, though they are in the habit of assailing their own government just as vehemently as they attack foreign countries, are represented by English and French publications as official or semi-official government organs.

The seventh great Power, for as such we must probably estimate the press since Italy has taken the sixth place, has this one thing in common with the ruler of a constitutional government, that both, in theory, can do no wrong. But in one respect it is more fortunate than such a ruler by the grace of God; its ministers and councillors, the editors and publishers, are not responsible before the judgment seat of history, though they may often fall into the hands of other and lower courts of justice. Charles X, Louis Philippe, Napoleon III, to say nothing of others, were obliged to atone, by dethronement and exile, for the stupidity of the press of their times and countries, while the journalists who worked diligently at the causes of the various downfalls, died quietly in their beds, and works of history make no

mention of their articles and their names. We, too, shall soon forget the names and articles of the men who were and are now in the act of causing us serious international difficulties, and in a short time the grass will have grown over their printers' ink; but who knows whether the son of many a mother will not have to suffer for the mischief they have wrought, and which, perhaps, might have been prevented if the more sensible portion of the press had exerted its influence more energetically and permanently? True, this requires that it shall clearly understand the consequences of the policy it advocates, and take the trouble to reflect upon the thoughts which daily events inspire, instead of merely letting them effervesce. That the latter occurs far too often, the events of the last year or two have furnished striking proof.

The press, too, has a right to demand something, and that is, that competent authority shall give it the necessary suggestions for what appears to be requisite in the interests of the foreign relations of the empire, and this is not restricted to political questions. That this is done to a certain extent is probably undeniable, but we need only turn the pages of one of the larger political papers for the last year, to convince ourselves how contradictory is the information received at different times from one or another official source. Baron Louis, the French Minister of Finance, used to say: "Give good politics and I will give you good finances," and an impertinent journalist—there are such fellows—might parody the phrase by the statement that a plainly understood system of politics was the first condition of a good political press. But even this beautiful world of ours is said to have arisen from chaos.

M. von Brandt.

COWPER'S OUSE.

The Great Ouse is undistinguished among western waters; his very title is disputed by the channel in which the united rivers of Yorkshire find their way to the Humber; and yet he is the fifth largest English river.

His is no impetuous stream, tearing down to the sea in a bed that is sometimes water, sometimes heaps of stones; he pursues a temperate career, never runs dry, and is seldom overfull. The fortresses of more troubled days are no longer reflected in his waves; no legends of hard riding Dick or other heroic robber linger in the memories of those who dwell on his sedgy banks; not even the genius of Sir Walter could weave romances in which the Ouse would play a part. He has never been a border river since the days of the Danelagh; he belongs to the Midlands, and has had no occasion for those strings of castles which once defended and now adorn the Tweed, the Tyne, the Severn and the Wye.

In the region of Newport Pagnell the Great Ouse first begins to be a noticeable river; here is the head on which are set his two horns. From the southeast comes the Little Ouse, Ousel, or Lovat, thus variously named, after collecting half the waters of the Chiltern Hills and draining the eastern region of the Vale of Aylesbury; the Ousel is still little better than a large brook, but has already travelled some score of miles. The other horn, the Ouse proper, has gathered his peaceful flood in the western uplands of Northamptonshire. His longest tributary may be traced beyond Brackley to the neighborhood of Banbury, and, being fed by numerous winding brooks, takes the shape of a river not many miles to the west of Buckingham. Eight miles below the little borough which gives

its name to a county, the Ouse receives at Wolverton the waters of the Tone. Here in the early days of railways, trains stopped half-way between London and Birmingham to give weary travellers the opportunity of rest and refreshment; and here the valley is crossed by a viaduct, which was once considered an imposing triumph of engineering. From Wolverton to Newport Pagnell is by road four miles, by river nearer ten, and there the larger stream takes up his little brother for the rest of their winding ramble to the German Ocean.

Nobody ever set out to reach a given destination with less anxiety about eventually arriving there than the Ouse, when he decided that, after leaving Newport Pagnell, it was as well to go to Bedford. Being a river-god he may be credited with wisdom superior to that of mortals; and perhaps he was right in expatiating in his meadows, listening to the clatter of his poplar leaves, taking his pastime in broad deeps, and ever and anon losing his way among beds of reeds. The upshot of it all is that, whereas mere men make it a thirteen-mile walk, our river travels forty, and is eventually so reluctant to pass under the graceful bridge by the Swan hotel, that the Midland Railway crosses him seven times in the seven miles between Bedford and Sharnbrook.

This sort of conduct might be pardonable in a nymph or other light-hearted feminine divinity, but in a sober old river calls for reprobation. Father Thames shakes his head over it, pointing to his own noble curves, and even the twisting Tees thinks there should be a limit to capriciousness, though his conscience is a little uneasy about his performances in the neighbor-

hood of Darlington. He, however, can plead mountains at his source, mountains without lakes, always trying to a river that wishes to be respectable. But the Ouse knew what was to happen to him; he knew that he would be caught up by Dutch engineers at Ear-
lith, and that the better part of him, hemmed between earth-works, would have to run in two parallel straight lines across the Fens to enter the Wash at Lynn through an ungraceful cut; and thus he made his playground in the broad meadows above Bedford before departing for those regions where unlovely science was to prevail over his artless whims.

The valley between Newport Pagnell and Bedford is Cowper's country. It is here that the Ouse gives us a scenery all his own, as he travels in his leisurely way around three sides of a quadrilateral tableland, whose greatest elevation is nowhere more than four hundred feet, but whose flanks descend to the meadows with some suddenness in places, and yet with no precipitous rudeness. The floor of the valley is flat, sometimes a mile across, sometimes a few hundred yards, and the river shifts from side to side as his fancy leads; but wherever he hugs the slopes, his stream is deep and broad and clear. It is the reproach of sluggish rivers that they are muddy, but not so the Ouse. A narrow fringe of water lilies on either shore marks the limit of earthiness; between those the channel, twenty to forty yards in breadth, is apparently paved with stone, for a twelve-foot punt-pole grates along the rocky bottom. As our river never discloses the dark secrets of his bed like the shameless Tees, we can only guess at the causes of this absence of sediment in his still depths, and may conjecture springs breaking into his channel from below, sufficient in quantity to carry away, even in summer-time, the light depos-

its of a stream not subject to the violent incursions of mountain torrents.

The Ouse has never been a highway of any importance; he cannot boast of a romantic population of bargees like the Thames, or his own tributary, the Cam, which brings him much mud and no less learning, let us hope, from Cambridge. Commerce does not trouble a river that has no commodity to send seawards, except such fruits of the earth as, in the present decay of English agriculture, we are more apt to receive from beyond the German Ocean than to transmit to our neighbors. As far up as Bedford there are locks, but above Bedford not only have we those sevenfold windings which rival Styx "nine times interfused," but the river, in so much of his course a natural canal, deliberately places a well-considered impediment in the way of such as might be tempted to burden him with the vulgarities of trade, for when he elects to leave the slopes on one side or the other of his valley, and cross the meadows, he straightway breaks up into two, or even three, narrow and frequently shallow streams, and thus continuing for a mile or so, defies any but the smallest boats to travel on his current; whence it has happened that a river some two hundred and fifty miles long, running through fertile land in a populous country, has only one town of any great importance on its banks. Buckingham, Bedford, Huntingdon, are, indeed, county towns, but the first of the three is little better than a village; Bedford owes its recent expansion, not to trade, but to John Harpur, the benefactor of its schools; Huntingdon is at most a couple of sizes bigger than Buckingham; even Ely, the largest of the Ouse towns before we reach the sea, was made by monks, not by merchants, and is indebted to its cathedral, not to its trade, for such fame as it enjoys. At King's Lynn alone does

commerce fairly lay her hand upon the river, King's Lynn, from whence started so early as 1330 A.D., the first expedition in search of the North Pole; it was conducted by one Nicholas, a Carmelite Friar, who set out for the Arctic regions relying on his astrolabe, and, so the chronicles of Lynn inform us, was reckoned to have got there.

Action and the Ouse are out of harmony; from the time when Canute paused upon his waters to listen to the singing of the monks of Ely, his heroes have been men of religion rather than of war. True, there is one notable exception; Oliver Cromwell was a son of the Ouse, but a large part of him was in the traditions of his native stream. Oliver, the saint, had mused for many years among the meadows between Huntingdon and Ely, before he became Oliver, the man of war; and the warrior was not content with beating the Scots in the field of Dunbar; he set his heart no less on achieving a controversial victory over the Presbyterians at Edinburgh, where, indeed, he was confronted with greater stubbornness.

In the Wars of the Roses, Olney and Emberton witnessed the return of the King-maker, and the dispersion of the northern forces under Sir John Conyers and Robin of Redesdale; but these events have left no local record.

In the seventeenth century the restless Catesby had a house at Hardmead in the hills, four miles from Olney; Gayhurst, the home of Sir Everard Digby, a house well known to Cowper, is not far off, and the young knight was entangled in Catesby's madcap scheme by the agency of Father Garnett; whence came local traditions of underground passages at Gayhurst, of Digby's hole, a secret way to the river. Sir Kenelm Digby also lived at Gayhurst, and left a trace of himself in a breed of edible snails, which he imported for the benefit of the incompar-

able Venetia; they were held by the faculty of those days to be good food for consumptive persons. The villagers of Gayhurst have not long ceased to look for "Digby's hoddies."

And Bunyan, too, is of the Ouse; was not the greater part of the "Pilgrim's Progress" written in Bedford Gaol? There are records of his preaching at Olney and other places along the river.

Legh Richmond, the well-known writer of Evangelical stories, was rector of Turvey for thirty years; in fact, the theological attitude of the river has always been in the Evangelical direction. There were monasteries near his banks, but they did not flourish; the religious houses at Bradwell, Tickford, Ravenstone, Lavendon, Turvey, were already far gone in decay at the Dissolution, and were never on the scale of the great Cistercian establishments of the north. It was the Evangelical element at Olney that brought to the Ouse its inspired worshipper, who was to give the river such fame as it might otherwise have missed. Cowper's connection with the Ouse began at Huntingdon in 1765, and ended at Weston Underwood in 1795; for the whole of those thirty years he never left its banks except for one visit of six weeks to Hayley's home in Sussex, towards the end of the period.

Olney in itself is not a particularly attractive little town; it can boast a noble church, but there is little else in it to excite the attention of a visitor. It was not Olney, but Olney's curate, that caused the place to be selected as the poet's residence; but though Olney is not itself beautiful, the surrounding country is very beautiful indeed, and the more romantic splendors of the lakes have failed to inspire prose or verse more delightful than the letters and poems of William Cowper.

The second Earl of Dartmouth married the heiress of one Sir Charles

Nicholl, an extensive landowner in Olney and the district. In his youth the Earl came under the influence of the famous Countess of Huntingdon, and was, like her, a leader in the Evangelical world, in the world of Whitefield and Wesley. He does not appear to have resided in his wife's house at Olney, but he was much interested in the spiritual welfare of the little place; by his recommendation the Reverend John Newton was appointed curate at Olney, nor did he withhold his countenance from Sutcliffe, the great Baptist preacher, from whose seminary at Olney went Carey, the missionary and orientalist. Five miles off, at Newport Pagnell, was one of the earliest Congregational churches; on the hill at Clifton Reynes the rector was a noted Evangelical, Mr. Jones, the brother-in-law of Lady Austen. In those days the line between Nonconformist Evangelicals and Church of England Evangelicals was not rigidly drawn; what they had in common was more than that in which they differed; clergymen of the Church of England, who were at all earnest, had more sympathy with the Baptist Sutcliffe and the Congregational Bull than with fox-hunting country parsons or the prelates of the court. Thus the Methodist movement was stronger then in country districts than it is now; it was supported by the wealthy and refined, as well as by small tradesmen and artisans. Not only Lord Dartmouth, but other country gentlemen and ladies in the Olney neighborhood favored the Methodists. The result was the society to which Mrs. Unwin brought Cowper.

The virtues of Mrs. Unwin have become an article of faith with many lovers of Cowper. The poet's exquisite expression of his attachment to her; the high value which he set upon her literary judgment; the tenderness with which he waited on her decline; the

beautiful pictures which he has drawn of their domestic life; her own long patience under the anxieties of his weak mental health,—all these combine to form a picture of human relations so full of charm, that those who have once realized it resent any change in the arrangement of its lights and shadows. If, however, we are to do justice to our poet, it is due to him to pursue some inquiry into the features in his intellectual history, in his artistic life, which were introduced or, at any rate developed, by the influence of Mrs. Unwin. We may grant as a defect in the poet's organization that he was one of those men who cannot walk of themselves, who are by the law of their nature dependent upon the judgment of some other person, whose affection imposes upon them a loss of liberty. It was necessary that Cowper should rely upon somebody; but it was not necessary that he should rely upon Mrs. Unwin. Many a woman has laid upon the object of her devotion a yoke which was never felt, and never consciously attached. The truest affection, resulting in mutual self-sacrifice, may exist between husband and wife, and yet the partner who is apparently the gainer, may really be the loser in the partnership; this is particularly apt to be the case when one of the partners is an artist, and the other a very loving, but only an ordinarily well-informed human being.

Cowper was by birth and education a member of the English aristocracy; he was a classical scholar of considerable attainments; he was exceptionally well read in English literature; he was no milksop; as a schoolboy he was distinguished in athletics; he was humorous, witty, merry and affectionate, with an unusual power of attracting friendship, especially the friendship of women and young men, and this power he retained to the last years of his life. It is exceptional for a man of

sixty to love or be loved by a new acquaintance; but Cowper won the heart of his distant cousin, John Johnson, a Cambridge undergraduate, who called on him at Weston, when he was nearly sixty; this new acquaintance afterwards cared for and tended him with no less assiduity than Mrs. Unwin, and in circumstances no less, if not more, painful. Among Cowper's many bright, affectionate letters few are more bright and affectionate than those to his young relative.

Mrs. Unwin was the daughter of a linen-draper at Ely. There is no crime in being the daughter of a linen-draper, but distinctions of rank and distinctions of training were much sharper in the middle of the eighteenth century than they are now. She was by birth and association far removed from the world in which Cowper had been brought up. She is said to have been pretty and witty. Her husband was a clergyman, very much older than herself, who lived the life of an absentee rector at Huntingdon, where he took private pupils, and held the post of reader in the church. The immorality of absenteeism was not regarded in those days with the same rigor that it is now; but the Unwins lived the life of Methodists. A day with them was divided between public and private prayers, pious conversation and pious reading, enlivened by the singing of hymns to the accompaniment of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord. It seems strange that such good people should not have thought of their parishioners at Grimston, and should not have seen some incongruity in the comfortable profession of religion at Huntingdon, while they were drawing a stipend from their neglected country parish.

Two years before Mr. Unwin's sudden death, Cowper arrived at Huntingdon. He had just recovered from his first severe attack of mania and wished to live in the country near his brother,

who was a fellow of Benet College, Cambridge; suitable lodgings could not be found within a shorter distance. At first he lived alone, except for the attendance of a man-servant, whom he brought with him from the private asylum in which he had been cured; then he was attracted by young William Unwin, who was just finishing his course at Cambridge and was shortly to take orders. He was introduced to the family; the liking was mutual, and eventually Cowper begged to be allowed to take the place of a pupil in the house. A year later Mr. Unwin was killed by a fall from his horse. He seems to have expressed some wish that in the event of his death, Cowper might continue to live with his widow, and the arrangement was acceptable to both parties. Cowper speaks of the maternal affection of Mrs. Unwin for him, and his filial tenderness towards her.

Just at this moment John Newton, who had recently been appointed curate at Olney, happened to come to Huntingdon. His preaching attracted Mrs. Unwin, who made his acquaintance, and asked him to find a house for herself and Cowper in Olney or its immediate neighborhood. This was done, and in 1767 began Cowper's long life at Olney.

There could have been no more unfortunate arrangement. Cowper's malady was that terrible mania of morbid fear impelling the sufferer to self-destruction; before and after an attack he was given to religious questionings, not of a particularly gloomy character, being indeed such as are often indulged in by those in good health. Occupation was good for him, was indeed necessary alike for his bodily and mental health; but excitement was deadly. His first attack was brought on by a dread of having to appear in the House of Lords and prove himself qualified to be a clerk of that

august assembly, for he had a horror of publicity in any form.

This being the case, and Mrs. Unwin knowing that it was the case, he was taken by her and handed over bodily to the care of a revivalist preacher of an energetic and noisy type. John Newton had been a sailor before the mast; having been a profane swearer like Bunyan, he had been converted by a special interposition of Providence on his behalf in a rescue from shipwreck; he had then been captain of a slaver, and eventually a tide-surveyor at Liverpool. This post he gave up to take orders, impelled by a sense of duty and fitness. He believed in special interpositions of Providence, even in trivial matters, in sudden conversions; he was in many respects a Calvinist, but not a gloomy one. His preaching was such that the people of Olney attributed cases of insanity to its effects. It was to this Boanerges of a man that Mrs. Unwin brought Cowper, the tender, shrinking, refined, delicate scholar, suffering from a definite nervous malady.

Newton, a thoroughly good-hearted and affectionate man, took possession of Cowper; for thirteen years they were hardly separated for more than twelve hours out of the twenty-four, except when a recurrence of Cowper's insanity rendered his seclusion necessary. Newton rode about to the different villages in the neighborhood, holding open-air meetings, preaching in cottages, praying by death-beds. In all these Cowper accompanied him; long prayer-meetings were held in Lord Dartmouth's empty house at Olney, and Cowper, to whom "publicity was poison," was encouraged to take a leading part in them. The result was very soon a recurrence of his malady, which lasted in all for eighteen months, in an acute form for six; and the pair of well-intentioned blunderers allowed their friend's illness to grow on him for more than a year before they thought of consulting Dr.

Cotton, who had cured him at St. Albans.

This was not the whole of the injury which Mrs. Unwin did to Cowper. She estranged him from his relations, or, rather, allowed an estrangement to continue which had begun at the period of his first illness. What Cowper lost by this we may gather from his first letter written to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, in reply to one of hers after a silence of nineteen years. The delight with which Cowper recurs to the innocent pleasures of his youth, to the days that were spent in "giggling and making giggle," his almost painfully eager anticipations of the joy of seeing his old friend again, are expressed as though by a man starving for sympathy, who has suddenly realized all that he had foregone, and is impatient of any delay in returning to happier scenes. Newton left Olney, fortunately for Cowper, in 1780, and the succeeding ten years were the happiest of Cowper's life after his first breakdown. There was another gleam of light, a break in the clouds of Unwinism in which Cowper had allowed himself to be enveloped. This was the intercourse with Lady Austen, which began almost immediately after Newton's departure; it is to this that we owe "The Diverting History of John Gilpin" and "The Task."

There can be no possible doubt that Mrs. Unwin was jealous of Lady Austen; and there can be no less doubt that she had reason to be jealous. She had been engaged to marry Cowper, but the contract was broken off at the time of his madness at Olney. She saw that "brother William and sister Ann" could not continue to live on those terms, though Cowper might choose to please himself with the smile of a three-fold cord of which she was herself one of the strands. But the moment Cowper realized that he had entered upon more than friendly relations with Lady Austen he broke the connection. Could a

woman desire more than this? Apparently Mrs. Unwin was not satisfied, for she allowed Cowper to write as follows to her son after Lady Austen had left Olney:

You are going to Bristol. A lady, not long since our nearest neighbor, is probably there, she was there very lately. If you should chance to fall into her company, remember, if you please, that we found the connection in some respects an inconvenient one; that we do not wish to renew it; and conduct yourself accordingly. A character with which we spend all our time should be made on purpose for us; too much or too little of any ingredient spoils all. In the instance in question the dissimilitude was too great not to be felt continually, and consequently made our intercourse unpleasant. We have reason, however, to believe that she has given up all thoughts of a return to Olney.

It took Cowper three years to find out the unpleasantness of this painful dissimilitude. He writes in his own name and Mrs. Unwin's, who might surely have written to her son herself, and spared Cowper the humiliation of this disingenuous and ungenerous epistle. Cowper had satisfied all that Mrs. Unwin could possibly demand; he had sent Lady Austen away; he had practically, if not actually, said that he felt himself so bound to Mrs. Unwin that he could marry no one else; could she not have let the matter be? Cowper could have had no fear that Lady Austen would attempt to renew the intercourse by the mediation of young Unwin; he was a gentleman, and Lady Austen was a lady; in fact, Mrs. Unwin, like many other beneficent men and women, was over-tenacious of her power, over-apprehensive of its loss. She had made Cowper quarrel with Lady Austen once before, and there had been a reconciliation; this time she was determined not to risk the fruits of vic-

tory by any possible oversight. She was not, however, permanently cured of her jealousy; a little postscript to a letter of Cowper, addressed to Lady Hesketh, written and signed by Mrs. Unwin at a later time, shows that there were still occasional quarrels with Cowper's friends.

In fact, Mrs. Unwin was not of Cowper's world; she was not of his intellectual world any more than she was of his social world. Under Newton's influence Cowper could only write hymns; under Mrs. Unwin's, rather commonplace satire or mild preaching; it was Lady Austen who showed him what he could do with the incidents of everyday life, and who elicited from him the matchless descriptions in "The Task." Mrs. Unwin restricted his reading to the Bible, the newspaper and devotional works; under Mrs. Unwin's influence he pours contempt on geology and astronomy, and gives advice about the reading of the Bible which would inevitably lead us to the abysmal ignorance of the Boers. Mrs. Unwin tolerated his humorous side, his powers of dramatic description; Lady Austen and Lady Hesketh enjoyed them. It is to Mrs. Unwin that we owe the popular conception of Cowper as a mild, mad man, who kept tame hares and wore a white cap. But the real Cowper was a finished gentleman, running over with fun and laughter, particular about his personal appearance, able to be accepted on his own terms by the Wrights of Gayhurst, the Chesters of Chicheley and, above all, by his delightful "Mr. and Mrs. Frog," the Throgmortons of Weston Underwood.

The excitements of society were too much for Cowper's delicate nerves, nor had he any sympathy with sport; he preferred taming hares to chasing them, watching birds to shooting them; but he also loved the intimate companionship of a few chosen friends, and he could always find them. Such inter-

course was good for him, better for him even than visiting the sick in their homes, and other active charities in which he was engaged. Cowper was no respecter of persons; he made friends in all classes of society; he is as proud of the affection of his man Sam as of that of Mrs. Courtenay, "my lady of the ink-bottle," and when living at Olney he would run across the road with his last copy of verses to Mr. Wilson, the barber, a genial tonsor, who is still remembered by old residents in Olney, and whose shop was the informal club of the little town.

We may give Mrs. Unwin her due; devoting herself to Cowper as few would have done, she nursed and cared for him in every way; we may respect her devotion, and yet we must regret her limitations. She went the wrong way to work to effect the restoration of his health, and who knows what he might have done had he been in the habit of reading with a woman of more profound literary accomplishments?

In spite of Mrs. Unwin's restrictions, Cowper remains one of the few consummate masters of the English language. His letters are generally admitted to be incomparable, the high-water mark of pure, light, easy English prose; the words and the ideas fit like a glove; both are alike graceful and delicate. Not that Cowper could not be stern upon occasion; he is, perhaps, the only one of Dr. Johnson's contemporaries who could pass an unfavorable criticism upon him with no sense of temerity. There are strong bits of satire in his poetry, as well as those that are weak, and even when his religiosity offends us we would do well to remember that what he says is frequently worth saying, though the form in which it is said has gone out of fashion; nor is he deficient in shrewdness and strong common sense. As a descriptive poet

he has never been surpassed; he is minute in his observation and yet has the gift of selection; he loved the scenes in which his innocent life was spent, perhaps more than Dr. Johnson loved Fleet Street.

It is a misfortune that the best-known portraits of Cowper, those which have been most frequently reproduced, represent him in a strange white cap, and have thus contributed to make us think of him solely or chiefly as eccentric. The children of Weston Underwood, during the last years of the poet's residence on the Ouse, when his suicidal mania was talked about in the locality, were much terrified by this cap; but we are not children, and even though Cowper was sometimes insane, have no right to despise his teaching on that account. Dr. Johnson was subject to melancholy, though in a less degree than Cowper, but we do not consider him effeminate; both were devoutly pious. The cap in question was worn by all gentlemen in the time of perukes, who did not wish to spend the whole of their day magnificently bewigged. Cowper's was a particularly smart affair, made for him by Lady Hesketh, and adorned with a ribbon and a bow. Hogarth has represented himself in a similar cap; but we do not suspect him of too much mildness.

The best picture of Cowper is probably that in the National Portrait Gallery; it was painted by Romney at the same time as the better-known one, in which a stagey effect is produced by the position of the eyes, as of one listening for inspiration. The less-known portrait represents the poet with a silk handkerchief thrown over the back of his head, which is inclined forward; full justice is done to the delicate lips and the earnest eyes. Romney seems to have kept this more natural study, and it was sold with the rest of his effects.

At Weston Underwood, Cowper was well above the Ouse, and could look

from the upper windows of his house across the river, and beyond the high ground of Filgrave to the Brickhills, and even down the valley of the Ousel to the distant Chilterns, a smiling but almost mountainous prospect; for it is one of Ouse's tricks to veil his gentle slopes in such a gauzy haze as gives the effect of steep hills and mighty distances. Behind Weston is Yardley Chase, with the great oaks that Cowper worshipped. The tree to which he addressed an unfinished poem is pollarded; the real monarchs of the forest are two, a little further from Weston, which he used often to visit, and sometimes known as Gog and Magog. One of them, however, is also known as Judith, and there is a tradition that it was planted by, or in honor of, the Countess Judith, half-sister of William the Conqueror, to whom the greater part of the surrounding country was given by her brother. The trees are certainly of very great antiquity, and the fact that they alone, among the ancient oaks of the forest, have been left unpollarded, indicates some special association.

The last years of the poet's life at Weston are painful to think of. Mrs. Unwin was breaking down, and Cowper, from having been patient, had become nurse; insanity gained upon him, and took a new form, which was aggravated by the foolish ministrations of a foolish schoolmaster at Olney. Still, there were lucid intervals, and not unfrequent flashes of the old bright wit. In 1795 his cousin Johnson removed the invalids to Norfolk. Mrs. Unwin died the following year, and at the end of April, 1800, Cowper's tortured clay found rest.

A century has passed since Cowper rambled by the Ouse—a century of unparalleled movement in all that advances the material resources of mankind—and yet how little we are changed! The Frenchman still hates

an Englishman as he did when "The Task" was written; England is again at war in one of her colonies; the Evangelical movement has done its work, and quieted down; but is Cowper's call to greater earnestness any less necessary to-day than it was a hundred years ago? Amusement still takes the first place in the thoughts of the many; the drunkard still staggers in our streets; behind the noble frontages of our expanded towns there is still the squalid heap of derelict humanity. Cowper does not bid us to be gloomy; his call is not to asceticism, but to a recognition that there is something more to be lived for than the satisfaction of our own desires. Particular forms of recreation were needlessly offensive to the society with which he lived. We smile when we find him dealing no less severely with a clergyman who played the violin after service on Sundays, than with his sporting neighbor. His detestation of card-playing appears to us out of proportion; but then we have forgotten what card-playing meant in those days—what an endless waste of time, of health, of money. Whenever we are disposed to be annoyed with Cowper's disproportionate censures we must recall the circumstances in which he lived, the dependence upon others imposed by his malady, and the not altogether happy fate which determined those who should control his destinies at a critical period of his life. Surely there must, after all, have been an enormous vitality in the man to write as much as he did, and as well as he did, placed as he was.

Of all our teachers Cowper is the most sincere; he lived as he preached, brightening the common things of life with humor, sanctifying them with love; and this is why the gentle Ouse has its votaries. It is impossible to dissociate his water-lilies and his reeds, his poplars and his willows, his broad

meadows and wooded slopes, from the memory of the man of whom it was said: "If there is a good man living, it is William Cowper."

The country has but little changed in the course of a century. The ruins of Capability Brown's exploits are still traceable at Weston; the square tower of Clifton still looks down upon the spire of Olney; there is still a clump of poplars at Lavendon Mill; there is still a wealth of flowering rushes with their cherry-scented blossoms, of broad-leaved plants varying the monotony of the reeds, of purple loose-strife, of blue forget-me-not. An adventurous holiday-maker who could, for a couple of days, forego the delights of dusty roads and the rushing wheel might find a less agreeable pastime than a voyage in a canoe from Newport Pagnell down to Turvey. Thus he might bathe himself

in the atmosphere which was breathed by no mean English poet, gliding beneath hills clothed with trees, or between wide meadows; but he would do well not to surrender himself unguardedly to the calm pleasure of plain sailing, lest he should rue his error lost in the mazes of a reed-bed. Failing this adventure his events will be the scream and flash of a kingfisher, or the sulky croak of a heron disturbed in his meal of freshwater mussels.

From Turvey to Bedford the journey is well enough for a while, but he must, indeed, be fond of water-ways who does not weary of those seven-fold wanderings of the river below Sharnbrook; and yet these also are sacred to the memory of a poet. It was here that Edward Fitzgerald used to dream and fish. Omar Khayyam and Cowper meet upon the Ouse.

Macmillan's Magazine.

J. C. Tarrow.

IN MEMORIAM.

CATHARINE GLADSTONE, June 14th, 1900.

Go, faithful heart; be his again once more!
How brief the space of parting! Oh, be free,
Be glad again, where on the further shore
He waits to welcome thee.

Mind conquers mind, and wit, a subtle spark,
Grows dim, and eloquence is soon forgot,
And warriors die, and moulder in the dark,
And men remember not.

Thou hadst no thought for greatness; it was fame
Enough for thee if one was reckoned great;
Enough to keep from fiery shafts of blame
One head inviolate.

God gave thee love whole-hearted, love to thrill
The colder, harder world that girt thee round,
A silent speeding ripple, widening still
To life's extremest bound.

The Spectator.

Arthur C. Benson.

THE PASSION-PLAY OF OBER-AMMERGAU.

[We are authorized to publish in anticipation—as especially interesting during the present year—a letter which will appear in the forthcoming volumes of “The Story of My Life.”]

To Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford.

Ober-Ammergau, June 2.—We have seen the Passion-Play. It is a day to have lived for; nothing can be more sublimely devotional, more indescribably pathetic.

“On Friday night we slept at Oberau, and drove here early on Saturday morning, finding the Lowthers at once in the village street, and spending most of that day in drawing with them. We went at once to the house of the Burgo-master to inquire where we were billeted. All the material part of life is most comfortably and economically arranged for visitors. I am quartered with St. Thomas, and all through the day one meets peasants with long hair, recalling Biblical figures. The Burgo-master’s beautiful daughter is the Virgin Mary. In a gracious and touching spirit of unselfish love all these villagers live together for mutual help and comfort. They have been trained under their late pastor, Aloys Dalsemberger, to regard the Passions-Spiel, which is the great event of their quiet lives, not only as a religious service of thanksgiving to which every talent and energy must be contributed for the glory of God, and a manifestation of gratitude for His preservation of them, but they are also taught to look upon it as an instrument which God’s grace has placed in their hands for the calling back of Europe to Christianity, through the dark mists of infidelity which have been creeping over it in the nineteenth century. And truly in this the actual visit to Ober-Ammergau may be as full

of teaching as the great representation itself—the simple contact with such men as ‘Christus Maier,’¹ as he is called, whose life’s work is “to endeavor to do God’s will *auf’s innersten*, and to be helpful to those around him.’ Here, in Ober-Ammergau—perhaps here alone—religion takes no heed of Roman Catholic or Protestant vagaries; the will of God, the example of Christ, those are the only guidance of life. In the five sermons of Dalsemberger preparatory to the Passion-Play of 1871,² there is not a single word which indicates Romanism. ‘Look, O disciples of Christ,’ says Dalsemberger to his people; ‘see your Master, how gentle, how kind He is, how mild in His intercourse with those around Him, how full of heartiest sympathy for their joys and sorrows. Then can you, in your intercourse with those around you, be grumbling, rough, discourteous, self-asserting, repellant and wanting in sympathy? Oh no! you could never endure to be so unlike your Master.’

“It is a beautiful place, a high upland mountain valley, covered with rich pastures and enamelled with flowers. A long street, or rather road, lined by comfortable detached timber houses, leads to the handsome church, around which the older part of the village groups itself above the clear, rushing Ammer, and is highly picturesque. Beyond the village, in the meadows overlooked by the peak of the Kofel, is the theatre where the great drama of the Passion is enacted, which, ever since 1634, has commemorated every tenth year the then deliverance of Ammergau from the plague which was devastating the neighboring villages.

“All through Friday it was curious to meet a succession of London ac-

¹ Joseph Maier, the eminent wood-sculptor.

² ‘Die Früchte der Passionbetrachtung.’

quaintances, and most unexpected ones, but from all being here with one object, no one was uncongenial. And all is so perfectly managed, there is no fuss or hurry; comfortable accommodation, good seats, excellent food are provided for all who are permitted to come, for the visitors for every performance are limited to the 2,000 for whom there is room; no unexpected persons, no excursionists are ever admitted. No thought of gain has ever the slightest influence upon the villagers, and the prices are only such as pay what is absolutely due.

"Yesterday morning, I imagine, no visitor could sleep after four, when their peasant hosts began to tramp overhead and clatter down the narrow oak staircases. Then, after an excellent breakfast of hot coffee, cream, eggs and toast, many visitors and all the people of Ober-Ammergau hurried to the six o'clock service in the church, where all the five hundred actors knelt with their pastor in silent prayer, and many of them received the Sacrament. At eight all were comfortably placed in their seats in the open-air theatre, and the soft wild music of Schutzgelster, which seems to come from behind the hills, preluded the performance.

"One might be seated in the Piazza del Popolo at Rome with one's back to the gate. There is the same vast intervening space, and the same three branching streets (the central closed by an inner theatre for tableaux), with marked buildings at the entrance. Only here those buildings are the houses of Annas, Calaphas and Pilate, and the streets are those of Jerusalem lined with Eastern houses, domes, and here and there a palm-tree, and they melt far away into lovely ethereal mountain distances, the real mountains of the Bavarian Alps. The performance begins when the spirit-chorus of eighteen persons, male and female, in many-colored tunics and mantles, advance in

stately lines from either side of the stage, and in a chaunt, weird but most distinctly audible, explain what is coming, and urge those present to receive it in a humble spirit of reverence and adoration of God. Then, on the central stage, begin the strange series of types and anti-types, and, as the veil falls the second time, the vast Hosanna-procession of five hundred men, women and children, singing, shouting and strewing palm-branches, appears down the distant streets, and, as it draws nearer, and the mountains resound with jubilant shouts and the whole air is ablaze with life and color, the serene, rapt, stately figure of the Christus, riding upon the ass, but even then spiritualized into absolute sublimity by the sense of his divine mission, comes for the first time before us. Afterwards, through the long eight hours of thrilling tension which follow, overshadowing the endless, almost wearisome, series of Old Testament scenes, drawing every heart and eye nearer to himself through the agony of the trial, the cross-bearing, the crucifixion, does that sublime figure become more familiar; never again can the thought of the God-man be severed from it. And in the great drama itself one sees all the rest, but one feels with, one lives for, the Christ alone; and the dignity of his lofty patience, unmoved from the holy calm which pervades his whole being even when four hundred savage Jews are shouting and jibing round in clamorous eagerness for his death, must be present with one through life.

"I cannot tell it all. Words fail and emotions are too much. Through that long day—oh! is it that day alone?—one knows how to live with, to suffer with Christ; one is raised above earth and its surroundings; one dies with Him to sin and suffering; one is raised with Him into heavenly places. After some hours England is forgotten, Germany is forgotten. You are a Jew. Jerusalem

is your home; all, *all* your interests are centred there; nothing earthly is of the very least importance to you except the great tragedy that is being enacted before your eyes. It is, perhaps, the humanity of Christ which is brought most forcibly before you; but oh! how divinely human, how humanly divine!

"Could one wonder that Mr. Vanderbilt, the American millionaire, said that he owed everything—everything for this world and the next—to Ober-Ammergau? It had unveiled and explained religion for him; it had made the Bible a living reality.

"I think of the Old Testament scenes, the Fall of the Manna is the most beautiful. More than four hundred Israelites, including a hundred and fifty children, are seen—groups of the most exquisite and harmonious color—with Moses and Aaron in the desert; and between you and them, and amongst and around them, falls mysteriously the soft, vaporous manna; whilst the chorus in sweet, wild, lingering monotone chaunt the beautiful hymn beginning—

'Gut ist der Herr, gut ist der Herr.'

"Of the New Testament scenes, the leave-taking with the family of Bethany is, perhaps, the most pathetic. It is an exquisite sunset scene. Huge olive-trees stretch their gnarled boughs overhead and are embossed against the amber sky; in the distance the village of Bethany stands out in the soft, blue mists of evening. Through the sunset comes the Christ in lingering last words with the sisters and Lazarus, and there, under the old trees, is their last farewell, touching indescribably, after which the weeping family return to Bethany, and he goes away, a soli-

tary figure upon the burnt hills in the twilight, to his death at Jerusalem.

"At Ober-Ammergau one, for the first time, realizes the many phases of the trial—in the house of Caiaphas, of Annas, of Pilate, of Caiaphas again, of Pilate again; and all is terribly real—the three crosses, for instance, so really heavy, that none but a very strong man can support them. One thinks better of Pilate after the performance, through which one has watched his struggles—his weary, hopeless struggles to save the life of Christ. Almost every act, nearly every word, is directly taken from the Gospel history. Amongst the few touches added is that of Mary the mother, accidentally arriving at Jerusalem, meeting the other Marys in one of the side streets and talking of the condemnation of a Galilean which has just taken place. Then, as the street opens, suddenly seeing the cross-bearing in the distance, and thrilling the whole audience with anguish in her cry of 'It is my son; it is Jesus!' The Last Supper is an exact reproduction of Leonardo's fresco, and many of the other scenes follow the great masters.

"How thrilling were the words, how almost more thrilling were the *silences* of Christ!"

"The evening shadows are beginning to fall as we see Christ raised on the cross. He hangs there for twenty minutes, and most indescribably sublime are the words given from thence. When all is over, it is so real, you think that *this time* death must really have taken place. The three crosses, the bound thieves, the fainting women, the mounted centurion, the soldiers drawing lots, all seem to belong to real events, enacted, not acted. The deposition of the dead Christ on the white sheet is a vast Rubens picture.⁴

³ "I know no guilt like that of incontinent speech. How long Christ was silent before He spoke, and how little He then said!"—Carlyle, in Reid's *Life of Lord Houghton*.

⁴ A passage in Richard Hord's sermons (vol.

ii.), which I had read long ago, would come back to me during this terrible hour. "In this awfully stupendous manner, at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half-confounded, was the grace of God to man at length manifested."

"The resurrection is more theatrical, but in the final scene where the perfect figure of the spiritual Christ is seen for the last time, he goes far away with his disciples and the Marys, and then, upon Olivet, in the midst of the group relieved against the golden sunset, he solemnly blesses his beloved ones, and whilst you gaze rapt, seems to be raised a little, and then you look for him and he is not.

The Argosy.

"Each one of the four thousand spectators then sits in a vast sense of loneliness amid the silent Bavarian hills. The long tension is over. The day is lived out. The Master we have followed we can follow no longer with material sight. He has suffered, died and risen from the grave, and is no longer with us; in the heavens alone can we hope to behold Him as He is."

Augustus J. C. Hare.

BRITISH VACILLATION IN CHINA AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Weariness, if not despair, must be the dominant feeling of the writer upon the Far East who takes up his pen once more, at this moment of latest and greatest crisis to discuss British policy in relation to the Chinese Empire. A dozen, perhaps a score of writers in this country know the Far East well, they have clearly foreseen what has been coming, they have persistently issued advice and warnings. As each fresh rebuff or crisis has confirmed their prophecies they have redoubled their appeals for something in the shape of a definite, consistent and supported policy. For all the effect they have had upon the Foreign Office they would have been more usefully employed in whitewashing its cellars.

Meanwhile, the great rival has withstood us to our face in the daylight, and sown tares in our fields in the night, and in the body we have tried to preserve, the process of decay has gone so steadily on that probably no political antiseptic will now be able to save it from dissolution. Suddenly—except to those who have cried from the watch-towers in vain—an appalling situation faces us;¹ every foreigner in Peking, including diplomatists, ladies and children, is virtually a prisoner, in imminent peril of outrage, torture

and death; a foreign relief force of 2,000 men has not been heard of for a week; the famous but old-fashioned Taku forts, having fired upon the foreign fleet at midnight, obviously by order of the Chinese Government, have been bombarded, blown up and occupied at a serious loss of foreign life; the railways are destroyed and all the telegraph wires are cut—if the 250 Europeans in Peking had been massacred eight days ago we should not know it yet; and all the foreign buildings at Peking, except the legations, including the large Roman Catholic Cathedral, upon the porch of which is an Imperial inscription hitherto supposed to guarantee it under all possible circumstances from injury at Chinese hands, and the buildings of the Chinese Maritime Customs, Chinese property and the bulwark of such Chinese solvency as exists, have been burned. The Western world has never found itself in such an embarrassing position in China before, and if, as seems probable at this moment, all the organized Chinese forces join in an attempt to expel the foreigner, and the always simmering rebellions of the south break into flame, as they are almost certain to do if the situation is prolonged, it is impossible to foresee the end or to say how the West is to re-establish its prestige and authority.

¹ I write on the 23rd of June.

England has been for fifty years the paramount Power in China. By the vast preponderance of her trade, the numbers of her nationals living and trading there, her experience of the East, her supply of capable administrators, her unquestioned command of the sea highway thither, the position of leader has naturally fallen to her among the nations. How she has acquitted herself of this responsible and proud task is sufficiently shown by the facts of the situation to-day as summarized above. The humiliation, the loss, the possible horrors, lie chiefly at the door of England. Her paramountcy is gone forever, beyond the faintest possibility of retrieval. That the openings for her trade will be largely curtailed is also no longer a matter of doubt. Our statesmen have been lamentably and conspicuously wanting in the energy necessary to the performance of their task, and as the most important problems have arisen during Lord Salisbury's present Government, it is the Cabinet of to-day that has done, or left undone, most to bring this injury upon the nation.

Since Lord Salisbury has been in office there have been several occasions when an intelligent appreciation of affairs, backed by bold and straightforward action, would have preserved the integrity of China, kept for all nations alike the huge actualities and greater potentialities of her trade and postponed indefinitely, if not forever, the dangers of a war over her partition. The ability of England to do this thing was far greater than that of any other country, for the simple reason that the world realizes that we are by fixed policy a free-trading nation, and that our object is to maintain open markets for all. The United States and Japan, with possibly Germany as well, would have supported us in diplomatic action directed to this end—indeed, when it became evident that nothing was to be

expected from Lord Salisbury, the United States Government took the matter up and secured assurances of definite adherence to the "open door" from every nation except Russia, whose reply was characteristically vague and unsatisfactory. But this was too late to prevent the absorption of Manchuria by a Power whose fixed policy is the prohibition of foreign trade, whereas there was plenty of time, after the intentions of Russia were plain to all the world, to secure a general declaration of open trade policy for all China forever, which no Power could have subsequently abrogated except by force of arms.

Sooner or later order will reign once more in Peking, there will be some central authority there, and the Ministers of the Powers will once more be about their business—or other Ministers if these are in their graves. Then England will have to profess a policy of some kind, and make an effort of some sort to carry it out. Beneath any policy there are a number of axioms, and so far as these are borne in mind that policy will stand a chance of success, and so far as they are overlooked it will once more fail. Expert opinion will differ somewhat, of course, concerning these axioms, but upon most of them, all who know the Far East, will be in substantial agreement, and my desire here is to set some of these plainly forth. Before doing so, however, it is essential to recall to public attention a few of the extraordinary lapses from common sense and common energy that have characterized our treatment of the Chinese problem during the last few years. So many other exciting events have overlaid them that they have probably passed out of public recollection.

Is it generally remembered, for instance, that the British Parliament passed a resolution formally declaring the integrity of China to be a British

concern? It meant nothing, and no action whatever was intended to follow it. It was tossed as a sop by a policyless Government to an uneasy House. Could anything have been more discreditable to the British Empire than this bit of feeble bluff? The Cassini Convention is even less likely to be recollected. In November, 1895, the Times published a telegram from a correspondent in Hong Kong, stating that a secret treaty had been signed between Russia and China, by which the former was conceded the right of anchorage for her fleet in Port Arthur, and the right to build railways across Manchuria to Vladivostok and Port Arthur. The Russian Embassy in London at once declared these statements to be "absolutely unfounded." On the 28th of October, 1896, the North China Daily News published the full text of this Convention, which was seen to place the whole of northern China virtually under Russian protection—Russia might station any force she pleased in this territory, raise and drill Chinese levies, develop mineral resources, fortify Port Arthur, Tallenwan and Kiaochao; if she found herself in danger of war, China bound herself not to cede strategical points to any other Power, and Russia undertook to defend China against other foreign encroachment. Again and again the British Government denied the existence of this Convention. Yet for six weeks the baggage of the Russian Minister in Peking was packed ready for his instant departure as soon as it was signed, and his carriages and mule litters stood ready all this time in the courtyard of the Russian Legation. The Times felt compelled by courtesy, in view of the official Russian denial, to repudiate its correspondent, but the English papers in the Far East persisted in the fact of the Convention, and, as I myself knew this correspondent intimately and the sources of his information, I wrote

at the time, "I am profoundly convinced that although the statement as to the conclusion of a private treaty may have been textually inaccurate, the broad fact is indubitable." It might have been thought that the Foreign Office would have inquired privately into the sources of so very serious a rumor. On the contrary, it simply informed Russia indirectly that she could not be allowed to possess herself of Port Arthur. On the 8th of February, 1898, Mr. (now Lord) Curzon reassured the House of Commons as follows:—

Up to now, Russia has done nothing in respect of Port Arthur which she has not been perfectly entitled, under treaty rights, to do. Russia has sent ships of war to Port Arthur; and if blame is to be attached to her for so doing, Her Majesty's government must be included in the accusation, for a fortnight ago we did exactly the same thing (Cheers). The right to send ships of war to Port Arthur is a right which we enjoy together with other Powers under the treaty of Tientsin, and *when the occasion arises, we shall do it again.*

On the 27th of March the "lease" of Port Arthur by China to Russia was signed by Li Hung-chang, Chang Chih-tung and M. Pavloff, the Russian representative in Peking, with the following as its Article VI:—

The governments of the two countries agree that as Port Arthur is solely a naval port, only Russian and Chinese vessels are to be allowed to use it, and it is to be considered a closed port as far as the war and merchant vessels of other Powers are concerned.

Thus, within seven weeks the remark of the Under-Secretary in the House of Commons was shown by events to be as ignorant in fact as it was flippant in form. The above "lease" was not generally known until the 3d of June,

when the Times published it. At once Lord Salisbury telegraphed to the British Ambassador in St. Petersburg to inquire if it was correct, and to instruct him, in that case, to point out to the Russian Government that Article VI was "quite inconsistent with the specific assurances of the Russian Government and with our treaty rights in Chinese ports." This infantile belief that the Russian Government would care a jot about "specific assurances" and "treaty rights" in a matter which Russia had so close at heart as the eventual mastery of northern China, when she knew perfectly well that a few sarcastically turned sentences in a despatch would be all she would have to bear for ignoring them, is of a piece with too much of our diplomacy for years past. Of course Russia pooh-poohed all the objections, with even less consideration for our feelings than usual. One course alone would have saved the situation. The treaty of Tientsin (1858) gives us "free and equal participation in all privileges, immunities and advantages that may have been, or may be hereafter, granted by His Majesty, the Emperor of China to the Government or the subjects of any other nation." Here was a clear issue—the deliberate infraction by Russia of the old standing treaty rights of all other nations. The British flagship—a more powerful vessel than any Russia had on the spot—should have been ordered to enter Port Arthur, by force if necessary, and to stay there until the affair was settled in accordance with the Treaty of Tientsin, the *Magna Charta* of the West in China. Every student of the international situation knows that Russia would not have accepted the gage of battle; but even if she had, it would have been better to fight her with the allies we should necessarily have had, on such an issue, than to postpone an inevitable conflict until she had queened

several more pawns. Before this, too, the British Government had committed a blunder without parallel in modern diplomacy for sheer ineptitude. The country and the House of Commons had become very restless at the prospect of the seizure of Port Arthur by Russia and the apparent failure of Lord Salisbury to take any steps to prevent this. Thereupon, besides the statement of Mr. Curzon quoted above about the ships, which was received with hearty cheers of relief in the House, the Admiralty circulated a list of ships' stations in the Far East containing these words: "At Port Arthur, Immortalité and Iphigenia." That is, we had two powerful cruisers at the danger-point to guard our rights. Naturally the country was much relieved and criticism ceased. Shortly afterwards Russia requested that these two ships should be withdrawn, and by an act of folly without equal, I repeat, in diplomatic annals, they were withdrawn—forever. And the country, after being quieted by the news of their presence there, was positively assured that their presence had possessed no signification whatever!

Once more a domestic storm broke upon the Government, and a dangerous discussion loomed ahead in the House. To stave off this—to have something to pacify its supporters with—the Government arranged with Japan, always ready to act with us in keeping China open, to occupy Wei-hai-wei when Japan evacuated it upon payment of the remainder of the war indemnity by China. Military and naval opinion, almost without exception has declared this place to be useless to us; the Government was besought by one of the first authorities upon strategy not to put any valuable stores there to be captured by the enemy or to keep the fleet idle in defending them; ten thousand men would be necessary to protect the place, and we have raised one solitary regiment of Chinese; a million sterling

would have to be spent in fortifications, and we have spent nothing; our vital interests, now that the partition of China has begun, are in the Yangtse Valley, and the Wei-hai-wei can no more defend that, as a great military authority has said, than a helmet upon a man's head would defend his vitals; the place, in fact, is an encumbrance to us from a naval point of view, while any commercial value it might have had has been destroyed by our voluntary promise to Germany not to construct a railroad from it to any other part of the province.

The list of further failures of our diplomacy in the Far East is far too long to pursue, but one or two others must be mentioned. We offered a large loan to China and strongly urged her to accept it. Russia forbade her, and she declined it. British capital was provided to build the railroad from Peking to Niu-chwang; Russia protested; we wrote many strongly-worded despatches; and then accepted the Russian insistence that the loan should not give the right to any lien upon the railway. The country became uneasy at the apparent neglect of our interests in the Yangtse Valley, but was once more relieved by the Government's assurance that an undertaking had been given by the Chinese Government safeguarding these interests. Three and a half months later this undertaking was issued to the public, but immediately withdrawn because the official copy contained Mr. Curzon's private marginal notes—"strictly speaking, this is not grammar," etc. It proved to be absolutely worthless. I quote the comment of the Times:—

Perhaps our light-hearted Under-Secretary of State would not mind even the ridicule with which his carelessness has covered him if it helped him to divert public attention from the substance of these documents. . . . In point of fact, this assurance up-

on which our Ministers have so often prided themselves as one of the great achievements of British policy in the Far East, turns out to be no assurance at all. No man in private life would invest a single sovereign on the strength of a declaration so evasive and illusory. . . . This is nothing more than an academic expression of opinion, which commits the Chinese Government to nothing. It might change its opinion tomorrow and cede half the valley, yet, were this a transaction between individuals to be submitted to an ordinary tribunal, we should simply be laughed out of court if we pretended to found a claim upon such a simulacrum of an assurance. . . . Is it not time for Her Majesty's Government to drop playing with phrases and to look at facts?

One of the facts was that not long afterwards a concession for a railway from Peking to Hankow, the great port in the very heart of the Yangtse Valley, was granted (in spite of Lord Salisbury's energetic protests—on paper) to a Belgian company, financed by the Russo-Chinese Bank—that is, by the Russian Government under one of its numerous aliases.

During the time these things were going on it was impossible for the country, through its Parliamentary representatives, to obtain prompt, accurate, or even straightforward information. One glaring example must suffice. When the British Government offered its loan to China and strongly urged acceptance, while Russia was successfully intriguing against it, Ministers in both Houses were sharply questioned as to the progress of negotiations. At the same hour of the same day these two absolutely contradictory answers were given. Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords:—

I am not going through the proposals; the negotiations are not concluded and it would not be right for me to do so.

Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons:—

The whole transaction is now a matter of ancient history. I mean the loan negotiations; they do not ask for the loan, and there is an end of it.

Again, the Times said: "It is difficult to be quite accurate about the Belgian concession because Lord Salisbury and Mr. Curzon are not in agreement about its history." In fact, Mr. Curzon's answers in Parliament became something of a public scandal, in proof of which strong statement it may suffice, to save space, to quote the remark of the Times that "we are lulled to sleep for months by Parliamentary statements of a more or less disingenuous character."

To conclude: the situation two years ago was that the policy imperatively required by British interests in China, and openly, indeed even defiantly, professed by the British Government, was hopelessly beaten and driven from the field. Once more I cite the Times, a strong supporter in other matters of Lord Salisbury's administration, since my own assertion to this effect might be regarded by those who have not followed the facts as a partizan utterance:—

It is most surprising that, after its failure and its utter impossibility have been clearly demonstrated, the Government should go on complacently behaving as if the open door policy were alive and winning all along the line. In the actual condition of affairs that policy is merely a snare and a delusion. The other policy for good or ill is dominant and inevitable. Each nation is taking in hand as much of China as she can deal with, and all are firmly resolved that British trade shall not, if they can help it, effect an entry into their areas. Are we to go on for ever trying to keep out the ocean with a mop or are we going to take the world as we find it, and to secure at least some area of

Chinese territory where British enterprise may have a chance? At present there are few indications that the problem has been seriously grappled with by the Government.

In view of such an outcome of British efforts, it would be too painful to characterize the following brave words spoken by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords:—

Not only have we not surrendered one iota of our treaty rights, but we have no intention of surrendering them, and though I will not make use of those high-sounding words which grate on the noble earl's nerves, I will say there is no effort which this country will not make rather than allow those rights to be destroyed.

"Words, words, words," only good to be laid away in the camphor of a student's note-book alongside Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's equally brave and equally empty declaration that "the Government were absolutely determined at whatever cost, even at the cost of war if necessary, that the door should not be shut."

Unless we thoroughly realize how badly we have done in the past, there is no hope that we shall do better in the future. The object of this brief but humiliating retrospect, therefore, is to exhibit the urgency of a complete change in our method of dealing with the Chinese problem. Two things are indispensable. First, a policy; second, a determination to carry it out. The second of these can be furnished only by the pressure of public opinion, but the former is a matter of discussion and knowledge, and the light of past experience. Hitherto we have had no policy at all; nobody can look at the Far Eastern record of the present Government and believe that at any time they had definitely decided what they wished to do, except from day to day, or at what

point they would stand fast. As the late German Minister to China said on his return, the action of England has been consistent in nothing except its vacillation. Now a determined and consistent policy must be based upon certain accepted truths, as essential to the resolution of our Chinese question, as the axioms are to the solution of a problem in Euclid. What, then, are the axioms founded in fact or inculcated by experience, of a British Far Eastern policy? I put forward the following as affording a basis for discussion:

1. *There is no such thing as "China."*

—We are accustomed to speak of "China" and "the Chinese people" as if they were distinct entities. This is an error at the bottom of many of our mistakes and confusions. We may use the word China as a convenient expression to connote a certain vast portion of the earth's surface, but in no more exact sense. What figures as China on the map is a number of districts, often separated from each other and from the centre by immense distances, differing widely in climate, resources and configuration, inhabited by people of largely varying race, temperament, habit, religion and language. The Mohammedans, of whom there are thirty millions, regard the Buddhists as irreligious foreigners. "The inhabitants of the central and northern provinces," says Mr. Keane, "scarcely regard those of the extreme southeast districts as fellow-countrymen at all." A native of Shanghai was heard to say, "There were seven Chinamen and two Cantonese." A man from Tientsin and a man from Canton can no more talk to each other than can a Frenchman and a Dutchman. Moreover, there exists between them a virulent race-hatred. I lost the best Chinese servant I ever had because, being from the north, nothing would induce him to accompany me in the south of China where his speech would have betrayed him. "Cantonese

velly bad man, master," he said to me; "I go home." This curious inter-hatred is conspicuous where Chinese from different parts of China meet together, as, for example, in Bangkok, or on the plantations in Malaya or the Dutch Indies. Savage faction-fights are of constant occurrence. Consequently it is easy to raise a force of Chinese in one place to fight Chinese in another. It is because there is no such thing as "China" that the military caste of the Manchus, comparatively infinitesimal in numbers, have been able to impose their rule upon the enormous masses of Chinese. Thus it is unwise to predicate anything of China as a whole, or to believe that what suits one part will necessarily suit another. To this extent the partition of China would rest upon a scientific and practical basis.

2. *"China" will not reform itself in any way.*—This axiom arises naturally from the preceding. Over the heterogeneous and conflicting masses of China there has never been any effective central control, and what control there has been has steadily grown weaker. The "Vermillion pencil" makes a faint mark in the south, while in the southwest and extreme northwest it has little but an academic influence, and on the Tibetan borders none at all. "Respect this!" appended to every imperial rescript in the Peking Gazette, is as far from actuality as the "Oyez" of the usher with us, or the challenge of the Queen's champion at the Coronation. There is, therefore, not the slightest possibility of the establishment by Chinese authority of a national army, or navy, or civil service. And the corruption which is the fatal curse of China is directly due to the fact that there is not, and cannot be, any central authority to exercise control over local officials, in the absence of this, to pay them. The Chinese people in the language of physics, is a mechanical mixture and not a chemical compound, and

therefore it is irresponsible to the action of any single re-agent, and incapable of exhibiting any common property.

It follows that the bogey of the "yellow peril," the conquest of Europe by the Chinese, and such-like anticipations, have no basis in fact. The late Mr. Charles Pearson started this in recent years, and the present Commander-in-Chief is said to share his view. When horses and dogs mutiny, and harness and muzzle men, China will invade Europe, and not before. The same fundamental misconception which invented this nightmare has led other writers into similar errors of predication. For instance, when war broke out between China and Japan, Mr. Curzon, at the end of two long and carefully reasoned letters to the Times, reached this imposing conclusion:

China pours upon the enemy an inexhaustible volume of men; her resources are almost illimitable; her patience is both colossal and profound. In a war in which her entire prestige and her continued domination of Eastern Asia were at stake, she would fight on and on, through defeat to victory, and would sooner perish than capitulate.

The war, it will be remembered, did not proceed along these lines. This misconception, however, is very widespread, and Mr. Curzon again fell a victim to it in his interpretation, in his well-known work upon the Far East, of the sudden enthusiasm for a complete railway system professed a few years ago by Chinese statesmen, for he wrote:—

The entire scheme, in fact, is China's reply to the Trans-Siberian Railway of Russia to Vladivostok—the prodigious effect of which upon the future of Asia, at present but scantily realized in this country, is clearly realized by a few Chinese statesmen—and is a warning to the Tsar that China does not mean to let Manchuria and the Sungari River

slip from her grasp quite as easily as she did the Amur and Ussuri Channels, and the provinces upon their northern and eastern banks.

Recent events add a pathos to the striking inaccuracy of this forecast.

Under the present *régime* what is true of the Chinese Government is true also of individual Chinamen. Many will recollect the remarkable paper signed (not written) by the Marquis Tsêng, in the Asiatic Quarterly Review, about fourteen years ago, called "The Awakening of China," in which he declared that the feet of China were at last upon the path of progress. When I was in Peking, Tsêng himself was regarded as little better than a "foreign devil," and he had not enough influence to procure me admittance to an ordinary temple. That arch-humbler, Li Hung-chang, after throwing dust in the eyes of generations of foreigners, is probably found out by everybody at last. If Russia succeeds in establishing herself in Peking, his day of reward will have dawned. His former secretary and interpreter, the remarkably able and accomplished Chinaman who now represents the Son of Heaven at the Court of St. James, is doubtless rejoicing that he is not in Peking at this moment, since, except under the wing of his old patron, his head would not be safe on his shoulders. For—and this might almost stand as an axiom by itself—every Chinaman who professes Liberal ideas and sympathy with Western nations is either assuming a convenient mask for a time, or else he has cut himself off so completely from his own people that they distrust and dislike him almost more than they do the foreigner himself. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the former is the case. Generations of education in China, combined with a strong hand and just treatment, will produce a class of Chinese as loyal to Western methods

as the Chinese of Singapore, who regard the British flag as their greatest asset—political, not commercial—but until then the attitude of the Chinese will be that of the coolie on the labor ship in Hong Kong harbor, who made an obscene remark about the Protector of Chinese as this official passed, and who, when the latter turned and gave him a sound rating in faultless Chinese, remarked to his neighbor with genuine surprise, "It talks like a human being!" Any and every "reform" in China must draw its motive power and its guidance from outside.

3. *Russian ambition has no limits.*—This is an important axiom—and not alone in the Far East—for we have hitherto acted in the belief that if Russia were conceded her immediate objects she would rest and be thankful. You might as well expect only half the stream to run down hill. Not until all peoples that on earth do dwell are safe within the fold of the Orthodox Greek Church, and the gaze of the double-headed eagle of Byzantium encircles the equator and the meridian of St. Petersburg, will Russian ambition be gratified. For her an imperative Divine command and a congenital territorial ambition point the same way. Nobody can have studied Russian diplomacy for years without conceiving a profound admiration of the skill and the patriotism which inspire it. And no contemporary sentiment is so foolish as that blind Russophobia unhappily not yet extinct among us. Russia will take all she can possibly get, and, like the rest of us, what she cannot get she will do without. Instead of abusing her it would be wiser to emulate her qualities and so seek to put a barrier in her way at the points where the interests of our own country become imperative. It is easy for a strong nation to come to a durable understanding with her—witness Germany and Austria. But we shall never do it by writ-

ing sarcastic despatches and making rude speeches, and then meekly accepting her fact accomplished to our injury. That is the policy of the boy who puts his finger to his nose and runs away—and it has been ours for too long.

There is no mystery whatever in Russian ambition in the Far East. It is to become the protector of China—to begin with. Given twenty years of that and she would be irresistible. This ambition was plainly announced by the great Muravieff-Amurski himself, the wonderful man who gave Russia the Amur and led her to the Pacific, almost in spite of herself. And a prohibitory tariff towards the trade of other countries follows her flag, *wie die Throne auf die Zwiebel*. British trade she has deliberately destroyed wherever she has come in contact with it. A very frank utterance on this point relieves anybody else from the need of making assertions about her objects in China. Prince Ukhtomsky, head of the last Russian Commission in Peking, director of the Russo-Chinese Bank, editor of the St. Petersburg *Viedomosti*, travelling companion and intimate friend of the Tsar, has stated that the policy of Russia is, first, to absorb China, under the ægis of the present dynasty; second, to exclude British trade; and third, to form a continental alliance with the object of crushing England.³ Dignity demands that we should deceive ourselves no longer. If it be indeed our lot to be wiped out by the "glacial movement" of Russia, let us, at least, like the soldier who desires to be shot with unbandaged eyes, perish looking steadily upon our fate.

4. *Japan is face to face with a life-and-death issue in the Far East.*—The future of Japan rides upon a dial's point at this moment, and well she knows it. If Russia once consolidate her position in northern China, and in

³ Quoted by Mr. Geoffrey Drage, M. P., in an interesting speech in the House of Commons.

another year this will be done, Japan has lost the future of her brightest hopes and may await the fulfilment of her worst fears. For a year to come Russia will do everything to conciliate her—even, I believe, going so far as to promise her the domination of Korea. If Japan strike at all, the blow must be delivered not later than six months hence. Then, with an army admirable in equipment, warlike in spirit, and half a million strong, and a fleet beginning with six battleships as powerful as any in the world, six new first-class cruisers, the best that European shipyards can turn out, and an ample supply of second-class cruisers, destroyers and transport, she may reasonably hope for victory. But the crisis is a terrible one for her, and a truly fearful responsibility rests upon her statesmen. It is needless to point out what an opportunity this situation gives to the statesmen of any Power on terms of cordial friendship with Japan, whose objects in the Far East are sure beforehand of Japanese sympathy.

These axioms, hastily and inadequately as they are set down here, must underlie, I venture to submit, any successful British policy in the Far East. And if this be so, it should not be difficult to deduce from them the broad outlines of such a policy. How the fast-rising flames of anti-foreign fury are to be subdued, and the old semblance of order re-established in China, is a problem past my solving. But when this is accomplished, be the time near or far, a more difficult task will await the statesmen of the West. So far as I can see, the solution will have to be sought along some such lines as these:—

1. China can only be ruled through the Chinese. Therefore, the Empress Dowager being deposed and deported, the Emperor must be replaced upon the throne, to rule by the advice of a Council of Chinese Ministers acting

under the control of a Council of representatives of the Powers. The suggestion that the capital should be removed to Nanking is probably a wise one, but Russia would exert all her influence to prevent it.

2. The whole of China must be thrown open to the foreign trade.

3. This can only be done when foreign troops, or foreign-led Chinese troops, are prepared to defend foreign merchants from molestation. Therefore, the open door policy being dead beyond resuscitation, and the partition of China in a limited sense inevitable, each Power should undertake to keep order in its own sphere. These spheres are already overtly or tacitly agreed upon. Korea would form the sphere of Japan, and any Power unwilling to accept this would have to make a different arrangement by force of arms.

4. Every Power would enter into a formal engagement with all the others that no duties beyond those agreed upon by all should be levied, that no preferential or differential railway rates should be imposed in its sphere, that no force should be raised beyond that necessary to keep order, and that all matters of intercommunication should be decided by the Council of foreign representatives.

5. England should invite the United States to address a communication to the Powers simultaneously with herself in this sense. The United States would probably not desire a sphere of their own, as there would be no advantage in having one under this scheme, except the prevailing use of one's own language in it, and the United States would find this advantage in the British sphere and be in the same position as other nations in all the other spheres and in the general control. As the American elections would be over by the time this proposal would be under discussion, there would be less difficulty in inducing an American administration

to take action. Moreover, if America should ever desire to relieve herself of special responsibility in the Philippines, these islands could be included in this Chinese union as the American sphere.

6. As there is nobody at the Foreign Office or in the diplomatic service with any expert knowledge of China, as our Consuls, who are experts, are far away, and as British dealings with the Far East have formed an almost unbroken series of blunders for some time past, a number of gentlemen possessing special qualifications for the task, beginning, I would suggest, with Professor Douglas, should be invited to form an advisory committee to be consulted when necessary by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The idea at the bottom of these proposals is that they would compel every nation to show her own hand, and place in the position of the common enemy the Power that would not co-operate for the equal common good. I am well

The Nineteenth Century.

aware of the difficulties in the way of such a policy as is here outlined, especially in the working of a *condominium* on so large a scale, and in the fact that Russia, apart from the sincerely pacific and conscientious aspirations of the Tsar himself, would rather keep China corrupt and weak than have her reformed and strong, and I am under no illusion as to my own lack of claims to formulate it, but I see no other alternative to international quarrels, and what I have written may, perhaps, serve as a basis for discussion, for only by open discussion and the consequent growth of a strong public opinion will anything be accomplished and British interests saved from the wreck which inept statesmanship has made of them. At any rate, even this cursory glance at our miserable record should be enough to show that something must be done by us at once, and something totally different from what we have done hitherto.

Henry Norman.

MRS. RADCLIFFE'S NOVELS.

Does any one now read Mrs. Radcliffe, or am I the only wanderer in her windy corridors listening timidly to groans and hollow voices, and shielding the flame of a lamp, which, I fear, will presently flicker out, and leave me in darkness? People know the name of "The Mysteries of Udolpho;" they know that boys would say to Thackeray at school, "Old fellow, draw us Vivaldi in the Inquisition." But have they penetrated into the chill galleries of the Castle of Udolpho? Have they shuddered for Vivaldi in face of the sable-clad and masked Inquisition? Certainly Mrs. Radcliffe, within the

memory of man, has been extremely popular. The thick, double-columned volume in which I peruse the works of the Enchantress belongs to a public library. It is quite the dirtiest, greasiest, most dog's-eared and most bescribbled tome in the collection. Many of the books have remained during the last hundred years, uncut, even to this day, and I have had to apply the paper knife to many an author, from Alciphron (1790) to Mr. Max Müller, and Dr. Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boszzy's "Life of Dr. Johnson." But Mrs. Radcliffe has been read diligently, and copiously annotated.

This lady was, in a literary sense, and though, like the sire of Evelina, he cast her off, the daughter of Horace Walpole. Just when King Romance seemed as dead as Queen Anne, Walpole produced that Gothic tale, "The Castle of Otranto," in 1764. In that very year was born Anne Ward, who, in 1787, married William Radcliffe, Esq., M.A. Oxon. In 1789 she published "The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne." The scene, she tells us, is laid in "the most romantic part of the Highlands, the northeast coast of Scotland." On castles, anywhere, she doted. Walpole, not Smollett or Miss Burney, inspired her with a passion for those homes of old romance. But the northeast coast of Scotland is hardly part of the Highlands at all, and is far from being very romantic. The period is "the dark ages" in general. Yet the captive Earl, when "the sweet tranquillity of evening threw an air of tender melancholy over his mind . . . composed the following sonnet, which (having committed it to paper) he, the next evening, dropped upon the terrace. He had the pleasure to observe that the paper was taken up by the ladies, who immediately retired into the castle." These were not the manners of the local Mackays, of the Sinclairs and of "the small but fierce clan of Gunn," in the dark ages.

But this was Mrs. Radcliffe's way. She delighted in descriptions of scenery, the more romantic the better, and usually drawn entirely from her inner consciousness. Her heroines write sonnets (which never but once *are* sonnets) and other lyrics on every occasion. With his usual generosity Scott praised her landscape and her lyrics, but, indeed, they are, as Sir Walter said of Mrs. Hemans, "too poetical," and probably they were skipped, even by her contemporary devotees. "The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne" frankly do not permit themselves to be

read, and it was not till 1790, with "A Sicilian Romance," that Mrs. Radcliffe "found herself" and her public. After reading, with breathless haste, through "A Sicilian Romance" and "The Romance of the Forest" in a single day, it would ill become me to speak lightly of Mrs. Radcliffe. Like Catherine Morland, I love this lady's tender yet terrific fancy.

Mrs. Radcliffe does not always keep on her highest level, but we must remember that her last romance, "The Italian," is by far her best. She had been feeling her way to this pitch of excellence, and, when she had attained to it she published no more. The reason is uncertain. Scott thinks that she may have been annoyed by her imitators, or by her critics, against whom he defends her in an admirable passage, to be cited later. Meanwhile, let us follow Mrs. Radcliffe in her upward course.

The "Sicilian Romance" appeared in 1790, when the author's age was twenty-six. The book has a treble attraction, for it contains the germ of "Northanger Abbey," and the germ of "Jane Eyre," and—the germ of Byron! Like "Joseph Andrews," "Northanger Abbey" began as a parody (of Mrs. Radcliffe) and developed into a real novel of character. So, too, Byron's gloomy, scowling adventures, with their darkling past, are mere repetitions in rhyme of Mrs. Radcliffe's Schedoni. This is so obvious that when discussing Mrs. Radcliffe's Schedoni, Scott adds in a note parallel passages from Byron's "Glaour." Sir Walter did not mean to mock, he merely compared two kindred spirits. "The noble poet" "kept on the business still," and broke into octosyllables, borrowed from Scott, his descriptions of miscreants borrowed from Mrs. Radcliffe.

"A Sicilian Romance" has its scene in the palace of Ferdinand, fifth Marquis of Mazzini, on the northern coast

of Sicily. The time is about 1580, but there is nothing in the manners or costume to indicate that, or any other period. Such "local color" was unknown to Mrs. Radcliffe, as to Clara Reeve. In Horace Walpole, however, a character goes so far in the mediæval way as to say "by my halidome."

The Marquis Mazzini had one son and two daughters by his first amiable consort, supposed to be long dead when the story opens. The son is the origin of Henry Tilney in "Northanger Abbey," and in General Tilney does Catherine recognize a modern Marquis of Mazzini. But the Marquis's wife, to be sure, is *not* dead; like the first Mrs. Rochester, she is concealed about the back premises, and, as in "Jane Eyre," it is her movements, and those of her gaoles, that produce mystery, and make the reader suppose that "the place is haunted." It is, of course, only the mystery and the "machinery" of Mrs. Radcliffe that Miss Brontë adapted. These passages in "Jane Eyre" have been censured, but it is not easy to see how the novel could do without them. Mrs. Radcliffe's tale entirely depends on its machinery. Her wicked Marquis, having secretly immured Number One, has now a new and beautiful wife, whose character, alas! does not bear inspection. This domestic position, as Number Two, as we know, was declined by the austere virtue of Jane Eyre.

"Phenomena" begin in the first chapter of "A Sicilian Romance," mysterious lights wander about uninhabited parts of the castle, and are vainly investigated by young Ferdinand, son of the Marquis. Meanwhile, Hippolitus the Chaste, loved all in vain by the reigning Marchioness, is adored by, and adores, her stepdaughter Julia. Jealousy and revenge are clearly indicated. But, in chasing mysterious lights and figures through mouldering towers, Ferdinand gets into the

very undesirable position of David Balfour, when he climbs, in the dark, the broken turret stair in his uncle's house of Shaws (in "Kidnapped"). Here is a *fourth* author indebted to Mrs. Radcliffe; her disciples are Miss Austen, Byron, Miss Brontë and Mr. Louis Stevenson! Ferdinand "began the ascent. He had not proceeded very far, when the stones of a step which his foot had just quitted gave way, and, dragging with them those adjoining, formed a chasm in the staircase that terrified even Ferdinand, who was left tottering on the suspended half of the steps, in momentary expectation of falling to the bottom with the stone on which he rested. In the terror which this occasioned, he attempted to save himself by catching at a kind of beam which suspended over the stairs, when the lamp dropped from his hand, and he was left in total darkness."

Can anything be more "amazing horrid," above all as there are mysterious figures in and about the tower? Mrs. Radcliffe's lamps always fall, or are blown out in the nick of time, an expedient already used by Clara Reeve in that very mild but once popular ghost story, "The Old English Baron" (1777). All authors have such favorite devices, and I wonder how many fights Mr. Stanley Weyman's heroes have fought, from the cellar to their favorite tilting ground, the roof of a strange house!

Ferdinand hung on to the beam for an hour, when the ladies came with a light, and he scrambled back to solid earth. In his next nocturnal research, "a sullen groan arose from beneath where he stood," and when he tried to force a door (there are scores of such weird doors in Mrs. Radcliffe) "a groan was repeated, more hollow and dreadful than the first. His courage forsook him"—and no wonder! Of course he could not know that the author of the groans was, in fact, his long-lost

mother, immured by his father, the wicked Marquis. We need not follow the narrative through the darkling crimes and crumbling galleries of this terrible castle on the north coast of Sicily. Everybody is always "gazing in silent terror," and all the locks are rusty. "A savage and dexterous banditti" play a prominent part, and the imprisoned Ferdinand "did not hesitate to believe that the moans he heard came from the restless spirit of the murdered della Campo." No working hypothesis could seem more plausible to Mr. Frederic Myers, but it was erroneous. Mrs. Radcliffe does not deal in a single avowed ghost. She finally explains away, by normal causes, everything that she does not forget to explain. At the most, she indulges herself in a premonitory dream. On this point she is true to common sense, without quite adopting the philosophy of David Hume. "I do not see that spirits have appeared," she remarks, "but if several discreet, unprejudiced persons were to assure me that they had seen one—I should not be bold or proud enough to reply, it is impossible!" But Hume *was* bold and proud enough; he went further than Mrs. Radcliffe.

Scott censures Mrs. Radcliffe's employment of explanations. He is in favor of "boldly avowing the use of supernatural machinery," or of leaving the matter in the vague, as in the appearance of the wraith of the dying Alice to Ravenswood. But, in Mrs. Radcliffe's day, common sense was so tyrannical, that the poor lady's romances would have been excluded from families, if she had not provided normal explanations of her groans, moans, voices, lights and wandering figures. The ghost hunt in the castle finally brings Julia to a door, whose bolts, "strengthened by desperation, she forced back." There was a middle-aged lady in the room, who, after steadily gazing on Julia, "suddenly exclaimed,

"My daughter!" and fainted away." Julia being about seventeen, and Madame Mazzini, her mamma, having been immured for fifteen years, we observe in this recognition the force of the maternal instinct.

The wicked Marquis was poisoned by the partner of his iniquities, who anon stabbed herself with a poulard. The virtuous Julia marries the chaste Hippolitus, and, says the author, "in reviewing this story, we perceive a singular and striking instance of moral retribution."

We also remark the futility of locking up an inconvenient wife, fabled to be defunct, in one's own country house. Had Mr. Rochester studied the "Sicilian Romance," he would have shunned an obsolete system, inconvenient at best, and apt in the long run to be disastrous.

In the "Romance of the Forest" (1791) Mrs. Radcliffe remained true to Mr. Stanley Weyman's favorite period, the end of the sixteenth century. But there are no historical characters or costumes in the story, and all the persons, as far as language and costume go, might have been alive in the year 1791.

The story runs thus: One de la Motte, who appears to have fallen from dissipation to swindling, is, on the first page, discovered flying from Paris and the law, with his wife, in a carriage. Lost in the dark on a moor, he follows a light, and enters an old lonely house. He is seized by ruffians, locked in, and expects to be murdered, which he knows that he cannot stand, for he is timid by nature. In fact, a ruffian puts a pistol to La Motte's breast with one hand, while with the other he drags along a beautiful girl of eighteen. "Swear that you will convey this girl where I may never see her more," exclaims the bully, and La Motte, with the young lady, is taken to his carriage. "If you return within an hour you will

be welcomed with a brace of bullets," is the ruffian's parting threat.

So La Motte, Madame La Motte and the beautiful girl drive away, La Motte's one desire being to find a retreat safe from the police of an offended justice.

Is this not a very original, striking and affecting situation; provocative, too, of the utmost curiosity? A fugitive from justice, in a strange, small, dark, ancient house, is seized, threatened and presented with a young and lovely female stranger. In this opening we recognize the hand of a master genius. There *must* be an explanation of proceedings so highly unconventional, and what can the reason be? The reader is *empoigné* in the first page and eagerly follows the flight of La Motte, also of Peter, his coachman, an attached, comic, and familiar domestic. After a few days the party observe, in the recesses of a gloomy forest, the remains of a Gothic abbey. They enter; by the light of a flickering lamp they penetrate "horrible recesses," discover a room handsomely provided with a trapdoor, and determine to reside in a dwelling so congenial, though as La Motte judiciously remarks "not in all respects strictly Gothic." After a few days La Motte finds that somebody is inquiring for him in the nearest town. He seeks for a hiding-place, and explores the chambers under the trapdoor. Here he finds in a large chest—what do you suppose he finds? It was a human skeleton! Yet in this awful vicinity he and his wife, with Adeline (the fair stranger) conceal themselves. The brave Adeline, when footsteps are heard, and a figure is beheld in the upper rooms, accosts the stranger. His keen eye presently detects the practical trapdoor, he raises it, and the cowering La Motte recognizes in the dreaded visitor—his own son, who had sought him out in filial affection.

Already Madame La Motte has be-

come jealous of Adeline, especially as her husband is oddly melancholy, and apt to withdraw into a glade, where he mysteriously disappears into the recesses of a Gothic sepulchre. This, to the watchful eyes of a wife, is proof of faithlessness on the part of a husband. As the son Louis really falls in love with Adeline, Madame La Motte becomes doubly unkind, and Adeline now composes quantities of poems to Night, to Sunset, to the Nocturnal Gale and so on.

In this uncomfortable situation, two strangers arrive in a terrific thunderstorm. One is young, the other is a Marquis. On seeing this nobleman, "La Motte's limbs trembled, and a ghastly paleness overspread his countenance. The Marquis was little less agitated," and was, at first, decidedly hostile. La Motte implored forgiveness—for what?—and the Marquis (who, in fact, owned the Abbey, and had a shooting lodge not far off) was mollified. They all became rather friendly, and Adeline asked La Motte about the stories of hauntings, and a murder said to have been, at some time, committed in the Abbey. La Motte said that the Marquis could have no connection with such fables; still there *was* the skeleton.

Meanwhile, Adeline had conceived a flame for Theodore, the young officer who accompanied his colonel, the Marquis; on their first visit to the family, Theodore, who returned her passion, had vaguely warned her of an impending danger, and then had failed to keep tryst with her, one evening, and had mysteriously disappeared. Then unhappy Adeline dreamed about a prisoner, a dying man, a coffin, a voice from the coffin, and the appearance within it of the dying man amidst torrents of blood. The chamber in which she saw these visions was most vividly represented. Next day the Marquis came to dinner, and, *though reluctantly*,

consented to pass the night; Adeline, therefore, was put in a new bedroom. Disturbed by the wind shaking the mouldering tapestry, she found a concealed door behind the arras and a suite of rooms, *one of which was the chamber of her dream!* On the floor lay a rusty dagger! The bedstead, being touched, crumbled, and disclosed a small roll of manuscripts. They were not washing bills, like those discovered by Catherine Morland in "Northanger Abbey." Returning to her own chamber, Adeline heard the Marquis professing to La Motte a passion for herself. Conceive her horror! Silence then reigned, till all was sudden noise and confusion; the Marquis flying in terror from his room, and insisting on instant departure. His emotion was powerfully displayed.

What had occurred? Mrs. Radcliffe does not say, but horror, whether caused by a conscience ill at ease, or by events of a terrific and supernatural kind, is plainly indicated. In daylight the Marquis audaciously pressed his unholy suit, and even offered marriage, a hollow mockery, for he was well known to be already a married man. The scenes of Adeline's flight, capture, retention in an elegant villa of the licentious noble, renewed flight, rescue by Theodore, with Theodore's arrest, and wounding of the tyrannical Marquis, are all of breathless interest. Mrs. Radcliffe excels in narratives of romantic escapes, a topic always thrilling when well handled. Adeline herself is carried back to the Abbey, but La Motte, who had rather not be a villain if he could avoid it, enables her again to secure her freedom. He is clearly in the power of the Marquis, and his life has been unscrupulous, but he retains traces of better things. Adeline is now secretly conveyed to a peaceful valley in Savoy, the home of the honest Peter, who accompanies her. Here she learns to know and value the fam-

ily of La Luc, the kindred of her Theodore (by a romantic coincidence), and, in the adorable scenery of Savoy, she throws many a ballad to the Moon.

La Motte, on the discovery of Adeline's flight was cast into prison by the revengeful Marquis, for, in fact, soon after settling in the Abbey, it had occurred to La Motte to commence highwayman. His very first victim had been the Marquis, and, during his mysterious retreats to a tomb in a glade in the forest, he had, in short, been contemplating his booty, jewels which he could not convert into ready money. Consequently, when the Marquis first entered the Abbey, La Motte had every reason for alarm, and only pacified the vindictive aristocrat by yielding to his cruel schemes against the virtue of Adeline.

Happily for La Motte, a witness appeared at his trial, who cast a lurid light on the character of the Marquis. That villain, to be plain, had murdered his elder brother (the skeleton of the Abbey), and had been anxious to murder, it was added, his own natural daughter—that is Adeline! His hired felons, however, placed her in a convent, and, later (rather than kill her, on which the Marquis insisted), simply thrust her into the hands of La Motte, who happened to pass by that way, as we saw in the opening of this romance. Thus, in making love to Adeline, the Marquis was, unconsciously, in an awkward position. On further examination of evidence, however, things proved otherwise. Adeline was *not* the natural daughter of the Marquis, but his niece, the legitimate daughter and heiress of his brother (the skeleton of the Abbey). The MSS. found by Adeline in the room of the rusty dagger added documentary evidence, for it was a narrative of the sufferings of her father (later the skeleton), written by him in the Abbey where he was imprisoned and stabbed, and where his

bones were discovered by La Motte. The hasty nocturnal flight of the Marquis from the Abbey is thus accounted for; for he had probably been the victim of a terrific hallucination; whether veridical or merely subjective, Mrs. Radcliffe does not decide. Rather than face the outraged justice of his country, the Marquis, after these revelations, took poison. La Motte was banished; and Adeline, now mistress of the Abbey, removed the paternal skeleton to "the vault of his ancestors." Theodore and Adeline were united, and virtuously resided in a villa on the beautiful banks of the Lake of Geneva.

Such is the "Romance of the Forest," a fiction in which character is subordinate to plot and incident. There is an attempt at character drawing in La Motte, and in his wife; the hero and heroine are not distinguishable from Julia and Hippolitus. But Mrs. Radcliffe does not aim at psychological niceties, and we must not blame her for withholding what it was no part of her purpose to give. "The Romance of the Forest" was, so far, infinitely the most thrilling of modern English works of fiction. "Every reader felt the force," says Scott, "from the sage in his study, to the family group in middle life," and nobody felt it more than a young gentleman of nineteen, who, when asked "how his time was employed," answered, "I read no Civil Law." He did read Mrs. Radcliffe, and, in "The Betrothed," followed her example in the story of the haunted chamber where the heroine faces the spectre attached to her ancient family.

"The Mysteries of Udolpho," Mrs. Radcliffe's next and most celebrated work, is not (in the judgment of this reader, at least) her masterpiece. The booksellers paid her what Scott erroneously calls "the unprecedented sum of 500*l.*" for the romance, and they must have made a profitable bargain. "The public," says Scott, "rushed upon it

with all the eagerness of curiosity, and rose from it with unsated appetite." I arise with a thoroughly sated appetite from "The Mysteries of Udolpho." The book, as Sir Walter saw, is "The Romance of the Forest" raised to a higher power. We have a similar and similarly situated heroine, cruelly detached from her young man, and immured in a howling wilderness of a brigand castle in the Apennines. In place of the Marquis is a miscreant on a larger and more ferocious scale. The usual mysteries of voices, lights, secret passages and innumerable doors are provided, regardless of economy. The great question, which I shall not answer, is, *what did the Black Veil conceal?* Not "the bones of Laurentina," as Catherine Morland supposed.

Here is Emily's adventure with the veil. "She paused again, and then with a timid hand lifted the veil; but instantly let it fall—perceiving that what it had concealed was no picture, and before she could leave the chamber she dropped senseless on the floor. When she recovered her recollection, . . . horror occupied her mind." Countless mysteries coagulate around this veil, and the reader is apt to be disappointed when the awful curtain is withdrawn. But he has enjoyed, for several hundred pages, the pleasures of anticipation. A pedantic censor may remark that, while the date of the story is 1580, all the virtuous people live in an idyllic fashion, like the creatures of Rousseau, existing solely for landscape and the affections, writing poetry on Nature, animate and inanimate, including the common Bat, and drawing in water colors. In those elegant avocations began, and in these, after an interval of adventures "amazing horrid," concluded the career of Emily.

Mrs. Radcliffe keeps the many entangled threads of her complex web well in hand, and incidents which puzzle you at the beginning fall naturally

into place before the end. The character of the heroine's silly, vain, unkind and unreasonable aunt is vividly designed (that Emily should mistake the corse of a moustached bandit for that of her aunt is an incident hard to defend). Valancourt is not an ordinary spotless hero, but sows his wild oats, and reaps the usual harvest; and Annette is a good sample of the usual *soubrette*. When one has said that the landscapes and bandits of this romance are worthy of Poussin and Salvator Rosa, from whom they were probably translated into words, not much remains to be added. Sir Walter, after repeated perusals, considered "Udolpho" "a step beyond Mrs. Radcliffe's former work, high as that had justly advanced her." But he admits that "persons of no mean judgment" preferred the "Romance of the Forest." With these persons I would be ranked. The ingenuity and originality of the "Romance" are greater; our friend the skeleton is better than that Thing which was behind the Black Vell, the escapes of Adeline are more thrilling than the escape of Emily, and the "Romance" is not nearly so long, not nearly so prolix as "Udolpho."

The roof and crown of Mrs. Radcliffe's work is "The Italian" (1797), for which she received 800l.¹ The scene is Naples, the date about 1764; the topic is the thwarted loves of Vivaldi and Ellena; the villain is the admirable Schedoni, the prototype of Byron's lurid characters.

"The Italian" is an excellent novel. The Prelude, "the dark and vaulted gateway," is not unworthy of Hawthorne, who, I suspect, has studied Mrs. Radcliffe. The theme is more like a theme of this world than usual. The parents of a young noble might well try to prevent him from marrying an

unknown and penniless girl. The Marchese Vivaldi only adopts the ordinary paternal measures; the Marchesa, and her confessor, the dark-souled Schedoni, go farther—as far as assassination. The casultry by which Schedoni brings the lady to this pass, while representing *her* as the originator of the scheme, is really subtle, and the scenes between the pair show an extraordinary advance on Mrs. Radcliffe's earlier art. The mysterious Monk who counterworks Schedoni remains an unsolved mystery to me, but of that I do not complain. He is as good as the dweller in the Catacombs who haunts Miriam in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." The Inquisition, its cells and its tribunals are colored

as when some great painter dips His pencil in the gloom of thunder and eclipse.

The comic valet, Paulo, who insists on being locked up in the dungeons of the Inquisition merely because his master is there, reminds one of Samuel Weller, a Neapolitan Samivel. The escapes are Mrs. Radcliffe's most exciting escapes, and to say that is to say a good deal. Poetry is not written, or not often, by the heroine. The scene in which Schedoni has his dagger raised to murder Ellena, when he discovers that she is his daughter, "is of a new, grand and powerful character" (Scott), while it is even more satisfactory to learn later that Ellena was *not* Schedoni's daughter after all.

Why Mrs. Radcliffe, having reached such a pitch of success, never again published a novel, remains more mysterious than any of her Mysteries. Scott justly remarks that her censors attacked her "by showing that she does not possess the excellences proper to a style of composition totally different from that which she has attempted." This is the usual way of reviewers. Tales that fascinated Scott, Fox, and

¹ I like to know what the author got, and wish that Sir Walter Besant would publish historical statistics.

Sheridan, "which possess charms for the learned and unlearned, the grave and gay, the gentleman and clown," do not deserve to be dismissed with a sneer by people who have never read them. Following Horace Walpole in some degree, Mrs. Radcliffe paved the way for Scott, Byron, Maturin, Lewis, and Charlotte Brontë, just as Miss Burney filled the gap between Smollett and Miss Austen. Mrs. Radcliffe, in short, kept the Lamp of Romance burning much more steadily than the lamps which, in her novels, are always blown out, in the moment of excited appre-

hension, by the night wind walking in the dank corridors of haunted abbeys. But mark the cruelty of an intellectual parent! Horace Walpole was Mrs. Radcliffe's father in the spirit. Yet, on September 4, 1794, he wrote to Lady Ossory: "I have read some of the descriptive verbose tales, of which your Ladyship says I was the patriarch by several mothers" (Miss Reeve and Mrs. Radcliffe?). "All I can say for myself is that I do not think my concubines have produced issue more natural for excluding the aid of anything marvellous."

The Cornhill Magazine.

Andrew Lang.

UNTIL THE DAY DAWN.

Silence and Night were alone in the forest; afar was the sound
of the sea,
That moaned on its shores with a presage low of the storm
about to be;
The dark clouds drooped like banners of death, and the tops of
the tall trees bowed;
For a wind came forth, and after the wind a Voice, from the
midst of the cloud.
And the stars went out, and the forest trembled, knowing the
Voice of God;

And He cried:

"Is this well that thou doest, O Man? Did I make
thee a shedder of blood?
I gave thee the Earth and the fruits thereof, the sun and the
wind and the rain;
Child and wife to thy bosom; have these My gifts been given
in vain?
I gave thee the breath and the beauty of dawn, the service and
splendor of day;
The seed and the sap of thy thought, and the skill of thy
fashioning hands that obey;
I gave thee the strength of the morning, and wrought thee the
curtains of darkness deep
To fold over labor and patience and pleasure the sweetness
and solace of sleep.
But My dawns are red with the shame of the flame that thy
passions have kindled and fed,

And My Earth cries aloud unto Me from her hills and her plains with their burden of dead.
 Lo, where is the joy of the harvest? My seasons have nourished the growth of the grain,
 Yet the garnerers are empty. But Death has garnered his harvest of terror and pain.
 For the songs of thy labor are turned into thunder and clamor and clash of the fight;
 Thou takest no joy from the glory of day, no enfolding of peace from the night;
 Thy wife and the child that I gave thee are heavy with mourning and wasted with tears,
 And the power and strength of thy manhood is lavished and lost at the crown of thy years.
 Art thou weary of light and of gladness? Desirest thou bloodshed and darkness of death?
 Arise now and answer, O Man whom I made in My likeness and filled with My breath."

Then the night gathered back into silence. But, fainting, there passed on the wind as it went
 An infinite murmur of anguish and pain, irretrievable loss and lament;
 Till a curse clove it sharply asunder and flung up a challenge of wrath fierce and bold:—
 "Judge Thou! Is it *we* who have pandered to power? Is it *we* who have grasped after gold?
 As sheep we were driven to slaughter, our eyes have been dazzled and blinded with lies;
 Judge Thou; are we guilty, that knew not? The curse be on those who have played for the prize.
 Judge Thou!"

The storm burst on the forest; the wild-beating fury and blast of the rain,
 The roar of the wind in the trees, were as voices of Earth in her passion and pain;
 The quick, jagged spear of the lightning flashed forth from the terror and gloom of the sky,
 And the thunder rolled far to the end of the heavens its sullen and angry reply.

Then, slowly, the night gathered silence again, with sighs for delight of release;
 The stars in their places shone forth, and the breath of the wind was as healing and peace;
 And there rose in the darkness a song,—on the wings of the wind it swept loftily by,—
 While the trees waved as banners of triumph before the unclouded clear arch of the sky.

"Thou gavest us life, and we loved it; yet went with the gift of
our life in our hand;
And our blood has baptized to a life that is newer and stronger
the length of the land.
We gave it for Freedom, and freely; nor feared we the sure
shaft of death when it came;
We were shedders of blood, we were givers of blood; we are
sharers of glory—not shame.
Oh, sweet were the dawn and the day! and the strength of our
manhood was joyous as wine;
And the light of the eyes that we loved was more lovely when
tears made their tenderness shine;
But the voice that had called us was stronger than these,—per-
chance though we knew not its name;—
But we knew there were those that must yield up their lives;
and we counted it glory—not shame!"

Then the silence sank down like a dove in the heart of the for-
est, that waited and kept
The long, solemn watches of night.

And at last came an answer:

"The eyes that have wept
Shall be lightened, the bruised shall be healed, and the people
shall lift up their faces again,
And the songs of their love and their labor be heard; and the
Earth shall be cleansed from her slain.
The word of My promise is sure; I have spoken; I change not,
nor fail, nor forget;
For the thunders of War *shall* be hushed, and the Earth shall
learn Peace. But the time is not yet."

So the Night, with the voice of its storm, and the clouds and
the darkness passed slowly away;
And the Dawn softly stirred in the East, and came forth in the
glow of her glorious array.
And the heart of the world, that had slept, woke and beat; and
God blessed it, and gave a New Day.

Ada Bartrick Baker.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Whatever faults one may find with it in detail, there can be no question that the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1900 is, as a whole, a great achievement, at all events in a spectacular sense. Perhaps, indeed, one may come to the conclusion that the buildings themselves whether regarded in *coup d'œil* or separately, are really of greater interest than their contents. Specialists in various subjects will, no doubt, find matter for study among the classes of exhibits in which they may respectively be interested, but for the general crowd of visitors, the Exhibition will present itself as a vast and picturesque spectacle,¹ an architectural and artistic fairy-land of palaces and domes and towers and sculptured decoration. Not all of it, to be sure, is immaculate in taste; even as temporary structures for a festal occasion some of the buildings present too rampant a spirit of *rococo*; though it is fair to remember that most of these are but temporary erections—

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them"—

and that what would be impertinent in permanent architecture may claim indulgence as a temporary picture. But it is impossible that the most purist of critics should not be impressed with the extraordinary vigor and vitality of invention and modelling displayed in that part of the Exhibition—the largest and most important part—which is directly due to French influence and to French artists. The row of pavilions of foreign Powers, extending along the left bank of the river, from the Pont de

l'Alma to the Pont des Invalides, and designed mostly by foreign architects, is, no doubt, an important feature in the show, and has a most picturesque effect as seen from the river; but nearly all these, when considered in detail, are seen to be merely imitation architecture, characteristic of the different countries which they represent. But the French edifices are all pure invention, the offspring of the alert and vivacious artistic genius of the country. The buildings of the Chicago Exhibition, with which the Paris Exhibition is inevitably compared, were more classic and more dignified in style, but they were mostly formed on antique models, whereas the French buildings of the Paris Exhibition are an outbreak of sheer originality. This spirit of artistic invention crops out in all the minor details as well as in the more prominent features of the Exhibition. Wherever you turn, there is nothing commonplace or done in a commonplace manner. Look, for instance, at the timber bridge which crosses the public road south of the Pont de l'Alma, with its characteristic and picturesque open timber towers and light egg-shaped wrought-iron cupolas over them. Even the high wooden palisading which seems to wind all about Paris, forming the enclosure of the Exhibition, has been the subject of a special design, simple but exceedingly effective. The one discordant note (and a terribly loud one) is to be felt when one sees how from every point of view, amid the maze of turrets and cupolas—

The Eiffel Tower, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies—

falsifying the whole scale of the Exhibition and of Paris itself; looking close

¹ It is amusing to notice, in this connection, that the street people in Paris all refer to the Exhibition as "La Foire."

to us when it is really far off; an ungracious presence which one can never shake off. If only the French had had the sense, after the close of the 1889 Exhibition, to demolish this bumptious piece of ironmaster's brag, erected in defiance of the protests of the whole artistic world of Paris, it might have been forgotten by this time—forgotten, but not forgiven.

Indeed, the permanent results on the city of these vast shows, though not all of them as exasperating as the Eiffel Tower, are to be considered. Every demonstration on such a scale as the 1889 Exhibition and the present one must leave a great scar, so to speak, on the face of Paris; and even when this is healed, each one has wiped out forever some part of the history and topography of the city; and as there seems to be a kind of necessity to make every successive show bigger than the previous one, the ultimate consequences are unpleasant to contemplate. Even for the moment, Paris seems to be more turned inside out by the Exhibition than one would wish. The Pont d'Iena is unrecognizable, save for its two fat horses at each end, whose pedestals are no longer terminations to the balustrade, but stand in the middle of the roadway, which has been widened by jutting out a series of steel cantilevers from the stone piers. The highroad to Sèvres and Versailles, which used to run past the end of the bridge, has been sunk into a deep cutting, with long inclines to carry it under the Exhibition; the concrete walls of this cutting, by the way, being duly decorated with stencilled ornament, to bring them into harmony with the environment. The Exhibition is, indeed so mixed up with the city that it is difficult sometimes to be quite sure when you are in it and when you are not. After entering at the Trocadéro end, for instance, I got on a river steamer at the Pont d'Iena, in order to get a view of the buildings

from the river, but on being landed near the Pont de l'Alma found that I was outside the sacred fence, and had to deliver up another coupon ticket for re-admission. And the influence of the Exhibition extends beyond its boundaries, not always pleasantly. There used, for instance, to be an open-air *café* at one side of the Avenue de Neuilly in the Bois de Boulogne, where you could sit under trees in the warm summer night and listen to an excellent string and wind band, and regret that London climate and customs allowed of no such way of spending an evening. But this year the Avenue de Neuilly has become a bear garden, a kind of Bartholomew Fair; the musical *café* has gone, the avenue is festooned with lamps from tree to tree, lined with merry-go-rounds, shooting stands and curiosity-shops, and hideous with noises and with the dust and tobacco-smoke of the festive proletariat. If this transformation is permanent, it will hardly form an agreeable reminiscence of the Exhibition year, either to Parisians or visitors.

Fortunately, however, the permanent structures which the Exhibition of 1900 will leave behind it as a record—the two art palaces and the new bridge over the Seine—are of a very different character from that monstrous iron tower, which is the most prominent record of the 1889 Exhibition. In these we have the hand, not of the advertising engineer, but of the artist. Before speaking of them more particularly, however, it may be as well to take a general survey of the situation. The present Exhibition, like that of 1889, is arranged in two main territories: the larger on the Champ de Mars site, following the axis of the Trocadéro and the Eiffel Tower, on a line running southeast, and terminated at its lower end by the great *Gallerie des Machines* erected for the 1889 Exhibition. The smaller territory is that on the Esplan-

nade des Invalides site, running nearly due south from the left bank of the Seine towards the Invalides, and laid out axially with the centre of that celebrated building. In this respect we may notice in passing, the careful attention which the French always pay to the setting out of groups of buildings in reference to a central axial line which governs the whole laying out of the site; a principle as habitually neglected in English cities as it is habitually kept in view in French ones. In London nothing is central with anything else—even the Albert Hall and Albert Memorial, built about the same time and in connection with the same idea, are out of line with each other—while in Paris almost every great street and great building is laid out on a central axis; one of the causes to which is to be attributed the superior stateliness of Paris as a city. The two territories of the Exhibition, each thus complete and axial in itself, are wide apart at the northern end, where they are connected by the long sweep of the *Quai d'Orsay*, and converge towards each other at the southern end, though still at a considerable distance, the *Avenue de la Motte Picquet* connecting them. The main difference in the site of the present as compared with the previous Exhibition is that on both sites the Exhibition this year has crossed the Seine northwards. The *Champ de Mars* territory extends across the river (including, as already observed, the *Pont d'Iéna*) right up to the *Trocadéro*, which, in fact, forms one of the main entrances. The *Invalides* territory extends right up to the *Avenue des Champs Elysées*, crossing the Seine by a wide new bridge, the *Pont Alexandre III*, which also is included in the Exhibition grounds, but which remain afterwards as one of the permanent public bridges over the Seine. On the space between the northern end of the bridge and the

Avenue des Champs Elysées are erected the two great permanent art palaces—the *Grand Palais*, an immense building, to the west of the axial line; the building relatively called the *Petit Palais* (though even this is a very large and sumptuous edifice) to the east, the two facing each other, of course centrally, across a wide space of garden and drive. These stand partly on the ground formerly occupied by the *Palais de l'Industrie*, a building one can well spare, since it was quite unworthy of French art and of the position it occupied.

It is in this group of structures that the great glory of the present Exhibition consists. The bridge is one of the most remarkable erections of the kind in modern times. Structurally it is a steel bridge, forming one large arch in very flat lines, the level of the roadway having been kept as low as possible consistently with getting the requisite headway over the river, in order not to interfere in any way with the view of the façade and dome of the *Invalides* at the southern end of the vista—a quite sufficient reason in France, but one which would never occur to any Government or public body in England. The main design of the bridge is the joint work of two architects, *MM. Bernard and Cousin*, and two engineers, *MM. Résal and Alby*; the engineers being responsible for the structure, and the architects for the details of the design. What a contrast to the procedure in London, where the County Council are spending half a million of public money on a bridge in which the engineer is to be allowed to bungle the decorative details as he pleases, and an architect, we are told, cannot be employed because it would hurt the feelings of the engineer! The massive bronze lamp standards on the bridge are designed by one of the most gifted of the younger French sculptors of the day, *M. Gauquélé*, who has shown a

special aptitude for decorative design. The entry to the bridge at each end is flanked by a lofty stone *pylon* at either side, on the line of the parapet; these are architectural erections decorated with angle columns, the whole of the most refined and careful design, and each forms a pedestal to a rearing winged Pegasus led by a nude "Genius," the whole of these figures being entirely gilt. Whether these erections would have quite the same effect in a more northern atmosphere may be doubted, but in the clear air of Paris, and under the bright sky of early June, the clean and delicate lines of the freshly cut stonework and the sparkle of the gilded sculpture against the intense blue of the sky combined to produce a perfectly beautiful effect; in certain positions the sunlight seemed actually to shine *through* the thin wings of the horses, though this was most likely an effect of reflected light from another part of the gilt surface. Then at the base of each pedestal, facing outward from the bridge, is a colossal carved emblematical figure, seated, the two facing the Champs Elysées side representing "Mediæval France," by M. Lenoir, and "Modern France," by M. Michel; those on the southern side, "Renaissance France," by M. Coutan, and "Louis Quatorze France," by M. Marqueste; four of the first French sculptors of the day having thus contributed to the decoration of the new bridge. Finally, the approach to each end of the bridge is flanked by lions led by cupids, carved in stone by M. Gardet, one of the finest animal sculptors in France. That is what goes to make a new bridge in Paris. Is it not enough to make every Englishman who cares about art blush for his country, where, for a similar work, an engineer and a trading stonemason would be thought sufficient?

Now let us look at the two palaces. The Grand Palais, the joint design of

three architects, MM. Thomas, Deglane, and Louvet, is really two buildings in combination; the larger portion on the plan of an inverted *L*, having its front parallel with the axis of the bridge; the smaller block, which contains the centennial art exhibition, is placed across the stem at the *L* at a slightly oblique angle, so as to present a façade parallel with the Avenue d'Antin, towards which it faces. The two are, however, externally combined very cleverly into one design. The main portion of the building, which contains the exhibition of contemporary art (the art of the last ten years), has a double-story range of galleries running round a central court of the same shape as the exterior of the building; the lower range of galleries are, of course, side-lighted, the upper ones top-lighted. The building is on an immense scale, and the principal façade, facing the central drive, is a noble-looking architectural monument in a freely-treated classic style, the main walls of the wings being set back behind a colonnade, and the upper part of the walls behind the colonnade decorated in the upper portion with a ceramic frieze. The central entrance is flanked by figures representing, on one side, Greek, Roman, Byzantine and Egyptian art, and on the other side, the arts of painting, sculpture, architecture and engraving. The colonnades and colossal sculptures, all executed in a fine and perfectly white stone, have an imposing effect. The drawback to the general monumental effect of the building is that it is all roofed with glass, which shows conspicuously above the stone sub-structure. This was, perhaps, unavoidable if it was to be adequately lighted as a range of picture galleries—at all events, it was the easiest and readiest way of securing ample light; and, as a matter of architectural truthfulness, it was better to show the glass roof frankly than to endeavor to mask

it behind a false stone screen; still, it cannot be denied that it injures the effect of the building. The Petit Palais opposite, designed by M. Girault, is a finer work of architecture than the large palace; it is somewhat in the same character of architecture externally, but has escaped the deteriorating effect of glass roofing, and is, on the whole, more refined in detail. But the beauty of the building is only fully appreciated after making acquaintance with the interior, which is a most original architectural conception. Going through the principal entrance, at the top of a lofty flight of steps and furnished with finely-designed gilt metal folding gates, we find ourselves in a central vestibule roofed by a dome, and with a great gallery of the same width, but raised several steps above the floor of the vestibule, stretching on either hand the whole length of the building; the pilasters on the walls are of a pink veined marble, the roofs being covered with modelled decoration in plaster, rather too restless in style, but showing that facility and invention in decorative detail which meet us at every turn in the Exhibition. Opening from the back of this front block is a semi-circular open court, laid out as a garden, and surrounded by an open colonnaded walk with marble columns, raised two or three steps above the garden. Outside of this semi-circular colonnade is a double range of galleries on the plan of a semi-hexagon, the sides tangent to the walls of the semi-circular colonnade. Seen from the garden, this colonnade, with the loftier wall of the gallery rising behind it, and crowned with a balustrade and beautifully designed colored and gilt vases, has a charming effect, and strikes one as something quite new in modern architecture. The front of the small palace

is decorated with some very fine sculpture; a figure over the principal entrance representing Science, by M. Carlés, a panel representing the City of Paris surrounded by the Arts, by M. Injalbert, and bas-relief figures in the spandrels² of the doorway arches, by M. Peynot. Altogether, the Petit Palais is a building well worth seeing for its own sake, independently of its contents, which may be passed over here. As far as it is filled, it is an archæological museum, and not directly connected with the main objects of the 1900 Exhibition. After the Exhibition is over, the building will become the property of the Municipality of Paris, and be used as a museum; this is a *quid pro quo* for the subscription of twenty million francs given by the Municipality towards the cost of the Exhibition.

Coming out again on to the central roadway between the palaces, one should not omit to notice the fine effect of the view looking southward from this point; the two stately palaces, one on each hand; then the pylons of the bridge, with their gilt sculpture; then the variegated outline of the two parallel lines of white buildings of the Exhibition, flanking the lower portion of the Esplanade des Invalides; and in the extreme distance the dome of the Invalides closing the vista. It is not often one sees such a stately piece of effect; and then, as an enthusiastic young American lady observed, "It is so interesting to think that Napoleon rests under that dome."

The large palace is to be the permanent home of the annual Salon, and is certainly the finest which the "Société des Artistes Français" has ever had, though, when one looks at the immense extent of wall space in these ranges of galleries, one rather trembles to think of the possible results of an attempt to

² A "spandrel," in architectural phraseology, is the nearly triangular space left on each side of an arch between the outer curve of the arch

and any horizontal line, such as a cornice, above it. It is a favourite position for sculptural decoration.

fill them all. It is the weak point of the Salon that its exhibition spaces, ever since it went into the Palais de l'Industrie, have always been too large to be filled except by the more than doubtful expedient of admitting a great number of paintings of very mediocre merit; and here we have, as far as the eye can judge, the promise or threat of even larger spaces, except in the central sculpture court, which is not so large as that of either the Palais de l'Industrie or the Galerie des Machines. And in this present Universal Exhibition there is no doubt that the sculpture court is inconveniently and undesirably crowded, especially as a considerable number of the exhibitors seem to have been aiming at quantity rather than quality, and making bids for fame by colossal monuments and equestrian statues. The result is a crowd, in which you cannot isolate any work sufficiently to enjoy it; and as, moreover, the numbers were not even yet fixed to the works (eight weeks after the nominal "opening" of the Exhibition), and one could not find out what they were, I will not attempt any remark on them here, except to note that, according to the catalogue, all the best French sculptors of the day are represented, though not always by their best works; that it is a pity that the late M. Falguère is represented only by two of his portrait statues in costume, "La Rochejaquelein" and "Cardinal Lavigèrie," instead of by any of his imaginative nudes; and that an Italian sculptor (I forget his name, and indeed it is better concealed) has perpetrated a life-size bronze group of a set of drunken monks, one of the most detestable pieces of vulgarity I ever saw in sculpture, which has been purchased by the Italian Government for a public museum—a pretty piquant indication of the condition of artistic taste in modern Italy. Most of the leading English sculptors, Mr. Gilbert excepted,

are represented, but their comparatively small and delicate work is completely lost amid the crowd of huge and often violent compositions of the sculptors of some other nationalities—French included, unhappily, for French sculpture is showing alarming signs of forsaking its first love and running after sensationalism.

One piece of American sculpture challenges attention, as it is placed separately in the balcony, outside the American picture galleries—namely, Mr. St. Gaudens's alto-relief called the Shaw monument, representing an officer riding with drawn sword, a group of young infantry soldiers, who troop along with him, forming the background of the subject. This has been illustrated and greatly praised in American magazines (which have a way of blowing very large trumpets for American art), and it unquestionably has the noble and excellent quality of sincerity and earnestness, but it seems also an indication that American sculpture has not yet attained that mystic and indefinable something called *style*; it strikes one for its moral rather than its artistic quality.

The French have devoted one-half of the space in the building to French art, the remainder being divided among foreign nations—an apportionment of space which can hardly be complained of; they have had the labor and cost of getting up the show, and it is natural that they should reserve the lion's share in it for their own art. The ground floor galleries need not trouble us much; they contain the padding; the important section is in the top-lighted galleries on the upper floor. On the whole, the French show in pictures hardly seems equal to that of 1889, and certainly a good many works of little interest are hung. Still, there are a number of fine pictures to be seen, many of them old acquaintances that one is only too glad to meet again. M.

Gerôme does not exhibit, nor, among less celebrated names, does that original and as yet little-known artist, M. Ridel, whose "*Dernières Fleurs*" was one of the most charming pictures in this year's Salon. Among the prominent works are M. Gervais's noble "*Jugement de Paris*," one of the finest pieces of color in modern painting, and M. Harpignies's "*La Loire*;" M. Dagnan-Bouveret's "*Bretannes au Pardon!*" M^{me}. Demont-Breton's "*Dans l'eau bleue*;" M. Tattégren's horrible, but probably only too true, picture of a chapter in mediæval warfare, "*Les Bouches Inutiles*;" M. Bonnat's remarkable portrait of Renan, and M. Béraud's picture of Christ and the Magdalen translated into modern Parisian life, which has been the parent or suggestion for a number of pictures based on a similar idea, and without the merit of originality which certainly belongs to this one. M. Benjamin-Constant's portrait of the Queen, somewhat artificial in lighting and color, is, in its way, one of the most remarkable works in the gallery, and his "*Urban II entering Toulouse*" one of the largest, but not of an artistic value commensurate with its area in square yards. M. Bouguereau, the prince of correct and elegant painters, is, of course, largely represented, and his small work, "*Idylle enfantine*," is one of the sweetest things he has painted; it may be a question whether his children are not better than his classic nudes; they have expression, at all events, while the nudes serve to show how learned and admirable an executant a painter may be, and yet leave you perfectly uninterested in his work. Here, too, the younger generation may make acquaintance with the work of Jules Breton, who

has almost ceased practically to belong to the present generation; some of his earlier works also are to be found in the Centennial Exhibition. M. Chartran's two great plough-oxen again illustrate "*St. François d'Assise au labor*," a monumental work which one is glad to meet again; his group of portraits under the title "*Signature du Protocole de Paix entre l'Espagne et les Etats-Unis*" is obviously a new work, which will have historical interest. M. Detaille's chivalrous picture, "*Sortie de la Garnison de Huningue*," one of the most interesting and characteristic of war pictures, one is glad to see again; and M. Rouffet again affords a cynical amusement to the British mind by his immense picture, "*Fin de l'épopée*," illustrating Victor Hugo's elaborately worked-up fable (or shall we use a stronger word?) that the real cause of the loss of the battle of Waterloo was the accidental mishap of the French cavalry in tumbling into an unexpected ravine when in full charge; the artistic value of the work is not such as to atone for the bravery of the fiction. Among other remarkable works is M. Henri Martin's "*Chacun sa Chimère*," not a sort of painting one cares to see too much of—the literary element is too strong in it; but it broke new ground, and left an inefaceable impression on the mind; nor has its author since then produced anything equally powerful in an intellectual sense, though he has produced better pictures in a decorative sense. French landscape is not as largely represented as one could wish, but there are two of the best of M. Quignon's works, two by M. Didier-Pouget, two by M. Lamy (which I did not see), and a whole collection of M. Cazin's beau-

² As usual in French exhibitions, it is impossible to find any picture you see in the catalogue except by chance. Really a general insurrection ought to be made against that preposterous and exasperating method of cataloguing pictures which the French calmly persist in; the result of num-

bering the pictures before they are hung instead of after. It is too ridiculous. You see a number on a picture, but you have not an idea where to find it in the catalogue; you see an artist's name in the catalogue, but you have not an idea where to find his work. At the Salon this year

tiful small landscapes, works which show the perfection of style in landscape painting.

The English school—or shall we say English painting? since the French critics deny that we have any “school”—is not as well represented as one could wish; that is to say, many eminent artists are represented, but few of them by their best works. The only prominent English artists who are seen here at their best are, perhaps, the late Henry Moore, whose splendid sea in “The Race of St. Albans” ought to be a lesson to French sea painters, and Mr. Dicksee, whose “A Confession” is certainly the best thing he has ever done. To be sure one must remember that the selection is limited to the last ten years, and perhaps during that period “The Return of Persephone” and “The Old Garden” may be considered adequate presentments of the art of Leighton and Millais respectively; there are other works of each, but these are the most important. Mr. Watts has only a landscape. Mr. Mark Fisher is not represented (he would have been appreciated by the French), and what is still worse, Mr. Sidney Cooper is. But though the English collection might well have been a stronger one, there is enough as it is to give one the satisfactory feeling that France and England are ahead of every other country in painting. The Americans, it is true, have Mr. Abbey and Mr. Sargent, but they are very exceptional Americans, and, beyond their works, the American gallery is a collection of mediocrities. As to Italy, the less said the better. The Germans, with their characteristic vigor and thoroughness, have got up and decorated their galleries better than any other nation; their columned ex-

edrae, black plinth and gold walls, and frieze of emblematic animals, are very effective; but the general style of the paintings hung in these sumptuous rooms is coarse and their color harsh. If Providence had given the Germans artistic genius in proportion to their energy and ambition, there would, indeed, be another story to tell.

The block containing the Centennial Exhibition, examples of French art since the commencement of the century, is connected with the main building by a portal of communication, which leads to a very fine central circular domed hall in two stories, with a wide gallery running round it; on the upper floor are wide centre galleries stretching right and left the whole length of the building, with a vista from end to end across the domed hall. On the ground floor the central space is occupied by sculpture halls, and on both stories there is a range of picture galleries outside of the central halls. The selection of works has been made on the principle of not admitting anything which was included in the similar department of the 1889 Exhibition, one result of which is that this collection is not quite equal to the 1889 one; the best things had been shown already; but still there is a great deal of interesting work. In the downstairs picture galleries are placed the earlier paintings of the century, including a considerable number of the works of Ingres and Delacroix, some of them rather *passé* in style, but others furnish very fine examples of the French art of that period. In the centre galleries upstairs is a collection of studies and drawings by French masters—sketches by Chapu, Legros, Delaunay and others of the later deceased artists; a powerful red

Mr. Harpignies had only one small and inconspicuous work; seeing his name in the catalogue, I wanted to find this, but after a half an hour's hunt had to give it up and appeal to an official, who in his turn had to appeal to another; between the two they at last found it. Had the pic-

tures been numbered consecutively, as at the Academy, it could have been found in half a minute. The fact that most French artists sign their pictures legibly is one's only chance of finding out what they are.

chalk study of nude men at a forge, by Puvis de Chavannes, giving a new side of that artist's work; portrait studies by Cabanel, figure studies by Jules Breton, etc. The opposite side contains studies by an earlier generation of artists—Prud'hon, Géricault and others. In the circular hall is a fine collection of French sculpture of the earlier part of the century (mostly), not equal, certainly, either in power of modelling or intensity of conception and expression to the finest work of the last twenty years, but nevertheless containing much fine work by Rude, Jouffrey, Idrac, David d'Angers (whose statue of Cuvier is a work of great power), Dubois, Giraud and others; while among the later men we find Pradier and Carpeaux well represented. In one of the side galleries downstairs is a collection of furniture, mostly of the First Empire period, but containing also some very fine examples in Louis Seize style, for the style survived into the present century, though the unhappy king for whom it was named did not.

To these remarks on the artistic centre of the Exhibition we have only space to add a few notes on the remainder of the Exhibition buildings considered in their general aspect. If we follow the aforesaid vista southward toward the Invalides, we pass between two ranges of temporary buildings which are rather too exuberant in style, but which present some fine effects of color from the decorative pictures with which they are adorned. The buildings, flanking the entrance opposite the Invalides building, form however, one of the best bits of the Exhibition, with their recessed semi-circular porticos, delicate spirelets in white and gold sparkling against the sky, and on the outside, towards the road, two beautiful bas-reliefs symbolical of Industrial Art. Returning northwards to the foot of the new bridge, we find, going westwards along the Quai d'Orsay, one

of the most picturesque portions of the Exhibition—the row of pavilions of foreign Powers which line the river bank. Italy comes first with a sumptuous erection to which reminiscences of Venice, the Florence Cathedral, and the Certosa at Pavia, have all contributed. Turkey follows with its white mass of buildings and colored tiles. Denmark shows a pretty timbered pavilion, with carved woodwork; the United States a stately erection, with a dome over which is the eagle with outspread wings, while internally the stars and stripes banner is repeated in every possible position. If we had flaunted the Union Jack everywhere in the British pavilion in the same way, it would have been called "bad taste," but the British pavilion is a sober reproduction of an English Jacobean mansion, admirably finished and fitted internally, and apparently much appreciated by the crowds who keep filing through it. Belgium shows a Late Gothic Hôtel de Ville; Norway a red timber building, with white window frames and an interior redolent of nets, cordage, models of ships, and a pleasant sea-faring scent over everything (notice the piquant treatment of the stair-newels, with their walrus heads); Germany a sumptuous pavilion, too obviously "made in Germany," and covered with decorative painting of a robust character; Finland a most characteristic little house, one of the most piquant things in the Exhibition. Spain shows a dignified piece of Spanish Renaissance; "little Monaco" has made a most spirited show; Sweden shows an extraordinary and preposterous erection covered with red tiles; Greece a small building of Byzantine type, with red-tiled cupolas. Whatever one may find to criticize in the individual buildings, the whole make a most picturesque show, especially as seen from the river. On the opposite (right) bank of the river the most noticeable ob-

jects are the great pavillon of the City of Paris, appropriately designed with something of a Hôtel de Ville type about it, and filled with illustrations of the work of the Municipality; the restoration of "Vieux Paris," which looks picturesque at a distance, but is not worth entering—it is at best a tawdry piece of sham antique; and the large "Palais de l'Economie Sociale," one of the most dignified erections in the Exhibition.

Coming to the upper end of the Champ de Mars, we find on either hand large masses of building of extraordinary effectiveness in a sense, and certainly of extraordinary boldness and originality. Here, as everywhere else, we are struck with the French facility and vigor in modelling, and the lavish use of the figure in decoration; nude figures everywhere, hanging on cornices and ledges as if blown there by the wind, with their feet kicking out into the air; always well and vigorously designed, but a little too omnipresent. The view is closed at the lower end of the Champ de Mars by the Palais de l'Electricité, a most brilliant bit of improvisation in

which the building seems to symbolize something of the flashing and restless character of electricity; and in the centre of it the vast architectural cavern of the Château d'Eau, whence issue cascades of water, to be illuminated at night by colored light, to the delight of the festive Parisian. This may be called pronounced and rampant *rococo*, no doubt, but it is impossible to deny that there is a touch of genius in it.

In conclusion, let it be said, that while the Paris Exhibition is a remarkable effort of French genius, it is to be hoped that Paris will now be left in peace for a considerable period. The cost to her, in every sense, of such shows recurring at such short periods as the eleven years which separate this from the 1889 Exhibition, and that from its predecessor, is too great to be regarded without alarm. Once in a generation is often enough for such an Exhibition, to exhibit the progress made in arts and industries during that period, and it will be well if a quarter of a century is allowed to elapse before such another effort is made.

H. Heathcote Statham.

The Fortnightly Review.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE SEA.

Quite recently it was suggested by the writer of an article in the *Spectator* that Shakespeare was now but little read,—that while his works were quoted from as much as ever, the quotations were obtained at second hand, and that it would be hard to find to-day any reader who had waded through all that wonderful collection of plays and poems. This is surely not a carefully made statement. If there were any amount of truth in it, we might well regard such a state of things as only

one degree less deplorable than that people should have ceased to read the Bible. For next to the Bible there can be no such collection of writings available wherein may be found food for every mind. Even the sailor, critical as he always is of allusions to the technicalities of his calling that appear in literature, is arrested by the truth of Shakespeare's references to the sea and seafaring, while he cannot but wonder at their copiousness in the work of a thorough landsman. Of course, in this

respect it is necessary to remember that Elizabethan England spoke a language which was far more frequently studded with sea-terms than that which we speak ashore to-day. With all our vast commerce and our utter dependence upon the sea for our very life; its romance, its expressions take little hold of the immense majority of the people. Therein we differ widely from Americans. In every walk of life from Maine to Mexico, from Philadelphia to San Francisco, the American people salt their speech with terms borrowed from the sailor, as they do also with other terms used by Shakespeare, and often considered by Shakespeare's countrymen of the present day, quite wrongly, to be slang.

In what is, perhaps, the most splendidly picturesque effort of Shakespeare's genius, "*The Tempest*," he hurls us at the outset into the hurly-burly of a storm at sea, with all the terror-striking details attendant upon the embaying of a ship in such weather. She is a passenger ship, too, and the passengers behave as landmen might be expected to do in such a situation. The Master (not Captain be it noted, for there are no Captains in the merchant service) calls the boatswain. Here arises a difficulty for a modern sailor. Where was the mate? We can not say that the office was not known, although Shakespeare nowhere alludes to such an officer, but this much is certain, that for one person who would understand who was meant by the mate, ten would appreciate the mention of the boatswain's name, and that alone would justify its use in poetry. In this short colloquy between the Master and the boatswain we have the very spirit of sea-service. An immediate reply to the Master's hail, and an inquiry in a phrase now only used by the vulgar, bring the assurance "Good;" but it is at once followed by "Speak to the mariners, fall to't yarely, or we

run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir." Having given his orders the Master goes—he has other matters to attend to—and the boatswain heartens up his crew in true nautical fashion, his language being almost identical with that used to-day. His "aside" is true sailor,—"Blow till thou burst thy wind, if [we have] room enough." This essentially nautical feeling that given a good ship and plenty of sea-room there is nothing to fear, is alluded to again and again in Shakespeare. He has the very spirit of it. Then come the meddlesome passengers, hampering the hard-pressed officer with their questioning and advice!—until, exasperated beyond courtesy, he bursts out: "You mar our labor. Keep your cabins. You do assist the storm." Bidden to remember whom he has on board, he gives them more of his mind, winding up by again addressing his crew with "cheerly good hearts," and, as a parting shot to his hinderers, "Out of our way, I say."

But the weather grows worse; they must needs strike the topmast and heave-to under the main-course (mainsail), a manœuvre which, usual enough with Elizabethan ships, would never be attempted now. Under the same circumstances the lower main-topsail would be used, the mainsail having been furled long before because of its unwieldy size. Still the passengers annoy, now with abuse, which is answered by an appeal to their reason and an invitation for them to take hold and work. For the need presses. She is on a lee shore, and in spite of the fury of the gale sail must be made. "Set her two courses [mainsail and foresail] off to sea again, lay her off." And now the sailors despair and speak of prayer, their cries met scornfully by the vallant boatswain with "What, must our mouths be cold?" Then follows that wonderful sea-picture beginning Scene II, which remains unapproachable for vigor and truth. A little

farther on comes the old sea-superstition of the rats quitting a foredoomed ship, and in Ariel's report a spirited account of what must have been suggested to Shakespeare by stories of the appearance of "corposants" or St. Elmo's fire, usually accompanying a storm of this kind, and in answer to Prospero's question, "Who was so firm?" etc., Ariel bears incidental tribute to the mariners,—"All but mariners plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel," those same mariners who are afterwards found, their vessel safely anchored, asleep under hatches, their dangerous toll at an end.

In the "Twelfth Night" there are many salt-water allusions no less happy, beginning with the bright picture of Antonio presented by the Captain (of a war ship?) breasting the sea upon a floating mast. Again, in Act I, Scene 6, Viola answers Malvolio's uncalled for rudeness, "Will you hoist sail, Sir?" with the ready idiom, "No, good *swabber*, I am to hull [to heave-to] here a little longer." In Act V, Scene 1, the Duke speaks of Antonio as Captain of a "bawbling vessel—for shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;" in modern terms a small privateer that played such havoc with the enemy's fleet that "very envy and the tongue of loss cried fame and honor on him." Surely Shakespeare must have had Drake in his mind when he wrote this.

Who does not remember Shylock's contemptuous summing up of Antonio's means and their probable loss?—"Ships are but boards, sailors but men, there be land rats and water rats, water thieves and land thieves—I mean pirates; then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks."—Act I, Scene 3. In this same play, too, we have those terrible quicksands, the Goodwins, sketched for us in half a dozen lines: "Where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried." Act III, Scene 1; and in the last scene of the last act Antonio

says his "ships are safely come to road," an expression briny as the sea itself.

In the "Comedy of Errors," Act I, Scene 1, we have a phrase that should have been coined by an ancient Greek sailor-poet: "The always-wind-obeying deep," and a little lower down the page a touch of sea-lore that would of itself suffice to stamp the writer as a man of intimate knowledge of nautical ways: "A small spare mast, such as seafaring men provide for storms." Who told Shakespeare of the custom of sailors to carry spare spars for jury masts?

In "Macbeth," the first witch sings of the winds and the compass card, and promises that her enemy's husband shall suffer all the torments of the tempest-tossed sailor without actual shipwreck. She also shows a pilot's thumb "wrack'd as homeward he did come." Who, in these days of universal reading, needs reminding of the allusion to the ship-boy's sleep in Act III, Scene 1, of "Henry IV," a contrast of the most powerful and convincing kind, powerful alike in its poetry and its truth to the facts of Nature? Especially noticeable is the line where Shakespeare speaks of the spindrift: "And in the visitation of the winds Who take the ruffian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds."

"King Henry VI," Act V, Scene 1, has this line full of knowledge of sea usage: "Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee." Here is a plain allusion to the ancient custom whereby all ships of any other nation, as well as all merchant ships, were compelled to lower their sails in courtesy to British ships of war. The picture given in "Richard III," Act I, Scene 4, of the sea-bed does not call for so much wonder, for the condition of that secret place of the sea must have had peculiar fascination for such a mind as Shakespeare's. Set in

those few lines he has given us a vision of the deeps of the sea that is final.

A wonderful passage is to be found in "Cymbeline," Act III, Scene 1, that seems to have been strangely neglected, where the Queen tells Cymbeline to remember—

The natural bravery of your isle,
which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring
waters;
With sands that will not bear your
enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast.

And again in the same scene, Cloten speaks of the Romans finding us in our "salt-water girdle."

But no play of Shakespeare's, except "The Tempest," smacks so smartly of the brine as "Pericles," the story of that much enduring Prince of Tyre, whose nautical mishaps are made to have such a miraculously happy ending. In Act II, Scene 1, enter Pericles, wet, invoking heaven that the sea, having manifested its sovereignty over man, may grant him one last boon,—a peaceful death. To him appear three fishermen characteristically engaged in handling their nets, bullying one another and discussing the latest wreck. And here we get a bit of sea-lore that all sailors deeply appreciate. "3rd Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh; a plague on them! they ne'er come but I looked to be wash'd." Few indeed are the sailors, even in these steamship days who have not heard that the excited leaping of porpoises

The Spectator.

presages a storm. The whole scene well deserves quotation, especially the true description of the whale (rorqual) "driving the poor fry before him and at last swallows them all at a mouthful." Space presses, however, and it will be much better for those interested to read for themselves. Act III, Scene 1, brings before us a companion picture to that in the opening of "The Tempest," perhaps even more vivid; where the terrible travail of the elements is agonizingly contrasted with the birth-wall of an infant, and the passing of the hapless Princess. Beautiful indeed is the rough but honest heartening offered by the laboring sailors, broken off by the sea-command to—

1st Sailor. Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and split thyself.

2nd Sailor. But sea-room, an' the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

Bolins, modern "bowlines," were anciently used much more than now. At present they are slight ropes which lead from forward to keep the weather edges (leaches) of the courses rigid in light winds when steering full and bye. But in olden days even topgallant sails had their bolins, and they were among the most important ropes in the ship. Then we have the sea-superstition creating the deepest prejudice against carrying a corpse. And, sympathetic as the mariners are, the dead woman must "overboard straight." Reluctantly we must leave this all too brief sketch of Shakespeare's true British sea-sympathies, for space is already overrun.

